

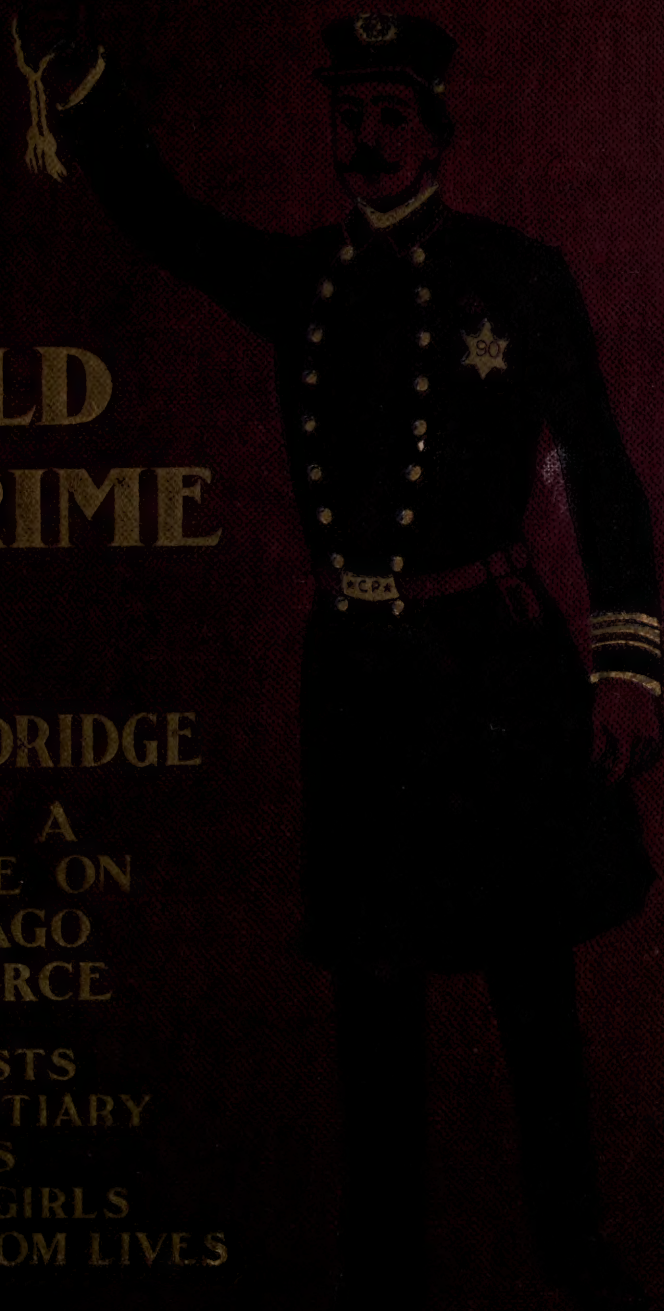
HANDS UP!

IN THE WORLD OF CRIME

BY
C.R. WOOLDRIDGE

12 YEARS A
DETECTIVE ON
THE CHICAGO
POLICE FORCE

17000 ARRESTS
125 PENITENTIARY
CONVICTIONS
75 YOUNG GIRLS
RESCUED FROM LIVES
OF SHAME



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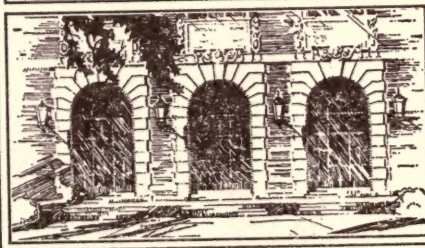
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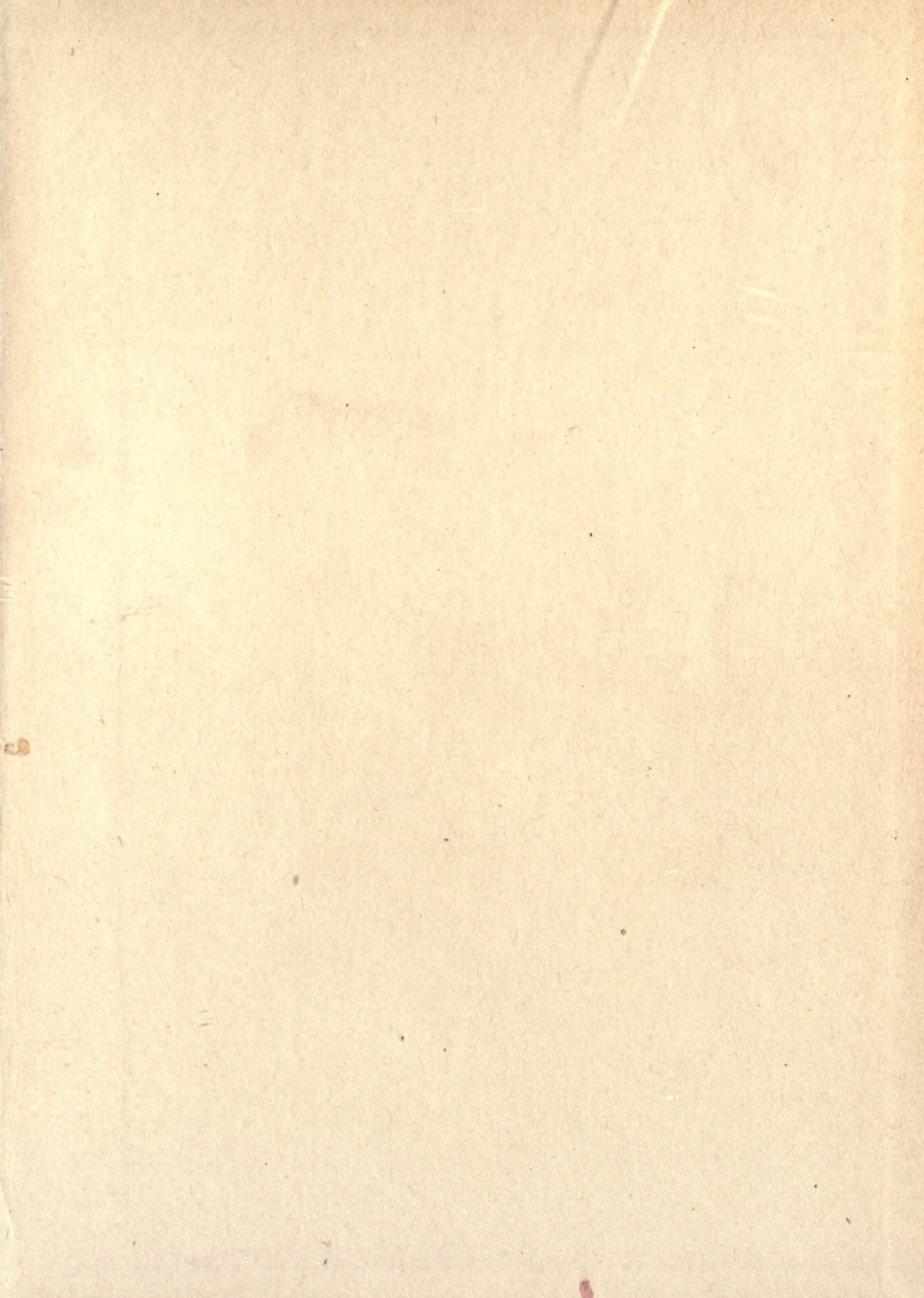
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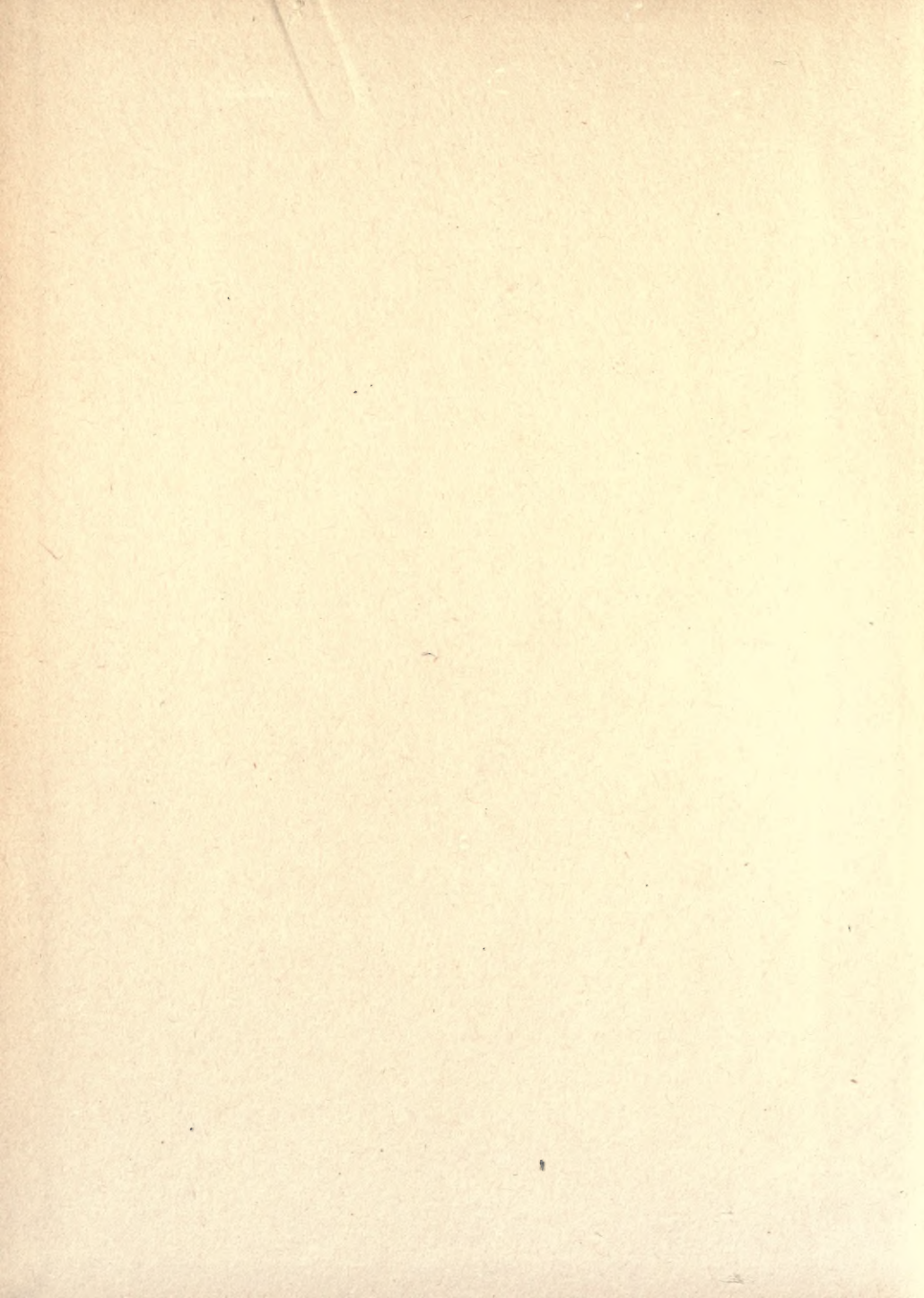
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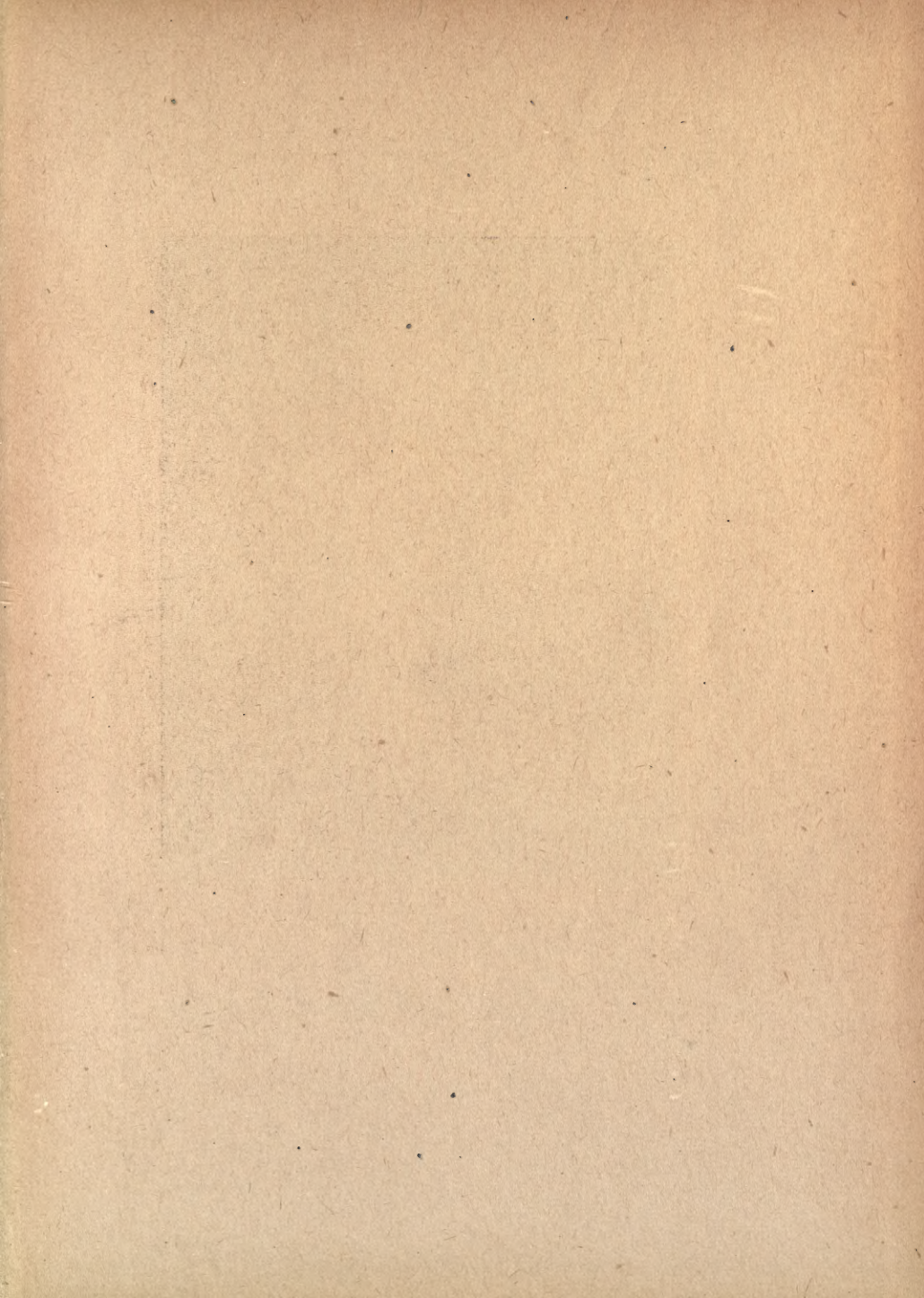
1906

I.H.S.











Yours Truly
Clifton R. Hooldridge

HANDS UP!

IN THE WORLD OF CRIME

OR

12 YEARS A DETECTIVE

BY

CLIFTON R. WOOLDREDGE,

CHICAGO'S FAMOUS DETECTIVE

THRILLING DESCRIPTIONS GIVING CAPTURE OF BANK ROBBERS,
PANEL HOUSE WORKERS, CONFIDENCE MEN AND HUNDREDS
OTHER CRIMINALS OF ALL KINDS.

TELLS IN GRAPHIC MANNER HOW CRIMINALS OF ALL CLASSES
OPERATE. ILLUSTRATIONS SHOWING ARRESTS OF MURDERERS,
SAFE BLOWERS, DIAMOND THIEVES, PROCURESSES OF YOUNG
GIRLS, ETC., ETC.

1700 Arrests — 125 Criminals Sent to Penitentiary —
\$75,000 Worth of Lost and Stolen Property Re-
covered — 75 Young Girls Rescued
from Lives of Shame.

CHICAGO

THOMPSON & THOMAS

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BY
CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE

COPYRIGHT, 1906
BY
CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE

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1906

Illinois
Historical
Survey

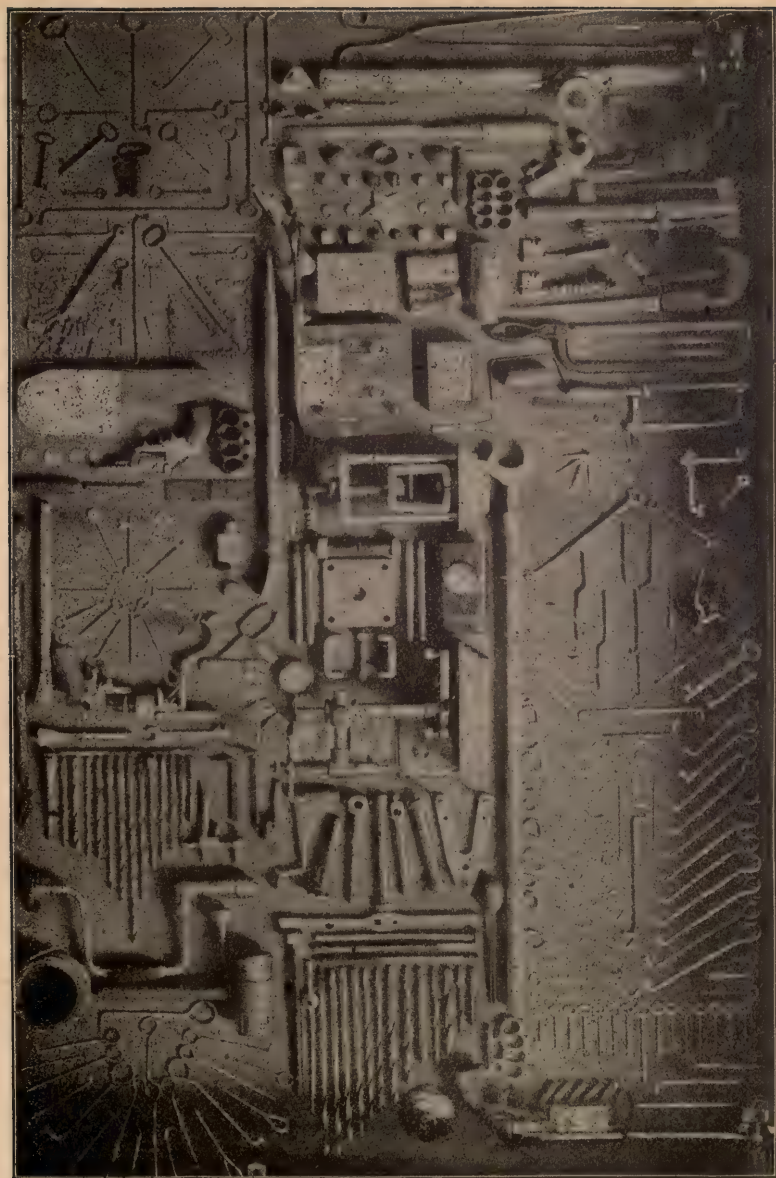
PREFACE.

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In presenting this work to the public the author has no apologies to make nor favors to ask. It is a simple history of his connection with the Police Department of Chicago, compiled from his own memoranda, the newspapers, and the official records. The matter herein contained differs from those records only in details, as many facts are given in the book which have never been made public. The author has no disposition to malign any one, and names are used only in cases in which the facts are supported by the archives of the Police Department and of the criminal court. In the conscientious discharge of his duties as an officer of the law, the author has in all cases studied the mode of legal procedure. His aim has been solely to protect society and the taxpayer, and to punish the guilty. The evidences of his sincerity accompany the book in the form of letters from the highest officers in the city government, from the mayor down to the precinct captain, and furnish overwhelming testimony as to his endeavors to serve the public faithfully and honestly. No effort has been made to bestow self-praise, and where this occurs, it is only a reproduction, perhaps in different language, of the comments indulged in by the newspapers of Chicago and other cities, whose reporters are among the brightest and most talented young men in all the walks and professions of life. To them the officer acknowledges his obligations in many instances. Often he has worked hand-in-hand with them.

They have traveled with him in the dead hours of the night, in his efforts to suppress crime or track a criminal, and have often given him assistance in the way of suggestions.

He now submits his work and his record to the public, hoping it will give him a kindly reception.





MAYOR'S OFFICE

CARTER H. HARRISON,
MAYOR.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 7, 1901.

To Whom It May Concern:

Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge, of the Chicago Police Department, has compiled a book touching upon his experience as an officer. I desire to state that I have known Officer Wooldridge for a number of years, and consider him an able and efficient officer. I feel confident that Officer Wooldridge's experience as an officer is sufficiently interesting to be published, and will prove good reading.

Respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Carter H. Harrison".

Mayor.

TESTIMONIALS.

THE author feels that he is entirely justified in pointing to the endorsements which follow here. They are from his superior officers and others in the legal and department of justice, both in the city and state. He submits them together with his life work, and feels they will add interest to the contents of this book.



C. S. DENEEN.

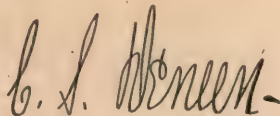
STATE'S ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 5, 1901.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge and his work have been known to me ever since I have been state's attorney. He has been instrumental in producing evidence in a large number of cases against keepers of disreputable houses and proprietors of gambling resorts, to which work he has been giving his exclusive attention under the direction of the police chief. It is with pleasure that I am able to say that Detective Wooldridge has conducted all his cases with zeal and intelligence; and I know that he is one of the most energetic officers on the Chicago police force.

Very respectfully,



State Attorney for Cook County, Illinois.



J. M. LONGENECKER.

OFFICE OF
J. M. LONGENECKER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

CHICAGO, February 26, 1901.
CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in saying that I have known you well, and during my term as state's attorney of Cook county, there has never come to the courts a better equipped police officer than you. I know that no man on the police force did his work with as much zeal and efficiency as you, and that you are a worthy man and officer in every respect and deserve the commendation of all good citizens.

Very respectfully,



JACOB J. KERN.

OFFICES OF
KERN & BOTTUM,
ATTORNEYS.

CHICAGO, December 28, 1897.
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge for seven years past. He has been a police officer in the Chicago department for a number of years, and during my term as state's attorney of Cook county I have found him to be one of the most efficient officers in the department. He has thorough knowledge of evidence and is an expert in preparing a criminal case for trial.

I have the honor to remain,

Very respectfully

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE,
OFFICE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.



FRANCIS O'NEILL.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 9, 1901.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Having known Detective Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge officially since 1893, I take pleasure in testifying to his fidelity and efficiency in the performance of his duty.

Such qualities has he displayed that he is usually detailed on police work requiring intelligence, persistence, and integrity. He is working out of my office.

Officer Wooldridge is the special aversion of the criminal element, and when he is assigned to any particular line of police work, I am satisfied that the very best possible results will be accomplished.

Francis O'Neill

General Superintendent of Police

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE,
OFFICE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT



JOSEPH KIPLEY.

CHICAGO, ILL., October 5, 1900.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge, detective officer of this department, for many years. I have always found that Officer Wooldridge could be absolutely relied upon to perform any duty assigned to him in an intelligent and fearless manner. He has an exceedingly good record

in this department, and I feel that I am making no mistake in commending him to the public. Bespeaking for him your kind consideration and assuring you all my appreciation for any courtesy extended, I am,

Most respectfully,

Joseph Kipley

Chief of Police

OFFICE OF WARDEN
ILLINOIS STATE PENITENTIARY.



ROBERT W. M'CLAUGHREY.

JOLIET, February 3, 1898

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Replying to your inquiry as to my recollection of your record as a police officer in Chicago during the period that I served as general superintendent of the Chicago Police Department, I beg to say that it was first-class in every respect. I recollect the fact that you were detailed specially to work in the levee district where street walking, panel houses, and the worst character of crime prevailed, and where you were not only subject to bribes, but also frequently targets of perjurers and scoundrels of every degree. You came out from every ordeal unscathed, and maintained a character for integrity and fearlessness in the discharge of your duties that warranted the highest commendation. If my endorsement of your services and character is worth anything to you, it gives me pleasure to make this statement.

Respectfully yours,

R. W. McLaughrey

Ex-Warden, Illinois State Penitentiary, Ex General Superintendent of Chicago Police, and present Warden of United States Prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

CITY OF CHICAGO.
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

December 30, 1897.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I take much pleasure in adding my name to the very many others who are justly commending you for your vigilance and marked success in the apprehension and conviction of criminals, during your connection with the Police Department. While at the head of the department, I found that you were efficient and energetic, and so far as I have

learned from observation and reports, you have always discharged your duties in a manner highly praiseworthy.

Yours very respectfully,



MICHAEL BRENNAN.

M. Brennan

Retired Superintendent of Police

CITY OF CHICAGO.
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE,
OFFICE OF GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT.



JOHN J. BADENOCH.

April 10, 1897

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Before I retire from the command of the Police Department, I desire to thank you for your bravery and loyal service as a police officer during my administration. The work assigned to you while I have been at the head of the department, which was that of exterminating the panel houses which

infested the levee district and of suppressing street walking and gambling, has been well done. The character of this work being such that bribes were frequently offered by the criminal classes, it became necessary to select men of perfect integrity for the service, and I feel it due to you to say that I am entirely pleased with the way in which you have carried out the instructions of this department, and I now know that I made no mistake in selecting you for this trying duty. Recent investigations satisfy me that you have succeeded well, and therefore it affords me great pleasure to commend you for your bravery and fidelity to your duties.

Yours respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "J. J. Badenoeh".

Ex-General Superintendent of Police

CITY OF CHICAGO.
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.



FREDRICK H. MARSH.

October 29, 1897.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, Chicago.

Dear Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to testify to your splendid qualities as a police officer. I knew you at the time I was Superintendent of Police, but I knew you better at the time I was Inspector, and then learned your real worth. I can truthfully state that you were a brave and efficient officer, devoted to your duties, knew no fear, never faltered in your work, at all times and under all circumstances, honest and temperate, and a gentleman in all that the word conveys. I am,

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "F. H. Marsh".

General Superintendent of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.



FREDERICK EBERSOLD.

January 26, 1898.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of many other commanding officers of this department as to the valuable service you have rendered the City of Chicago as a police officer in ferreting out crime and arresting and successfully prosecuting criminals. Such services as you have rendered this city, should and will be recognized in the future.

Very respectfully yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Frederick Ebersold".

Retired Superintendent of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.



LYMAN LEWIS.

February 16, 1901.

CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:— I take pleasure in saying that during your long service in the Police Department I have had ample opportunity to observe your work in the various positions I have held in this department, namely: Lieutenant, Captain, Inspector, and Assistant General Superintendent of Police. I have been intimately associated with you and know that in the performance of your duties you have no peer. The particular class of police work which has fallen to your share is the most odious and difficult required of an officer, and the fact that you have met with such phenomenal success, bears testimony of your ability and worth. It gives me pleasure to speak of you in this way. You have a record in the Chicago Police Department which stands unequalled.

Very respectfully,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lyman Lewis".

Assistant General Superintendent of Police

METROPOLITAN DETECTIVE AGENCY.

Chicago, April 4, 1895.



ALEX. S. ROSS.

GREETING:

It affords me great pleasure to say to whomever may be concerned, that I have known Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge for the past six years, a large part of which time he was under my supervision while I was Inspector and Assistant Chief of Police of the Chicago Police Department, and his very thorough manner of performing police work is commendable to all lovers of proper and rigid

enforcement of the city ordinances and the laws of the State of Illinois.

For several years past Officer Wooldridge has been detailed on the most repulsive of all work connected with the Police Department, that of breaking up the female houses of robbery and of keeping the inmates of such places off the streets. His success on this detail is well known and will ever be appreciated by his commanding officers.

Determined persistency and never-ending effort on the part of Officer Wooldridge, together with the ability he invariably displays in landing perpetrators of any and all sorts of crimes, has placed terror in the bosoms of all wrong-doers with whom he has come in contact, and his labors as a police officer deserve the praise of all upright citizens. Very sincerely,

A large, stylized cursive signature of Alex. S. Ross.

Ex-Assistant General Superintendent of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

December 9, 1897.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, the undersigned, hereby certify that I have known Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge personally for the past ten years, and know him to be an efficient, trustworthy and pains-taking officer, and one in whom the utmost confidence can be safely placed. His public record in this department is convincing proof of the truth of my assertions. I can and do

cheerfully recommend him for favorable consideration.

Very respectfully yours,



JOHN D. SHEA.

A large, stylized cursive signature of John D. Shea.

Inspector of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO.
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.



GEORGE W. HUBBARD.

December 25, 1897.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—It is with the greatest satisfaction that I notice from time to time the many arrests credited to you, and the successful prosecution of noted and dangerous criminals. I know well the many evil and unscrupulous influences that confront an honest officer in the discharge of his duty. In maintaining your integrity you have displayed intelligence, impartiality, and incorruptibility. The time is now close at hand when such men as you cannot be kept down. You must and will come to the front. I feel it an honor to be able to say that I was General Superintendent of Police when you first became a member of the Police Department. Your keen, honest face, prompt, intelligent speech, quick and independent manner of action were enough to convince any one that you were qualified for any duty to which you might be assigned. I have often wished that I had a dozen more men upon whom I could rely as implicitly as upon you. I write this letter not to flatter you, but to encourage you, and hope that some day you may be rewarded according to your merits.

Yours respectfully,

A large, flowing handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "Geo W Hubbard".

Retired Assistant General Superintendent of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.



J. E. PTACEK.

January 28, 1901.

I have known Detective Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge for about ten years and during part of the time he worked under my command. He is temperate in his habits and fearless in the discharge of his duties, and may be relied upon to perform any work assigned to him with good judgment and ability. As an officer of this department he bears a reputation second to none, for he has more than once distinguished himself in arresting desperate and notorious criminals at the risk of his life. It gives me great pleasure to commend him to the public.

Very respectfully,

J. E. PTACEK,

Assistant Superintendent of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

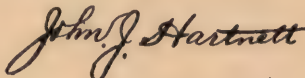
December 23, 1897.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Clifton R. Wooldridge was under my command for two years while I was Captain of Police at the Harrison Street Station, and I have always found him to be an efficient officer, absolutely honest, sober, fearless and trustworthy. He has never been known to shirk any duty assigned to him and is always willing and ready. He is the hardest working

police officer I ever knew, and I cheerfully recommend him to the favorable consideration of the public.

Very respectfully yours,



Inspector First Division.



JOHN J. HARTNETT.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

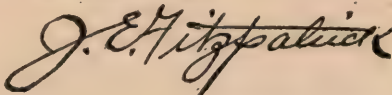
April 4, 1898.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have known Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge for a number of years, the greater part of which time he served under me while I was Chief Inspector of the Chicago Police Department, and take great pleasure in stating that he is undoubtedly one of the hardest working and most painstaking men I have ever seen in the police station. I have always found him

willing and eager to take up any phase of criminal prosecution, and his invariable success at running to earth evil-doers of all classes has brought to him a most enviable reputation. In criminal cases with which he was connected, he succeeded and tabulated his evidence so concisely that the different police justices strongly commend his manner of handling criminals. I am confident that if all police officers would follow his example in this particular, there would be a notable decrease of crime.

Very respectfully yours,



Ex-Inspector of Police.



J. E. FITZPATRICK.

CITY OF CHICAGO
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

January 21, 1901.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I have known Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge for a number of years. During his long service in the Police Department he has had many difficult assignments, and through all of them has performed his duties in a remarkably efficient manner.

Mr. Wooldridge is an officer on whom can be placed any responsibility with the knowledge beforehand that he can be relied upon to do his full duty. It gives me pleasure to express myself as to the worthiness of Mr. Wooldridge, and I bespeak for him every consideration and courtesy.

Very respectfully yours,



LUKE KALAS.

Luke Kalas

Inspector Commanding Fourth Division.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

January 17, 1901.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge for the last ten years. As a police officer Mr. Wooldridge is par-excellence, absolutely without fear, courteous in his treatment to both superiors and inferiors, prompt to obey, and with a detective ability so strongly developed, it almost appealed to me as an extra "sense."

In fact, he has what is known in police circles

as "intuition," and that in a very marked degree. If I wanted to secure the arrest of a desperate man, I would put Mr. Wooldridge in charge of the case in preference to any one I know, as with his bravery he has discretion. Mr. Wooldridge is a man of education, refinement and consummate ability. He is a natural born organizer and a leader of men. All the qualities that go to make up and constitute a successful and efficient commanding officer are possessed by Mr. Wooldridge.

Very respectfully yours,



NICHOLAS HUNT.

Nicholas Hunt.

Inspector Commanding Second Division.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1892.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—During my term of office at the Harrison Street Police Station, I desire to say that in the performance of your duties you displayed ability, honesty and integrity in all cases to which you were assigned. I have always found you prompt, fearless and incorruptible, the qualities requisite of a police officer at the most important station of a metropolis like Chicago. Your heart is in the right place, and while I have always found you stern and persistent in the pursuit and prosecution of criminals, you were ever kind and considerate, and I can truthfully say that more than one evildoer was helped to reform and was given material assistance by you.

Very respectfully,

GEORGE M. SHIPPY,
Captain of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

January 5, 1895.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—Having personally known you for the past six years, I had special opportunity in my capacity as Captain of Police to observe your work and intimately know your conduct as a police officer and a guardian of life and property. I take pleasure in stating that I have always found you to be an honest, sober, industrious and efficient officer, who meritoriously discharges his duties, together with exceptionally good judgment in emergency, and accounts of heroism are on record in the Police Department to which I respectfully refer, and state that you are one of the best and cleverest officers in the department.

Respectfully yours,

WALTER M. JENKINS,
Captain of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

February 13, 1901.

Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to say that in the years I have served in this department I have never seen a more fearless officer than you have been. Your name has been absolutely free from scandal, and your work in time of danger has made you nothing short of a hero. As a successful detective you possess all the requisites, which include sobriety, a clear head, good judgment and integrity of the most pronounced type.

Very truly,

A. F. CAMPBELL,
Captain Fifteenth Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

January 5, 1895.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Few words are required of me to express my appreciation of your excellent qualities as a police officer. While I was in command of the Stanton Avenue Station, you rendered good and valuable service to the department and the public of Chicago. You possess those qualities which go to make up an efficient officer, and those qualities are intelligence, honesty, sobriety, reliability and trustworthiness. I have never known you to shirk any duty to which you were assigned, and have always found you willing and ready for any kind of work.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS C. KANE,
Captain of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

May 17, 1901.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge as a police officer for over ten years, and during the year 1896 he was under my command.

I always found him to be absolutely fearless in the discharge of duty, irreproachably honest, and at all times he displayed a thoroughly comprehensive knowledge of the duties of an officer.

He is possessed of great detective ability and may be relied upon to discharge in an efficient manner any task assigned to him.

MARTIN HAYES,
Captain, Commanding Third District.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

May 1, 1897.

This is to testify that I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge for the past five years, he having been a member of my command during the greater part of that time. I have always found him to be a trustworthy and efficient officer, and I cheerfully recommend him as a man upon whom reliance can be placed in all cases.

Very respectfully,

CHAS. G. KOCH,
Captain, Commanding Second District.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

January 20, 1898.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—During the six years in which I was intimately associated with you in the Police Department, I found you to be without exception the best and most efficient officer in the service of Chicago. Your police record will prove that my assertions as to your efficiency are entirely true. This record cannot be excelled by any member of any police force in the country. I am glad to be able to vouch for your ability and integrity as an officer.

MATHEW HOMER,
Captain Third Precinct.

FROM LIEUTENANTS OF POLICE.

The following letters from the lieutenants of police, in the City of Chicago, under whom and with whom Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge worked, show the esteem in which he is held by them:

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, January 21, 1898.

It affords me great pleasure to testify to the honesty, integrity and efficiency of Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge. My acquaintance with him covers a period of thirteen years. During a portion of that time he was in my command, and I have always found him thoroughly reliable, competent and alert in everything pertaining to his duty.

Very respectfully,
CHAS. C. HEALY,
Lieutenant of Police, Eighteenth Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, December 21, 1897.

Mr. Clifton R. Wooldridge was under my command as a detective and patrolman for two years, and it gives me pleasure to testify to his ability and good character. He at all times shows the citizens of Chicago and his superior officers that he realizes what are the proper duties of a police officer. He is worthy of any confidence that may be placed in him.

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM W. CUDMORE,
Lieutenant, Commanding Third Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

February 20, 1893.

I have known Police Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge since 1889, and he was under my command for two years. I regard him as one of the most faithful, trustworthy and efficient men who ever traveled under me.

Respectfully,

AUGUST C. ARCH,
Lieutenant of Police, Second Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

October 31, 1898.

I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge, detective, for ten years, and take pleasure in saying that he is an honest, sober and clever officer. I have frequently had occasion during my command at the Second Precinct Station to congratulate him for his excellent police work. He is certainly a valuable acquisition to the police force.

Respectfully,

JOHN M. COLLINS,
Lieutenant of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

November 1, 1897.

It is with pleasure that I add a word of praise for Detective Clifton R. Wooldridge. I have known him for the past eight years; have traveled by his side, did detective work with him, and was fortunate to have him in my command at the Harrison Street Police Station. I never knew him to shirk his duty; I never heard a word against his character.

Respectfully,

J. A. SMITH,
Lieutenant, Thirty-eighth Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

August 28, 1898.

It affords me pleasure to testify to the many good qualities possessed by Clifton R. Wooldridge as a police officer. I have known him personally for the past seven years, and I have always found him to be an honest, sober and efficient officer, who discharged his duties unflinchingly. He is known as a fearless guardian of the peace, as well as a careful protector of the people's lives and the people's property.

Very respectfully,

TIMOTHY BARRETT,
Lieutenant of Second Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

April 15, 1897.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

Dear Sir:—While I was police magistrate at the Harrison Street Police Station I had favorable opportunity and frequent occasion to view your work as a police officer in this department. I feel it a privilege to say that I have always found you fearless, active and efficient and one of the cleverest men on the force. Knowing the many hardships and obstacles a police officer has to contend with, I wish to give special commendation to your comprehension of your duties, and the manly and disinterested manner in which you execute them.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE W. UNDERWOOD,
Police Magistrate.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

December 13, 1897.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

It has been my pleasure to know Clifton R. Wooldridge for the last ten years. During two years of this time I served as police magistrate at the Armory. In that time scarcely a day passed during which he would not appear as a witness before me in a criminal case, and I had advantageous opportunity to observe his conduct as an officer. In my experience for five years as a police justice I never met a more efficient officer than he. In all his prosecutions he was trustworthy, fearless and honest, and my recollection now is that the records at the Armory Station show that he made more arrests of criminals than any of those on the roll. He seemed to have but one object in view, and that was to do his duty all the time.

Very respectfully,

EDWARD T. GLENNON,
Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

December 4, 1897.

I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge personally for the last ten years, and can say without hesitation that no more efficient officer in his line has ever been on the force in this city, and his secret-service work is unequalled. His record in this department is an enduring testimonial to his ability, energy, industry and faithfulness.

Very respectfully,

M. R. M. WALLACE,
Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, June 2, 1897.

MR. CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE, City.

My Dear Sir:—Having recently severed my connection with the Armory Police Station, I feel called upon to let you know in this manner the regard I have for you as an officer and attache of my court. The efficient work done by one officer in the first district, and yourself especially, calls for unlimited praise. Of all the officers who came before me with their prisoners for trial, and taking in consideration the large number of cases in which you were interested, you always appeared to more thoroughly understand your case and to have better evidence to sustain your complaint than any other officer reporting to that station. The dignity and reputation of police courts are largely in the hands and control of the officers working therefrom, and I can say that if all of them would enter into the details of their work with the interest and businesslike manner you have always displayed, there would be less crime and more praise for the police force of Chicago.

Very truly,

JOHN RICHARDSON,
Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

February 30, 1898.

Officer Clifton R. Wooldridge worked under my command at the Harrison Street Station as detective during the period of about two years, and I can safely say that his record during that time has rarely been equaled and never excelled by anyone in this department.

Very respectfully,

LOUIS GOLDEN,
Lieutenant, Second Precinct.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, December 13, 1897.

Clifton R. Wooldridge was under my command for about one year as a police officer. During that time I found him a thoroughly reliable man in every respect. He was always straightforward in all his dealings and at all times reliable. I consider him one of the best officers in the department.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE A. BENGLEY,
Ex-Lieutenant of Police.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

December 13, 1897.

TO THE PUBLIC:

I have known Clifton R. Wooldridge for the past ten years. When I was magistrate at the Armory I had special opportunity to become well acquainted with him, and have watched him and his actions and work for years. There are some men on the police force for whom too much good cannot be said, and he is one of them. He has no superiors and few equals. As an officer he is absolutely honest, sober, fearless and trustworthy. He has made a record for himself through his acts of kindness, deeds of heroism and good police work. He has served this state and city faithfully, and it gives me pleasure to add my testimony to his worth and merits.

Very respectfully,

THOS. BRADWELL,
Justice of the Peace.

CITY OF CHICAGO,
DEPARTMENT OF POLICE.

CHICAGO, December 28, 1897.

Clifton R. Wooldridge served under me as a patrolman for a period of three years at the Harrison Street Police Station, and was always an able and efficient officer, and thoroughly fearless in the discharge of his duties.

Very respectfully,

JOHN R. BONFIELD,
Lieutenant of Second Precinct.

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BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR.

CLIFTON R. WOOLDRIDGE was born February 25, 1854, in Franklin county, Kentucky. He received a common school education, and then started out in the world to shift for himself. From 1868 to 1871, he held the position of shipping clerk and collector for the Washington Foundry in St. Louis, Missouri. Severing his connection with that company, he went to Washington, D. C., and was attached to the United States Signal Bureau from March 1, 1871, to December 5, 1872. He then took up the business of railroading, and for the following nine years occupied positions as fireman, brakeman, switchman, conductor and general yard master.

When the gold fever broke out in the Black Hills in 1879, Mr. Wooldridge along with many others went to that region to better his fortune. Six months later he joined the engineering corps of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad and assisted in locating the line from Canon City to Leadville, as well as several of the branches. The work was not only very difficult, but very dangerous, and at times, when he was assisting in locating the line through the Royal Gorge in the Grand Canon of the Arkansas, he was suspended from a rope, which ran from the peak of one cliff to the other, with his surveying instruments strapped to his back. This gorge is fifty feet wide at the bottom and seventy feet

wide at the top, the walls of solid rock rising three thousand feet above the level of the river below. The work was slow and required a great deal of skill, but it was accomplished successfully.

Mr. Wooldridge went to Denver in 1880 and engaged in contracting and mining the following eighteen months. He then took a position as engineer and foreman of the Denver Daily Republican, where he remained until May 29, 1883. The following August he came to Chicago and took a position with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. In 1886, he severed his connection with the railroad and founded the "Switchman's Journal." He conducted and edited the paper until May 26th, when he was burned out, together with the firm of Donohue & Henneberry, at the corner of Congress street and Wabash avenue, as well as many other business houses in that locality, entailing a loss of nearly \$1,000,000. Thus the savings of many years were swept away, leaving him penniless and in debt. He again turned his attention to railroading and secured a position with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad and had accumulated enough money to pay the indebtedness which resulted from the fire, when the great strike was inaugurated on that road in February, 1888. The strike included engineers, firemen and switchmen, and continued nearly a year. On October 5th of that year Mr. Wooldridge made application for a position on the Chicago police force, and having the highest endorsements, he was appointed and assigned to the Desplaines Street Station. It was soon discovered that Wooldridge as a police officer had no superiors and few equals. Neither politics, religion, creed, color, or nationality obstructed him in the performance of his police duties, and the fact

was demonstrated and conceded times without number that he could not be bought, bribed, or intimidated. He selected for his motto, "Right wrongs no man; equal justice to all." His superior officers soon recognized the fact that no braver, more honest or efficient police officer ever wore a star or carried a club.

The mass of records on file in the police headquarters and in the office of the clerk of the criminal court demonstrate conclusively that he has made one of the most remarkable records of any police officer in the department. Up to, and including, July 1, 1901, Mr. Woolbridge saw over twelve years of experience and training in active police work. Ten years of this time he was located in what is commonly known as the Levee district, a territory where criminals congregate and where crimes of all degrees are committed. The following brief synopsis shows the work performed by him:

During his service on the police force he made 17,000 arrests, the name, date, charge, and disposition of each case being accurately kept by him. Of these arrests, 1,175 were made on criminal charges, and 125 of these were convicted and sent to the state penitentiary. From 1,000 to 2,000 were sent to the House of Correction, while from 3,000 to 5,000 paid fines, and the others received jail sentences. During this time he recovered lost and stolen property to the value of \$75,000, which was returned to the owners through him and the department. Seventy-five girls under age were rescued by him from houses of ill-fame and a life of shame, and returned to their parents or guardians, or sent to the Juvenile School or the House of the Good Shepherd. He closed and broke up fifty opium joints, and in the year 1896 closed

fifty-two panel houses that were then in operation on the levee. During the months of October and December, 1898, he closed twenty houses of prostitution on Michigan avenue, and in the same months closed and broke up forty-five panel houses. In October, 1899, twenty-eight panel house keepers were, through the efforts of Mr. Wooldridge, indicted and convicted. Following this, he secured the indictment of the landlords who rented the houses. This last stroke broke up entirely the panel house business in Chicago.

Mr. Wooldridge's criminal knowledge of this class of people, which came through his contact with them daily, made him one of the most valuable officers in the department. It is well known in police circles that he has refused at different times bribes of from \$500 to \$4,000. He has in his library a scrap-book containing the clippings of city papers and police bulletins giving him credit for criminal arrests and convictions, recovery of stolen property and meritorious conduct, which will cover a space of 130 square feet.

As a further testimonial to his worth and efficiency as a police officer, Mr. Wooldridge has complimentary letters from eight general superintendents of police, three assistant general superintendents of police, six inspectors, six captains, nine lieutenants, six police justices, and three state's attorneys. He also has letters from the superintendent of the National Bureau of Identification and the superintendent of the local Bureau of Identification, besides a letter from the mayor of Chicago, Carter H. Harrison, and from the Chief of Detectives, Luke P. Colleran.

Mr. Wooldridge has during the past few years been working out of the office of the General Superintendent

of Police. He has had charge of a detail of officers in many important cases, among which may be mentioned the great building trades strike of 1900, in which 60,000 men were thrown out of employment. He also had charge of a detail of men in the Railway Men's Union strike of 1894, in which he performed valiant services and prevented the destruction of much property. Many other similar cases might be mentioned, such as being at the head of a force to suppress gambling, pool selling and serious infractions of the law, in all of which cases he secured results which were so satisfactory to the city administration and the police department that he has been continued on duty from the office of the Chief of Police ever since.

At one time while he was serving the city as patrolman he was recommended by his superior officers for the Carter H. Harrison medal for meritorious services on account of saving the lives of five persons from a fire, which occurred at a Clark street hotel. He has been under fire from criminals, whom he has attempted to arrest, innumerable times and bears the scars and marks of many conflicts with desperate men. His life has been threatened hundreds of times and many conspiracies have been made to kill him, but in all cases he has escaped serious injuries and it is sometimes said in the police department that he bears a charmed life. In presenting this work to the public, he makes no claims beyond his merits and those merits are supported by the state and city records, which are at all times open to the inspection of everyone. It is a simple history of his twelve years' connection with the Chicago police force and reveals many things which have not heretofore been

brought to light in the execution of the duties of policemen and detectives.

It may be of great interest to some, and he hopes it may be of sufficient interest to engage the attention of a great many who are not familiar with the duties and perils attending the lives of officers of the peace.

Hands Up! In the World of Crime.

SAVED FIVE LIVES.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE RESCUES THREE WOMEN AND TWO CHILDREN FROM A BURNING BUILDING.

Deeds of heroism are often performed by officers while in the discharge of their duties, many of which are soon forgotten, but those who witnessed the daring rescue of three women and two children from a burning building, January 4, 1894, at two o'clock in the morning, by Detective Wooldridge, will never forget that act.

This incident occurred at the Waverly Hotel, 262 and 264 Clark street. The house was on fire, and great clouds of smoke were bursting from every window and doorway. Detective Wooldridge rushed to the scene as quickly as possible. Nearly all the seventy-five guests of the hotel had been aroused and had escaped. There was the wildest confusion among them and the crowd which gathered.

Then came from the top floor of the building a feeble cry of "Help!" It was learned that three women and two children were imprisoned by the smoke and flames. Their only chance of escape was by means of a set of narrow stairs which wound around the elevator shaft, and to attempt to leave by this means would be certain death by suffocation.

Firemen and friends of the imprisoned and helpless women and children had made repeated efforts to reach them, but each time they were driven back by the smoke and flames.

Wooldridge took in the situation at a glance. That feeble cry for help was too strong an appeal to his manhood to be unheeded, even if he went to the rescue at the imminent peril of his life. He quickly tied a silk handkerchief over his mouth, and, dashing through the blinding clouds of smoke, he stumbled and groped his way to the rooms of two of the helpless women. He took them out, and in a short time, which seemed like a century to him and the anxious watchers below, landed them, more dead than alive, in the street, where they were quickly given medical attention and revived.

Though nearly exhausted from the efforts and half suffocated with the smoke, the heroic officer had not finished his mission of mercy, and he rushed again into the burning building to save three other lives. He fought his way inch by inch up the dark, winding stairway on his hands and knees, until he reached the rooms occupied by Mrs. E. C. Dwyer and her two children. One of the children was five years old and the other was a baby only three months of age.

The serious problem of getting these three people out of the burning structure presented itself to the detective, but there was no time to lose. He solved it quickly. The two children were placed in a quilt, the four corners of which were diagonally crossed and tied together. The detective lifted this precious bundle and slipped his head beneath one of the knots, thus fastening the children on his back. Two wet towels were placed over Mrs. Dwyer's mouth. Then he took her hand and led



THE RESCUE.

her down through the blinding, suffocating smoke, groping his way, step by step, until he reached the street, where he fell from utter exhaustion. Wooldridge was laid up several days from the effects of his heroic efforts, but he did not suffer seriously and was soon on duty again.

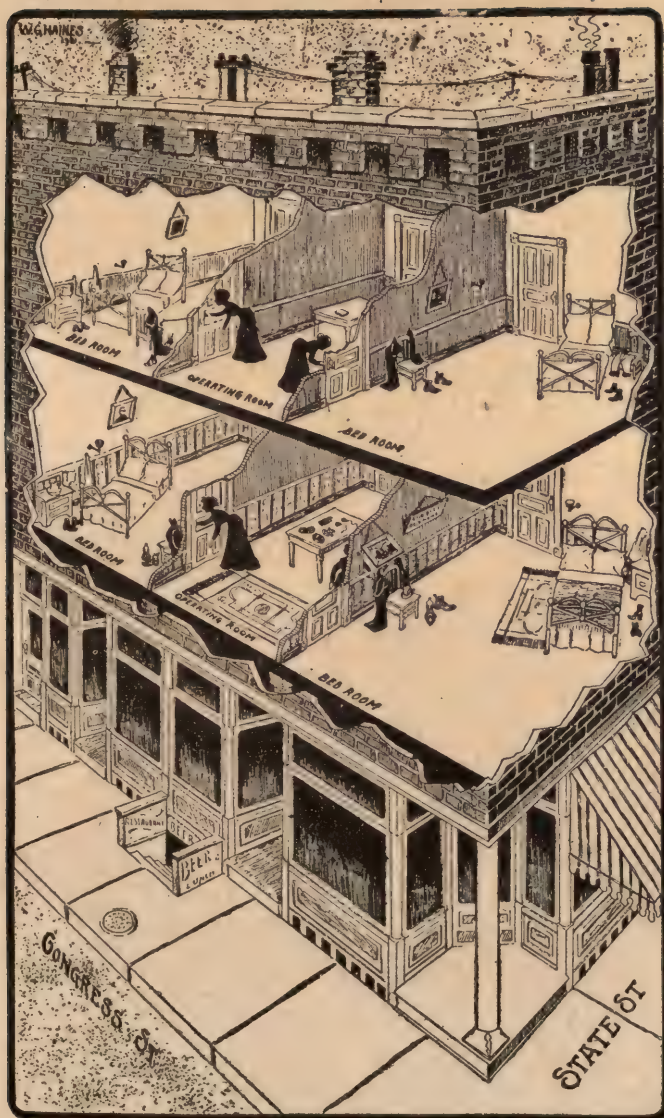
Officer Wooldridge was rewarded for his actions on this occasion by a recommendation from his superior officers for the Carter H. Harrison medal of "Meritorious Services." While Carter H. Harrison, the elder, was mayor of Chicago, he gave each year to the bravest officer on the force a medal. The recipient of the medal was selected according to his record by the chief of police, inspectors, and captains, and it was usually presented at the annual review. On account of the death of the mayor that year the medal was never presented.

PANEL HOUSES.

DESCRIPTION OF THOSE NOTORIOUS RESORTS OF VICE
WHICH WERE BROKEN UP BY DETECTIVE
WOOLDRIDGE.

So much has been said in the public press about "panel houses" that it is deemed expedient to devote a few pages in this work to a detailed description of them. With the accompanying illustration it is believed a very clear conception can be had of them by the reader.

A panel house is the invention of thieves of both sexes, and in them hundreds of thousands of dollars have been stolen from the unsuspecting victims of vicious women. They thrived a long time in the levee district of Chicago,



INTERIOR VIEW OF PANEL HOUSE.

which is that portion of the city bounded by the river on the north, Twenty-second street on the south, Lake Michigan on the east, and the Chicago river on the west.

The police gave these places the name of panel houses, the proprietors calling them simply houses of ill-repute or sporting houses. A panel house may contain two or more rooms, a whole flat, or an entire building, and is adapted to the accommodation of a few or a large number of visitors or victims according to the designs of the owner.

The rooms for guests are usually small in dimension, and contain but one bed. If there is only one door, holes are bored in this, in order that every move of the visitor may be seen by some one on the outside, to whom a signal is given at the proper time to enter and secure the visitor's money.

This signal is usually given by a movement of the hand or foot of the companion of the intended victim.

The victim is always told to lock the door himself, which he does and is satisfied that it is safe and securely fastened against intruders. He is sadly in error, however, because the bolt of the lock can be worked from the outside. This is done by the use of a small nail or any piece of metal or wood which will fit into the slot in the woodwork of the door where the lock is. This slot is about an inch and a half long and one-sixteenth of an inch wide. A small hole has been made in the bolt of the lock, and the tumbler or spring in the lock, which is operated by turning the key, has been partly filed away to permit the bolt to be worked back and forth by the use of the nail without causing the key to turn or to make any noise.

This slot in the door is so small that it can never be discovered except by accident or close inspection.

The hinges of the door have been well oiled, and it is opened without attracting the attention of the victim, who is occupying the bed at the opposite side of the room. If perchance any noise is made by the thief, the lights are instantly extinguished by a confederate, and the intended victim is held fast until the thief makes his or her escape.

If no noise is made the thief gets all the money and valuables to be found and goes out quietly, and the victim upon dressing discovers that he has been robbed. He finds the door securely locked and knows that his companion did not go near his clothes, and therefore could not have taken his money.

Sometimes he is induced to believe that he was robbed before he entered the place, or that he had lost his money, and goes away without complaining to the police. A three-room flat with doors opening into each other on the side is the best adapted to working the above described panel game. Although no panels are used in this case, it is included in what is known as panel house robberies.

Another method used by panel house keepers is to have secret closets built in their rooms in which the thief conceals herself until the proper opportunity presents itself to rob the victim.

Another method, and the one which gave these houses their name, is a moving or sliding panel. These are placed ingeniously in the walls or doors and are operated by secret and invisible springs.

These panels are usually concealed by pictures or curtains. In the room containing these panels, there is

only one chair or sofa, which is placed against the wall or door beneath the panel. This is done for the purpose of forcing the victim to place his clothes, when he has undressed, near the panel, he being compelled to use the sofa or chair for a clothes rack.

The thief keeps informed of everything that occurs in the room by peering through the holes in the wall or door, and at the proper time quietly slides or removes the panel, reaches in for the victim's clothes, rifles them of money and jewelry, puts them back in their place, and when the poor dupe discovers his loss, he is confronted by a mystery which he is unable to solve.

In some cases long poles are used to get the victim's clothes. If they are by accident or intention laid off beyond reach of the thief's crafty hand, this pole with a hook frequently accomplishes the designs of the robber. Of course, in every case the plunder is divided with the companion of the victim.

The lock used on the doors of these rooms is the enterprise and ingenuity of a well-known saloon keeper who at one time owned several panel houses. He sold a number of these locks to the keepers of other panel houses, for which he received several hundred dollars each.

In cases of robbery keepers of panel houses try in many ways to prevent their victim from complaining to the police. One of these plans is to have a man or boy stationed in front of the houses, who is called a trailer. When the victim of robbery leaves the house this trailer is informed by signs made from a window, how much money has been taken. The trailer then follows the victim, and if it is ascertained that he is going to the police station he is intercepted and taken back

to the scene of the robbery, it having been suggested that he may be able to get some of his money back or to get some assistance. If it is found that the victim is a stranger in the city, she will offer to procure his transportation to his home, declaring that he was robbed by an outsider and protesting that she could not possibly afford to allow such a thing to occur in her house. Sometimes this stops a complaint at the police station, and the victim leaves the city a poorer but wiser man.

To show the vast extent to which this panel house thieving is carried, it is only necessary to state that \$1,500,000 were stolen annually in 1892, 1893 and 1894.

Ten thousand dollars have been taken this way in the levee district in one night, and from fifty to one hundred cases of larceny have been reported to the police in twenty-four hours.

Ten thousand dollars have been offered by these panel house keepers and those who shared their ill-gotten gains for the removal of Detective Wooldridge from the secret service work of the city. These thieves often had the protection of a certain class of politicians, and it is said of some officials also, who participated in the profits of their highway robbery.

It is but giving credit to whom it belongs, however, to say that Mayor Carter H. Harrison, during his several terms as the city's chief executive, gave support and encouragement to all efforts to wipe out these panel houses. He, like other good citizens, looked upon them as a burning disgrace and a low form of lawlessness that should be exterminated.

Detective Wooldridge, in his vigilance and determination, closed fifty-two of these panel houses in 1896. He closed and broke up forty-five of these places in the lat-

ter part of 1898, and in 1899 he secured the indictment and conviction of twenty-eight panel house keepers at one time. Following this, he secured the indictment of the property owners who rented houses to these thieves, and this last stroke put an end to the panel house business in Chicago.

Through the excellent work of Detective Wooldridge, seven of the toughest strong-arm footpad women in the world were sent to the penitentiary. Their thefts, according to the police records, are said to have amounted to \$425,000. The names of the women follow: Emma Ford, Pearl Smith, Flossie Moore, Minnie Shouse, Mary White, Alice Kelly, and Mattie Smith.

The names and addresses of the twenty-eight panel house keepers who were indicted and convicted through the efforts of detective Wooldridge are given below:

NAME	NO.	STREET.
Maggie Spencer	209	Plymouth Place.
Ed. Speed	147	Plymouth Place.
Mamie Johnson	147	Plymouth Place.
Lucy Smith.....	374	S. Clark Street.
Gypsy Vernon	374	S. Clark Street.
Jessie Woods	362	S. Clark Street.
Della Woods	364	S. Clark Street.
Mary Phillips	329	S. State Street.
Laura Mack	329	S. State Street.
Ruby Bennett	404	S. Clark Street.
Emma Dent	419	S. State Street.
Pearl White	396	S. State Street.
Lizzie Hall	480	S. State Street.
Tillie Madison	166	Custom House Pl.
Maggie Grady	455	State Street.
Tillie Louis	455	State Street.
Maggie Grady.....	49	Hubbard Court.
May Marshall	49	Hubbard Court.
Lena Shields	49	Hubbard Court.

Sadie Cair.....	196 Plymouth Place.
Hattie Briggs	390 S. Clark Street.
Hattie Briggs	368 S. Clark Street.
Lillian Eastman	509 State Street.
Mamie Moran	377 State Street.
Nellie Bly	
Mary Summers	420 State Street.
Annie Michael	1233 State Street.
Jessie Vernon	18 Harmon Court.

EMMA FORD, THE LEVEE TERROR.

ARRESTED BY DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE AND SENT TO
PRISON FOR TEN YEARS.

There have been in Chicago many criminals and tough characters, both men and women. All grades of vice and lawlessness have held sway at different times, but there never was a thief, footpad, highwayman, robber, burglar, safeblower who was more desperate and hardened in the sins of the levee than the notorious negro woman, Emma Ford.

She was a terror to the police, the courts, and even to her associates. She was so steeped in crime that even while in prison at different times she could not control her desire to fight or steal. It was her occupation; her delight. She could not live without being engaged continually in some dishonest or lawless act.

In this respect she was much like the habitual opium eater. She craved for crime, and if the opportunity for it did not come her way she would go out and look for it. She has been arrested hundreds of times. She has served terms in prison, until, black as she is, she almost shows the easily distinguished prison pallor.

It is estimated that in her career she has stolen \$100,000. She has done as much perhaps as any one else to make the levee district of Chicago famous.

She is a remarkable specimen of physical development. Six feet tall, straight as an arrow, weighing two hundred pounds, and black as a starless midnight, she looks like an African giantess. She has muscles of steel, and is as fearless as she is ferocious. She dreaded nothing, and was always ready for the excitement of a highway robbery or the satisfaction of eluding an officer. She would never submit to an arrest except at the point of a revolver. No two men on the police force were strong enough to handle her, and she was dreaded by all of them.

Emma's criminal career began soon after she was born. She first saw the light of day at Nashville, Tenn., where her mother ran one of the worst dives in that city. It was called the White Castle. Crime therefore came easy to her, and she proved such an adept pupil that, before she was out of her teens, the black giantess found Nashville too warm for her. She was placed on a train together with her sister, Pearl Smith, and told not to come back again.

The first stop made by the colored pair was at St. Louis, Mo., where they both were arrested for robbery and sent to Jefferson City penitentiary for one year each. They next turned up in Chicago, and for larceny Emma Ford was sent to the House of Correction for one year, and Pearl Smith to the Joliet penitentiary for one year. They were no sooner out, however, than they again got into trouble for holding up a stockman, at the point of the gun, at Custom House place and Taylor

street, while the man was on his way to a train, relieving him of a large amount of money.

They boarded the first train that left Chicago, and were next heard of at Denver, where they attempted to rob a ranchman, who gave fight, and was killed by them. Both were arrested, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, but they succeeded in getting a new trial, and finally secured their freedom through some flaw in the law.

The acquittal of these two criminals stirred up such a storm of indignation that a mob was at once organized with the intention of lynching them. Then the women began a mad race for their lives. They jumped into a carriage, and the driver was told to "burn the street" to the railroad depot. Off went the team at full speed. The mob found that the intended victims had flown, and it started in pursuit. The driver lashed his horses into a run, and the vehicle turned the street corners on two wheels. On came the panting mob, the leaders gaining on the tired horses. The depot was reached just as a train for the east was pulling out. The fleeing women jumped from the carriage and caught the railing of the rear platform of the last car in time to escape the clutches of the maddened throng which was in pursuit. The women pulled themselves on the car just as the would-be lynchers rushed into the depot, and thus made their escape.

Both returned to Chicago and took up their old work of robbery on the levee.

Detective Wooldridge has arrested this Colossus of the levee a number of times, but it always took one, and sometimes two, revolvers to persuade her to submit. In 1894, Emma Ford and Alice Kelly robbed Perry James,

a colored porter in the employ of A. G. Spalding & Co. James was born in the West India islands, and he had traveled all over the world. He had been a sailor and served in the war of the rebellion, where he was wounded and for a time drew a pension, but with all this experience he fell into the hands of these two female footpads. On the day of the robbery he had drawn his salary, and together with his pension he intended to make a payment which was then about due on his home. On his way home he stepped into a saloon at Harrison and Dearborn streets, and while there exposed his money, which was seen by the two women. This incited the robbery which followed.

James reported his loss to Inspector Lyman Lewis at the Armory, and gave a minute description of the women. A descriptive state warrant was procured, and Detective Wooldridge was sent with James to locate and arrest the guilty parties.

From the descriptions given the detective suspected that Emma Ford and Alice Kelly had committed the robbery. He soon located the Kelly woman and arrested her.

After looking for two hours for the Ford woman he saw her some four hundred feet away. She also saw him and made an effort to escape by running into 120 Plymouth place, where she had a room. She was closely followed by Wooldridge and James, and the building was searched from ground floor to garret, but without avail. They were about to give up the search, when, while passing through the hall which led out to the street, Wooldridge's eyes caught something that seemed to move in the wall. Upon investigation it proved to be

a blind panel door which led into a closet, and in this closet Emma was found.

When discovered, she stepped forth, her eyes shining like balls of fire, with head erect and every nerve strung to its fullest tension. She looked for all the world like a ferocious lion. She demanded in a loud tone what was wanted, and when told they had a warrant for her arrest, she replied, "Go to h——l with your warrant, you can't arrest me," and she made a spring to get away.

Wooldridge, however, caught her by the collar and sleeve of her dress and everything was stripped from her body from neck to waist on one side, and in several bounds she reached her room at the end of the hall, twenty-five feet away, closely followed by the detective.

Emma, and her sister who came to the rescue, attempted to close and bar the door, but Wooldridge placed his foot in the doorway, and then the women tried in vain. The officer's clothing was torn and his arm and hand badly lacerated, and the thick soles of his shoes were so mashed up that he never could wear them again.

When they found that they could not close the door, Emma Ford seized an iron poker three feet long, and with it she tried to brain the detective, but he thrust a revolver in her face before she had a chance to use the poker, and then she weakened and threw the poker down. He kept her covered with the gun and finally landed her in the station.

Pending the trial of this case, she secured bonds and managed to rob Frank Adams, Charles Smith and C. Reid, three stockmen, on Custom House place. Detective Wooldridge again arrested her. She resisted and pulled from her bosom an ugly-looking dirk with a blade

nine inches long, and was in the act of striking him with it; but the detective discovered her intention in time to avoid the blow, and shoved two guns into her face, compelling her to drop the knife. She was again safely landed behind the bars. Ex-State's Attorney W. S. Elliott, who prosecuted her, now holds the knife.

The three stockmen followed her into the station, and while she was being booked, with the quickness and agility of a cat, she turned on Frank Adams and filled his eyes with cayenne pepper and snuff, nearly blinding him.

For the robbery of James she was arraigned for trial on April 25, 1892, before Judge Frank Baker, found guilty of larceny and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. She was also arraigned the following day on an additional charge of larceny, together with her sister, and again found guilty before the same judge. She took the entire blame from her sister, and was sentenced for five years additional in the penitentiary. Alice Kelly was given two years in the penitentiary by the same judge on March 19.

While confined in the county jail, she amused herself one day by gathering up a German guard and immersing him in a water trough near by.

Several months later, while the State Senate Committee was prosecuting an investigation at the penitentiary, she was seized with one of her mad fits, and sailed into the laundry women with flat irons. Six or eight guards rushed upon her and she was overpowered. It was then discovered that half a dozen of the colored women were disfigured. For this contretemps she was placed in solitary confinement for weeks.

Only one man, of the large number she has robbed,

ever got the best of Emma Ford. Once she held up a cowboy and took from him all his money, amounting to \$150. He rushed to the police station and reported the robbery. The officers were very busy, and he thought they were too slow in sending out after Emma.

The cowboy was in a hurry, and said he would go after her himself, and he went and found her. She was near the Polk street depot when he saw her.

Walking close up to her, he pointed two big six shooters at her face.

"You've got \$150 of my money! Now shell out, nigger!" he said.

"Go and get a warrant out and have me arrested, then," replied the big colored woman, who wanted time to hide the money.

"These are good enough warrants for me," returned the cowboy, significantly, as he poked the revolvers a trifle closer to her face. "Now I'm going to count twenty, and if I don't see my money coming back before I reach twenty, I'll let go both guns."

When he reached eighteen, Emma weakened. She drew out a wad and held it out toward him. But the cowboy was wise and would not touch the roll till she had walked to the nearest lamplight, under the escort of his two guns, and counted out the \$150.

The cowboy then returned to the station, told the officers what he had accomplished, and treated the crowd.

Emma had a way of ingratiating herself into the graces of her jailers by her brute strength and smooth talk. Even while in jail she plies her trade, merely to "keep in trim," as she styles it, and she will "touch" the watches and jewelry of visitors and others. She boasts of this, too.

While in the Cook county jail, she once robbed the jailer's assistant, even after he had taken precautionary measures. F. H. Burmeister was the assistant jailer whom she robbed. He was taking Emma and another woman from the jail to the criminal court for trial. Having heard of the reputation his big prisoner had for picking pockets, he told her that he would button his coat in order that she might not "touch" him. When he handed his prisoners over to the deputy sheriff, Emma Ford called him back.

"Come here, Mr. Burmeister; I have something for you," she said.

The guard returned, and she presented him with his own gold watch. In going downstairs she had slipped her hand under his coat, into his vest pocket, unfastened his watch, and placed the chain latch in his pocket without his knowledge.

Another one of her boasts is the robbery of former Jailer Morris while he was taking her to the penitentiary to serve a term of ten years. Speaking of this episode, Emma Ford said:

"Mr. Morris and I rode in the same seat to Joliet. I thought I'd just open his eyes, so I copped his turnip. When we got to Joliet I says, 'My goodness, I'd like to know what time it is.' Mr. Morris searched his pockets. No watch. He looked at me, but I swore I never saw it. I told him that perhaps he left it in the jail. He kept whining about it, so when I got to the big gate at the penitentiary, I says, 'Here, Mister Jailer, is your watch. If I didn't think a good deal of you, I never would give it to you.'"

When arrested in Denver, she assaulted a jailer and

picked him up by the whiskers. Not content with this, she jerked them out and threw the hair in his face.

Emma Ford was released from the penitentiary after serving a large part of her term. She at once returned to Chicago and to the levee district, but she found that it had changed very much during the long years she had been serving the state as laundress at Joliet. She was not long, however, in finding some of her old associates, nor in returning to her old tricks of fleecing strangers.

On March 27, 1899, she robbed W. S. Duncan, a traveling man from Boston, of \$42. Mr. Duncan was walking to the Polk street depot late in the afternoon of the day and had a satchel in each hand. Emma Ford came up behind him, threw her arms around his shoulders and hugged him so tight for a moment that he was almost breathless. During this brief demonstration of her strength and affection, she separated the traveling man from his roll of bank notes.

She was arraigned for trial twice in this case. The first time the case was called her attorney, W. S. Elliott, who was state's attorney in 1892, and secured her conviction, was engaged in another court, and it was passed. The second time the case was called, which was in September, 1899, W. S. Duncan, the prosecuting witness, was brought to Chicago from Boston to testify, but just as it was taken up, it was found that W. S. Elliott, the attorney for the defense, had secured an understanding with Charles S. Deneen, the state's attorney, that the case should not be called until he returned from the East, where he was attending the Grand Army encampment.

Then a postponement was made until September 12,

when it was discovered that Mr. Duncan had to go East and could not return for six months. Emma was entitled to a trial or her liberty, at this term of court. Detective Wooldridge advised the attorney to accept a proposition which her attorney would submit, to the effect that his client would plead guilty and take a sentence of one year in the House of Correction.

In thirty minutes she was sentenced by Judge Brentano, and that ended the case.

Emma was released from prison in September, 1900, and immediately went back to her old life of crime on the levee. She was arrested again in December for robbing a man near the Polk street depot, for which she was held to the grand jury and indicted. She was tried before Judge Smith, and on January 2, 1901, was sentenced to another year in the House of Correction, where she is at present. During the three months she was at liberty, she confessed that she had stolen over \$400

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH ROBBERS.

TWO MEN CAPTURED BY THE DETECTIVE AFTER A HARD
FIGHT AND SPEEDY RUN.

When the mercury stands at thirty degrees below zero and the detective has a long and difficult night assignment, he is put to one of those tests which try men's nerves and their metal, but the officer who thinks of nothing but his duty does not permit the weather to deter him.

Detective Wooldridge was traveling a beat in uniform during one of the coldest nights in the winter of 1891,

when at two o'clock in the morning he found a drunken man on the sidewalk at Thirty-third and State streets. Efforts of the officer to arouse the man were unsuccessful, and he at first could not tell whether the man was drunk, injured or freezing to death. He knew that if he left him there he would soon freeze, and he went to a patrol box across the street and called the patrol wagon.

Wooldridge had just recrossed the street, when two men emerged from the alley going north. Both of them seemed to be carrying something concealed under their clothes. A street car was approaching the corner, south bound, at a rapid rate. Wooldridge started towards the men to find out who they were, where they came from, and why they came out of the alley at such a late hour, and also what it was they had concealed about them.

The two men, as can be readily conjectured, had not the least kind of a desire to meet such an officer as Wooldridge, and immediately started on a run to catch the street car.

Wooldridge, however, closed in on them just as they were boarding the car, and tried his best to stop one of them, who let a bottle of brandy fall just as he was jumping on the car. The car was crowded at the time, and they forced their way through, jostling the passengers right and left until they reached the front platform and found Wooldridge there ready with the "goods." They immediately whirled about and started back for the rear platform. The passengers in the car were again knocked right and left in the eagerness of the men to escape the officer. But when they reached the rear of the car, Joseph Keating, one of the two, jumped off almost into the arms of Officer Wooldridge.

Keating pulled a bottle from his inside coat pocket and struck at Wooldridge with such force that the bottle broke off at the neck and fell to the street. Officer Wooldridge, however, promptly knocked the man down with his club, but he was on his feet in a second and arose with another bottle of liquor which he tried to use on the officer as before, but the latter proved too quick for him, and knocked him down again and again, breaking his bottle to pieces and raining blow after blow with his club, which soon subdued him, whereupon he submitted to arrest.

The wagon rounded the corner at this time on a fast call for assistance, and Keating and the drunken man were both placed in the wagon.

Keating's partner, Edward Williams, had escaped. But a light fall of snow was on the ground, and Wooldridge, leaving Keating and the drunken man with the wagon men, followed the tracks of the other man down the alley to Thirty-third street, when he discovered him a block away. Wooldridge bounded to the other side of the street, and having rubbers on, made no noise as he ran.

The first thing the officer did was to drop his heavy overcoat, belt, and club, for Wooldridge came from old Kentucky, where they raise the best thoroughbred running stock in the world, and he went into the chase to test both the endurance and speed of the man who was making his escape.

In relating his experience afterwards, Wooldridge said he never ran so fast in his life, and in describing it, he says: "Trees, lamp-posts, and houses were passed so rapidly, that they looked like teeth in a fine comb." Williams, the escaping prisoner, was overtaken at Cottage

Grove avenue and Thirty-third street, nearly a mile from where he had met the officer.

He was taken to the Stanton Avenue Police Station, where he was searched, and on the two prisoners were found eight bottles of brandy, two boxes of cigars, one hundred pennies, and a door key.

Separating and placing them in the sweat-box, one soon weakened and confessed to entering a saloon at Thirty-seventh and La Salle streets, owned by McNally, taking the above mentioned goods, and also exchanging their clothes with the saloon keeper.

They were held to the grand jury, indicted, and arraigned for trial March 11, 1892, and sentenced to one year each in the House of Correction.

RESCUED A YOUNG GIRL.

In 1897 Detective Wooldridge discovered that a young girl was being kept in a den of vice in an alley near Harmon Court by Irene Moore. He at once rescued her, and she was sent to the Erring Woman's Home by Justice Richardson. It developed that the girl was Bessie Henry, sixteen years old, from a small town in Indiana. She was an orphan and had been living with her aunt and uncle, but the latter was out of employment, and it was decided that she should come to Chicago and seek employment. When she arrived here she had but little money left, and that was soon gone. She then found shelter with a colored woman on Third avenue, and was taken from there to Irene Moore's house, where the detective found and rescued her.

ARRESTS A SAFE BLOWER.

DETECTIVE WHILE HANGING FROM A WINDOW LEDGE COMPELS A MAN TO YIELD.

While the police of the whole country were looking for Matt Kelly, a notorious and expert safe blower, Detective Wooldridge located and arrested him May 17, 1895, but it was only after a thrilling experience for the officer.



MAKING THE ARREST.

Kelly originally came from St. Louis, where, according to his own statement, he had killed one man and seriously wounded two policemen. He served a four years' sentence in the Missouri state penitentiary, and

had been released only a short time when he came to Chicago.

The Chicago officials wanted Kelly on a charge of assault on a Mrs. Sterling, who lived on State street. He had been located at 411 State street, where he was living with a woman.

On the night of May 16, 1895, Officer Wooldridge, accompanied by Officers Kern, O'Connor, and Cameron, went to this place, and Officer Wooldridge, having placed his men downstairs in proper position, went upstairs in search of the man for whom he was looking. All the doors were locked, and entering the next building, Wooldridge went to the second floor, and opening a window, crept out along the narrow ledge until he reached the window of Kelly's room. He pushed up the sash and was faced by Kelly and the woman.

"Go back or I will kill you," said Kelly, as he thrust a revolver into the face of the officer.

Wooldridge had meanwhile secured a good hold on the sill of the window, but was not yet in a position to defend himself, and the woman was trying her best to push him off. She succeeded in loosening one of his hands, and for an instant the nervy officer thought he would have to fall.

With an almost superhuman effort, the officer raised himself, and drawing his revolver, thrust it into Kelly's face, ordering him to throw up his hands. Both Kelly and the woman yielded without further resistance, and Wooldridge had the satisfaction of marching his prisoners to the station.

Kelly was a blacksmith by profession, made his own tools, and was a dangerous crook. He served one term in the Joliet penitentiary for house breaking. When ar-

raigned for the assault committed in Chicago he was given a fine of \$25 by Justice Bradwell.

ALL WERE MOVED TO TEARS.

PRISONER TELLS STORY WHICH DIMS THE EYES OF THE
JUSTICE AND OFFICERS.

Tears are seldom seen in the eyes of detectives and magistrates, but when one of Detective Wooldridge's prisoners finished his story in the Harrison Street Police Court, nearly every eye in the room was dimmed. In 1893 a robbery had been committed, and Wooldridge arrested a man who acted suspiciously.

When the man was taken into court for preliminary trial, it was easy enough to suspect him of having been guilty of a crime. He seemed to sink under a weight of guilt. The magistrate, addressing the prisoner, asked him a few questions, and then turning to the detective who made the arrest, he inquired:

"What caused you to suspect this man?"

"Well, your honor, he happened here a few days ago, before the robbery was committed, and being of a suspicious character, I watched him. I asked him his name and he said it was Brown, but shortly afterward I heard it was Smith. I lost sight of him on the night of the robbery, but early the next morning I saw him trying to sneak out of the town, so I thought he ought to be arrested."

"I think," replied the magistrate, "that you acted rightly in making the arrest. Now," turning to the pris-

oner, "can you explain your conduct, and why you go under two names?"

"Judge, first let me explain why I have two names, and that will explain my conduct. Understand now that I do not ask for mercy. That time has passed. I am now hardened. I will not detain you long, but I ask you, and this is all I do ask, that you believe me. Two years ago I was the master mechanic in a large railway machine shop. I received good wages, and my family, consisting of a wife and two children, lived as well as any family in town. I was most happily married, and sometimes at evening when my little boy climbed up and begged me to tell him just one story, I wondered if such happiness could last.

"One day I was discharged. I was never more astonished in my life. I humbly asked the cause of my dismissal, and was gruffly told that it was because I was not wanted any longer. They should have given me notice, still I did not complain, as I recognized their right to employ whom they pleased. When I went home and told my wife, she put her arms around my neck and said, 'Never mind, dear, you can soon get another place.' The very next day I started out in search of work. I had spent all my life in machine shops, and could do no other kind of work. I went to a town not a great distance away from home, and applied for work.

" 'I believe we are needing a man,' said the superintendent. 'What is your name?'

" 'John Smith,' I replied.

"He went into an inner office, and after remaining a few minutes, he returned and said, 'No, we don't want you.'

"By this time my money was nearly gone, but I had not

the heart to write home for more, for I had left but enough, all I had, to sustain my family a few weeks. I went to another town, certain that I should obtain work, for one of the machine shops had advertised for men. The head man asked me my name, and then, pointing to a bench, told me to sit down and wait until he came back. He was not gone long. When he returned, he said:

“Don't want you.”

“My dear sir,” I replied, “I am a skillful workman, and only ask you for a trial. Then if my work don't suit you, I'll leave.”

“You'll leave anyway,” he replied, as he turned away:

“By this time my money was exhausted, but I could not stop; I must push my way onward. I wrote to my wife, telling her that I had not succeeded in getting work, but I thought my prospects were good. I told her to write to me, giving as my address a distant town. I had hoped to get over the road, but failed. I knew why. A prominent railroad official told the engineers not to let me ride. After walking many miles, I reached the town and applied for work.

“We don't want you,” said the superintendent.

“Why?” I demanded.

“Because you are blacklisted.”

“My God, man, what have I done?”

“I don't know, and I don't care a damn; but you are blacklisted.”

“I went to the postoffice. I found a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. I was disappointed. I had hoped to receive a letter from my wife, Here is the letter. Read it, judge.”

The justice read as follows: “It is my painful duty to write this. Your wife having greatly exposed herself in

moving from the house which belonged to a railroad official, she had to move, and in doing so contracted a severe cold and died of pneumonia. Your little children are at my house."

"That is the letter I received, judge. Several weeks ago I heard my little boy was dangerously ill, and not expected to live. I dragged myself to this town, where I learned that my little girl and boy, upon whom I had centered my hopes, had died of diphtheria. I could do nothing. I was crushed with grief and broken down with despair. Then I changed my name so that I might earn money enough to take me to the graves of my wife and children. I did not commit the robbery. I want no lawyer. I leave it with you. As I previously remarked, I ask for no mercy. I am in your power. Use me as you will."

The old magistrate, a man who spent his early days at the anvil, arose, approached the prisoner, pressed something into his hand, and said:

"God knows that my heart bleeds for you. When you stand over the graves of your wife and children, remember an old man who has seen his last loved one buried."

Wooldridge, who had listened as attentively to the man's story as the judge, asked the court to dismiss the prisoner.

When the stranger stepped outside, Wooldridge again arrested him, but this time no charges were made. "Come with me," he said. The detective took his prisoner to his own house, where he was told he could remain free of charge until he found work. The following day Wooldridge succeeded in getting the stranger a good position, which he still holds, although his salary has been increased several times.

TAKE THEM FOR JAYS.

DETECTIVES PATROL THE LEVEE DISGUISED AS STOCKMEN
AND MAKE MANY ARRESTS.

At an early hour on the morning of December 29, 1895, a farmer with his money pinned to his hat might have walked on the levee with perfect safety. Even the Twelfth street viaduct was as quiet and peaceful as a graveyard. This desirable state of affairs was brought about by Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert of the Armory Police Station.

On the evening before the two detectives disguised themselves as Texas ranchmen. Dressed in long bear-skin overcoats and sombreros, they sallied forth on their crusade. Wooldridge's regulation police force mustache was also appropriate to the costume, while Schubert would have passed anywhere as a Rio Grande cattle king.

The ruse was a perfect one and worked as successfully as molasses coated paper in fly time. Confidence men, shell workers, and sand-baggers followed them like wolves after a lone prairie traveler, while women who are known as "touchers" decided upon the style of their new bonnets as soon as the ranchmen hove in sight.

South side clothing "cappers" rubbed their hands together in glee when the detectives passed them, offering them every inducement to come in and buy. By midnight nearly a hundred evil-doers had rushed blindly into the hands of the law, while the patrol wagon was kept busy, conveying those who were arrested to the Harrison Street Station.

So well are the women acquainted with the appearance of the Harrison street detectives that they keep out of their way. In order to catch this class of criminals the detectives donned their disguise.

After leaving the Armory, the two "cattle drivers" were not molested until they reached the thick of the woods in the neighborhood of Clark and Polk streets.



DETECTIVES DRESSED AS CATTLEMEN.

Here they were accosted by a party of colored women who admired their bearskin coats. One of the number was so taken with Detective Wooldridge's costly garment that in inspecting it she accidentally slipped her hand into the officer's pocket. Wooldridge opened his coat and displayed his star, to the astonishment of the woman who had expected "ready money."

After the wagon had departed with the prisoners, the two officers walked down the street. At the viaduct they were met by a good-natured gentleman who was glad to see them and was perfectly willing to take them to the grand display of fireworks over on the lake front.

Wooldridge "lowed he'd like to go," and Schubert said that "seein' as how their train wasn't a-goin' fur some time, he would like to go hisself." Upon reaching the nearest electrical connection, the "Texans" changed their minds and rang for the patrol. The genial man was carted to the Armory and the officers went on with the good work.

The next one to walk into trouble without looking for it was a merry "shell man." He was sure the "ranchmen" would win any amount of money if they were willing to risk a small sum. "You know, my friends," said he, with a pleasant smile, "nothing ventured, nothing won."

"Yes," ventured Wooldridge, "that's one of those rules that work both ways. If you had adopted for yourself the motto, 'Nothing ventured, nothing lost,' you wouldn't have made a monkey of yourself. You may consider yourself under arrest."

It was some time before the "shell man" understood the situation and he declared, as the wagon left with him, that it was the cleverest case of "con" on the part of detectives that he had ever seen worked.

On Wabash avenue and Peck court the officers were singled out as victims by Dollie Hart, who is considered one of the most skillful panel workers in the city. She discovered her mistake when it was too late and found herself the victim.

So rushing was the business that Detectives Wool-

dridge and Schubert found it necessary to call for assistance. They were reinforced by Detectives Donovan, McNulty, Daly, McMahon, Powers and Moriarty. The latter named, dressed in citizen's clothes, stayed in the shade and took care of those arrested. Fifteen girls were turned over to them at one time and the combination looked like a box party on their way home from one of the theaters.

The crusade was kept up until the streets were cleared. Those who escaped arrest by staying in hiding after being posted by friends, were too frightened to show themselves again during the night.

At twelve o'clock not a piano was playing on the levee. The streets were deserted and peace reigned over all. The "standing room only" sign was hung up at the Armory and late arrivals were hung up on pegs. Professional bailers stood around in the general office and chuckled to themselves, while those lawyers who can't leave the station at nightfall were filled with glee.

The novel method adopted by the two detectives was a good one and farmers could have walked on the levee with perfect safety for many a day thereafter.

MAKES DIVE-KEEPERS RESPECT HIM.

DETECTIVE HAS WILLIAM SMITH'S SALOON LICENSES REVOKED AND CLOSES A CLARK STREET HOUSE.

In 1892 Detective Wooldridge taught the levee saloon keepers a lesson they will never forget and caused them to have more respect for him than they were wont to show to police officers.

At that time William Smith, a brown-skinned negro, twenty-four years of age, a thief and gambler, had won the affections of Hattie Briggs, who was over six feet tall, weighed two hundred and twenty pounds, was as black as a stick of licorice, old enough to be his mother and as ugly as any one could imagine.

Hattie conducted a low dive, thieving joint and house of ill-fame at 388 Clark street and another at 120 Custom House place. It was a poor day when five or ten cases of robbery or larceny did not occur in her houses. She was raided two and sometimes three times a day, but she cared nothing for the small fines imposed on her.

Hattie Briggs started William Smith in the saloon business at 388 Clark street and at 192 Custom House place. She was making so much money she hardly knew what to do with it and she intended if the wave of prosperity continued, to buy up all the saloons on the levee and the houses of prostitution, as well as control the gambling, elect the mayor, control the city council and police force.

William Smith's head was "swelled" worse than hers. He was on April 28, 1892, a business man, liquor merchant, sport, politician, and dude. He wore a silk hat, light lavender pants, white vest, patent leather shoes with white gaiters over the ankles, a gold watch with massive chain, diamond studs and finger rings, carried a gold toothpick behind his ear, four different colored pencils in his vest pocket, and had a messenger boy, in uniform, to carry his orders and messages. Smith conducted two of the most disreputable saloons in Chicago, which were patronized by the strong-arm women, thieves, panel workers, grafters, and people of questionable character.

Detective Wooldridge was at this time traveling from

the Harrison Street Station. While passing along Custom House place he discovered Jennie Paine, alias "Ginger Heel," robbing a farmer. Seeing Wooldridge, she fled into Smith's saloon, where he followed and placed her under arrest. Smith stepped from behind the bar and demanded if he had a warrant for her arrest, and said if he did not, he could not take her or any other person out of his saloon.

Wooldridge told him to attend to his business, that it was not his affair whether he had a warrant or not. There were at least one hundred and fifty of the toughest characters on the levee in the saloon at the time, drinking and having a good time, and they all came to Smith's assistance and informed Wooldridge that he could not take the woman. He realized that to take her meant a fight and possibly either kill or get killed, so he thought he would take the safe side and went out. When he reached the door he informed Smith that for interfering with him when in the discharge of his duty he would take out a warrant for his arrest. Smith replied that if he did he would have his star and have him discharged from the police force. He said he wanted it distinctly understood that he had a pull and any one who bothered him would find it out.

Wooldridge went to the station, found Captain Shippy, who was then in command there, and told him just what had occurred at Smith's saloon. He called Lieutenant Arch and commanded him to take enough men, go to Smith's saloon, and clean it out, but before the order could be put into execution, Wooldridge requested him to countermand it, let him take a warrant for the place the following day, and proceed according to law, which he did.

At 2 p. m., a detail of twenty men, eight in citizen's clothes and twelve in uniform, was sent with Wooldridge to Smith's saloon to serve the warrant. The forces were divided, part of the men being sent to the rear and part to the front. Wooldridge, fifty feet in advance, entered the saloon. He found Smith arrayed in all his glory behind the bar and informed him that he had a warrant for his arrest.

Smith reached down, and securing a huge revolver, placed it in the waistband of his pants, with the handle sticking out, and stepped out from behind the bar with one hand on the gun. Advancing on Wooldridge, he demanded in a loud tone of voice, "What was that you said?" The words had hardly left his mouth, when he received an electric shock from Wooldridge's billy, which struck him under the ear, and caused him to spin like a top and land in the corner in a heap. Several of the toughs started to Smith's assistance, but about this time in walked six officers through the front door.

This threw the inmates into confusion and they made a rush for the back door, only to run into the arms of the four officers in uniform. In all, twenty-three persons were arrested.

William Smith and D. Dempsy were fined \$100 each, and the most of the others from \$10 to \$50 each.

Inspector Lyman Lewis and Captain Shippy took quite an active part in the prosecution. Smith's saloon licenses in both places were revoked and the inspector and captain notified all present that any saloon keeper in the future who denied admission to any officer or interfered with him in the discharge of his duty would be served in the same way.

After this every saloon keeper on the levee was ready

to furnish any information or assist Wooldridge whenever he called upon them.

Inspector Lewis called Wooldridge to his office and gave him orders to break up the house of prostitution run by Hattie Briggs and drive her off of Clark street. He procured warrants covering each day for two weeks and then called at her house and told her that she must close her house of ill-fame and move off the street.

She reached into her bosom and produced a roll of bills six inches thick, saying in the most abusive language that her tongue could utter that she was in the Harrison street district before he came there and would be there when he was gone and forgotten and that she had money to burn.

Wooldridge was joined by two more officers, a warrant was served upon her and she was taken to the Harrison Street Station. She was released on bail at 6 p. m., was again arrested at 8 p. m., and sent to the Desplaines Street Station, released at 11 p. m., and again arrested at 1 a. m., and sent to the Thirty-fifth Street Station and secured bail and arrived home in time for breakfast.

Wooldridge took several officers with him to the Thirty-fifth Street Police Court, where she was tried and fined and while she was paying her fine he took a car to Harrison street, where she was again fined. He then went to the Desplaines Street Police Station, where she had another case, and she was again heavily fined.

By the time Hattie paid her fines and arrived home, it was 1 p. m. She was again arrested and sent to the Thirty-fifth Street Station. She returned home at 7 p. m., and then was arrested and locked up in the Harrison Street Station. The thing was kept up for ten days,

and one morning about sunrise two large furniture vans backed up at Hattie Briggs' house, 388 Clark street, and she moved south and the Harrison street district was free from one of the worst dive keepers on the levee.

FOUR HUNDRED CAUGHT IN A RAID.

DETECTIVES MAKE A PHENOMENAL ARREST IN BUCKET SHOPS AND FILL THE POLICE STATION.

There have been many exciting scenes on the Board of Trade and in that vicinity from the time that B. P. Hutchinson, known as "Old Hutch," ran a corner in corn, on down to Joe Leiter's wheat deal and later when young Phillips got all the former cereal in his grasp, but there has never been such an uproar among traders nor such wild disorder in the shadow of that great speculative mart as was produced on July 31, 1900, when Detective Wooldridge jumped into the pit.

Wooldridge did not try to corner the wheat market and he had no use for corn. He had no desire for pork, lard or peanuts, but he ran a corner that day which made the big deals of "Old Hutch," Leiter and Phillips look like child's play in comparison. He went after bigger game than that of grain or provisions. He made a corner in speculators and in a few minutes had four hundred of them in his grasp, and it was not a future delivery contract either. It was a spot transaction and he carried his goods away with him—in a patrol wagon.

In other words, he made a raid on the bucket shops and arrested all the speculators he could find. In the clamor that followed men almost lost their senses. One of the

speculators under arrest tried to commit suicide before he was put into the patrol wagon. Men of prominence in the speculative world mingled with those who made dollar deals and they sat side by side in the "Black Maria," which gave them a free ride to the police station. It was the most cleverly arranged and executed raid ever recorded in police annals. It was ordered by Chief of Police Kiple and the execution of it was put in the hands of Detective Wooldridge. He was given a large force of men to assist him and the force included detectives and a large detail of officers in uniform from Central and Harrison Street Stations.

Wooldridge laid his plans so well that practically every one of the four hundred taken to the station were under arrest some time before they knew it. All the officers compared their timepieces before going to work in order that there might be no mistake. It was known just how long it would take the patrol wagons to reach the places raided and the general movement was made accordingly.

Before the raid was begun, ten patrol wagons were in readiness for use at a given signal. The horses had been harnessed and hitched an hour before they were needed and when the signal came and they dashed through the streets with the horses under whip, there was an excitement which has not been equaled since the famous Hay-market riot.

The wagons wheeled into Pacific avenue and Sherman street simultaneously and the prisoners were packed in them like figs in a box. Dozens of trips were made before all the men under arrest could be taken away.

Wooldridge had thoroughly drilled and instructed his men before the raid began. They were divided into squads and sent to the different bucket shops in the

vicinity of the Board of Trade and were sent in such perfect order that every squad reached its destination at exactly the same minute. The doors and all other places of exit were instantly closed and the crowd notified that every one was under arrest.

In an instant, it seemed, the blue wagons dashed up and as fast as one was loaded it was driven away on a



RAIDING A BUCKET SHOP.

run and hurried back to get another load. This was kept up for more than two hours and when all the prisoners were landed in the police station, the corridors and cells were packed almost to suffocation.

At each place the telegraph wires were cut as fast as electricians, who accompanied the officers, could get at them and after the work there was such a mass of severed and tangled wires in the places raided that it took experts two weeks to get them back in place and make proper connections.

In one place the proprietor telephoned for his attorney while his customers were being loaded into the wagon. Wooldridge ordered the electrician to sever the wires, when the lawyer demanded that it be stopped.

"You are violating the law," he said, "and you and the city will be held responsible for this outrage and I give you notice now to not touch these wires."

"I am an officer of the law," said Wooldridge, "and know what I am doing. All men are alike to me and if you interfere I will arrest you and load you into the patrol wagon with the other prisoners. This case will be tried in court and not here. I am here under orders of court in the discharge of my duty and want no interference."

With that the detective snatched his knife from his pocket and with one slash severed the wires from every instrument.

In some instances the operators at the telegraph instruments tried to give a warning to other bucket shops of the raid and when the occupants of the places so warned tried to make their escape, they found every egress barred and were compelled to submit.

Bucket shops located at the following places were raided and dismantled: 10 and 12 Pacific avenue, 25 Sherman street, 14 Pacific avenue, 10 Pacific avenue, 210 Opera House block, 7 Exchange court, 19 Lyric Theater building, and 37 Dearborn street.

At one place eighty-eight men were taken and at another the officers arrested forty-two. Fourteen of the prisoners were women and one of these fainted as she was being taken to the patrol wagon.

At the police station there was the greatest confusion ever known after a raid. Professional bondsmen reaped a harvest and it took many hours for all of those arrested

to get released. A great deal of time was consumed in getting the bonds filled out. Few of the prisoners would give their real names unless compelled to do so.

Many threats were made against Detective Wooldridge by some of the prisoners, but he declared in every case that he had sufficient evidence to justify him. The men, he said, were violating the city and state law and he was only doing his duty in arresting them. He said that he had proof that each was conducting a bucket shop.

The clerks and employes on the regular Board of Trade indulged in much merriment at the expense of the victims of the raid, and not only these but every one in the neighborhood added as much discomfiture as possible to the prisoners.

In a few minutes after the patrol wagons dashed up and the report had spread that a raid on the bucket shops was in progress, the streets in the vicinity of the Board of Trade were so packed that it was impossible to pass through them. It was a surging mass of humanity so dense that the wagons had much difficulty in getting through.

The prisoners were arraigned for trial the next and following days and nearly all were fined.

Only one firm made a strong fight against being adjudged guilty of conducting a bucket shop and this fight was based on the fact that the head of the firm was a member of the Board of Trade. While it was practically proven that the firm was doing a bucket-shop business, no fine was imposed in this case, the court dismissing the defendants on a technicality. The head of this firm was finally put on trial by the Board of Trade on the charge of conducting a bucket shop and was found guilty and expelled.

WOMEN SMOKED OUT.

HOW THE DETECTIVE SECURED ENTRANCE INTO A THIEVING PANEL HOUSE FORTRESS.

Lizzie Davenport, a colored woman, kept, in 1892, a thieving panel house of prostitution at 202 Custom House place, one of the worst dives in the city, which was patronized by some of the cleverest strong-arm women and pickpockets that ever operated in Chicago. Among them were Flossie Moore, Pearl Smith, Ida Anderson, Marcella Logan, Emma Ford, Minnie Shouse, Lena Blake, Lizzie Walker, Hattie Washington, Mamie Ward, Hattie Fisher, Mollie Chapman, Jessie and Nettie Allen and several others. It has been estimated that \$500,000 have been stolen in the various houses kept by the Davenport woman. A greater part of the victims were strangers passing through Chicago, who were picked up around the Polk Street Depot. It was not an unusual thing for ten or fifteen robberies to occur in this house within twenty-four hours.

Lookouts and sentinels were always stationed to report the approach of the police, because every officer and detective in the Harrison Street Station was known to them.

When a "pull" or raid was made on this place it was necessary to close every avenue of escape and to move at a given signal from all quarters, and this took a large number of men.

This house contained many rooms, closets, and hiding places in which the inmates took refuge behind closed windows and barred doors, but even this did not secure protection against the Chicago police officer armed with

warrants. The doors were frequently broken, and so Lizzie had a large closet built with massive oak doors, which nothing apparently could penetrate, except a cannon ball from the most powerful gun. She called this her fort, and made up her mind that she was secure from further raids from the police.

This worked charmingly for a week or more, when one day a number of robberies had been reported, and Detective Wooldridge was given a warrant for Lizzie and all inmates, with instructions from Captain Shippy that they must be brought in. He first secured an auger, half a pound of red pepper, and a detail of ten men to assist him. Going to the house, he found ten women, eight of whom succeeded in getting into the fort, and, barring the door, defied arrest.

Wooldridge bored several holes in the door, filled cotton full of pepper and ignited and placed it in the holes which he had bored. He then took a heavy piece of paper, made a funnel, and blew the smoke into the fort. The inmates coughed, sneezed, and begged for mercy. They were all arrested, and you can rest assured they never took refuge in the "fort" again.

TRACES A MURDERER.

DETECTIVES ARREST A MAN WHO MAKES A CONFESSION
WHICH REVEALS A MYSTERY.

There are some interesting facts in connection with a murder case in which Detective Wooldridge ran down and brought to justice the criminal. On June 16, 1893, Thomas Hennessy shot and killed Michael O'Prien. On

June 23, Detective Wooldridge arrested Fred Harris on a charge of being an accessory to the murder. After Harris was taken to the station, he made a confession to the officer.

He said that several nights before the shooting of O'Brien, the latter and Hennessy held up a man on the West Side and got from him a considerable sum of money. When they divided the cash, O'Brien kept \$500 more than his share, which enraged Hennessy. He swore then that he would some time get even with O'Brien.

On the afternoon of June 16, Harris, Hennessy, and another man were standing near the corner of Wabash avenue and Harrison street, when O'Brien approached Harris. Hennessy then handed Harris a revolver and told him to shoot O'Brien. He refused to do so, and Hennessy then took the revolver from him and fired two shots at O'Brien, both taking effect, killing him almost instantly.

Harris, Hennessy and the other man, whose name was thought to be O'Connel, fled and left the city. They boarded a freight train and went to Joliet. Later they boarded another train and finally reached St. Louis. After reaching that city, Hennessy and the other man left Harris, and the latter, not knowing that O'Brien was dead, came back to Chicago.

When this confession was made, Detective Wooldridge went to work on the case, and after several weeks succeeded in finding some witnesses, and thus, link by link, made a strong case of murder against Hennessy.

The facts were laid before Joseph Kipley, who was then inspector of the Harrison Street Police Station, and through the efforts of Wooldridge, a large number of

photographs and descriptive circulars were made and sent out to all the important cities in the country.

Wooldridge finally, through persistent and untiring work, located Hennessy in St. Louis, where he was arrested. An officer from the Central Station was sent there, and Hennessy was brought back to Chicago. The officer who brought Hennessy back claimed all the credit for locating and arresting him, and spurned the offer of Wooldridge to assist him in hunting up the witnesses and preparing the case.

The result was that when the prisoner was arraigned there were no witnesses, and the case was not ready for trial. The officer who had charge of the case even failed to appear, and this so enraged the assistant state's attorney, that he sent for Inspector Kipley, who called the officer who had charge of the case and Detective Wooldridge into one of the vacant jury rooms at the courthouse and delivered to them a severe lecture for not having on hand the witnesses and evidence on which to proceed with the case against Hennessy.

He even threatened to prefer charges against them for the neglect of duty and bring them before the trial board. He declared that he had given the officers two weeks and nothing else to do but to prepare for this case and find the witnesses.

Wooldridge did not care to have this undeserved lecture laid against him, and told Inspector Kipley that he had offered to assist the other officers, and that they had spurned the offer and refused his aid.

Wooldridge was then told to go out and find all the witnesses in the case. Wooldridge traveled all night through alleys, highways and byways during one of the worst rainstorms of the season, and the next morning

when the court opened he had five witnesses on hand. Hennessy was found guilty on December 2, 1893, and given twenty-five years in the penitentiary at hard labor. The case was tried before Judge Philip Stein.

CAPTURES GANG OF BOY THIEVES.

SIXTEEN YOUNGSTERS ARRESTED WHO HAD A WAGON LOAD
OF PLUNDER.

One cold night in December, as Detective Wooldridge was going home on a Wabash avenue car, the conductor called out to the passengers:

"Look out for valuables. There are pickpockets aboard."

This attracted the attention of Detective Wooldridge, who knew that many complaints had been filed at the Harrison Street Station of a well-organized gang which was operating along Wabash avenue, and that they were lifting everything they could lay their hands on. Four or five officers had been detailed to locate and break them up, but without success.

After the conductor called attention to the nightly depredations, Wooldridge kept his eye open. In front of him sat a gentleman who resided on Thirty-sixth street. He wore more or less jewelry and was very portly. At Twelfth street five or six young men jumped on the grip car, on which they were riding. One crowded into a seat beside the gentleman. Another pushed him from behind, and before he realized what it meant they were searching his pockets.

Wooldridge drew his revolver, and the thieves jumped

off the car and disappeared. He thought they lived in the neighborhood, and he followed them some distance to see if he could locate them. They ran east on Fourteenth street, then through the alley, and came out on Thirteenth street. Then they went to State street and into a doorway at 1301.

This was a large rooming house kept by Mrs. Smith. Wooldridge hid on the opposite corner of the street, and watched the house for two hours. He saw several boys enter the same building with bundles, who would remain only a short time, when they would be out again, and very soon return with another bundle. They would go to the third story, front room, and could be seen through an uncovered window.

Wooldridge went to 1301 State street the following night about dark in company with several other officers, and they succeeded in getting in and reaching the third story without being discovered. Two boys were found in the room with enough plunder to load a patrol wagon, consisting of clothing, laundry, robes, whiskey, cigars, butter, groceries, poultry, and, in fact, almost everything that could be thought of.

The two boys were placed under arrest, and Wooldridge sat down to await the coming of the other boys, first placing an officer downstairs behind the door, with instructions not to allow any one to go out, but not to interfere if they came upstairs. They walked into the trap, one after another, until seven had been caught. One named Pearson had a fresh wound in his hand, which, it was afterwards learned, he had received while in the act of committing a burglary. He was also recognized as the youth who a year previously tried to kill a shoemaker at 2518 State street.

One of the boys confessed and told Wooldridge that he would find the rest of the gang at 1536 Wabash avenue, where the officer surprised them before they had gotten up, and arrested nine, making in all, sixteen.

Upon investigation, it turned out that Dan Dean, one of the gang, was the captain, and each day had the work laid out as follows: In the early morning they would go out and steal papers from the doorsteps, and make money for their breakfast; during the day they loafed around the big stores on State street, picking pockets; at dark they worked the laundry and grocery wagons, halls for overcoats, and when there was a rush on the street cars they would work them. Later on they laid for robes, horse blankets, etc.

It took the police many days to find the owners of the goods recovered. Half a load was recovered at 1536 Wabash avenue.

They were arraigned before Justice Bradwell, December 12, and fined from \$10 to \$75 each. One of the worst gangs of thieves that ever infested Chicago was broken up. It is estimated over \$2,000 worth of property was stolen by them before they were caught.

FOUND HIM IN A TRUNK.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE PLAYS A BAGGAGE SMASHER AND
GETS A THIEF.

The trained eyes and keen senses of a detective never overlook as unimportant a piece of furniture as a trunk when he is trying to find a thief, and here is a case in

which Detective Wooldridge handled a piece of baggage in such a way as to cause the contents to call for help.

In October, 1898, Wooldridge was detailed to locate and arrest Ben Brennan, who was wanted for larceny and for jumping his bonds. He found that the man he wanted was stopping at 1232 Wabash avenue, and early on the morning of October 28, he took several officers with him and surrounded the house.

It was some twenty minutes before they could gain admission, and when they did, Brennan was not to be found. Before the door was opened Wooldridge heard a whispered conversation, also a noise like the sliding of doors, which convinced him that Brennan was in the house, and he went to work to make a thorough search of the premises.

Every closet and hole that a man could hide in was examined, and they were about to give it up, when Wooldridge's eye caught sight of a large trunk which looked like a drummer's sample case.

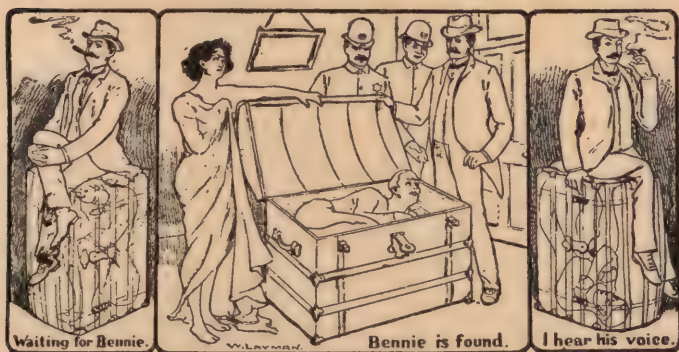
He asked Rosie Brennan, who was lying in bed, what was in the trunk, and in a very excited manner she replied that it contained her own clothes and for him not to touch it. Wooldridge started for the trunk, when she sprang out of bed, with a sheet thrown around her, and again demanded that he should not lay his hands on the trunk, and that if any one dared to break the lock she would have him arrested.

Wooldridge told her that no one should break the lock or do anything contrary to the law. This seemed to pacify her, and she returned to her bed. Wooldridge caught hold of the trunk by the handle, and from its great weight was convinced there was some one in it.

He set it on end, and Rosie gave a scream. He then turned it down and reversed the ends. This proved his suspicions were correct. There was a man in the trunk, with head down and feet up, so Wooldridge, apparently unconcerned, sat down on the trunk, lighted a cigar, and awaited developments. Scream after scream came from the trunk.

"Rosie! Rosie! help! murder! I am dying; for God's sake let me out."

Four or five officers were in the room, and Wooldridge



WAS HID IN A TRUNK.

told them some one seemed to be in trouble on the other side of the street, and one of them had better run over and see what it was.

Rosie Brennan sprang from the bed with a scream, saying, "No, no, the trouble is not on the other side of the street. My Bennie is in the trunk, and I have the key."

Holding it in her hand, she said she would open the trunk if Wooldridge would please get off.

Wooldridge was in no hurry, and began to express a

doubt as to Rosie's information as to where Bennie was. He asked her if she did not only a few minutes ago tell him that Bennie was not in the house, and that the trunk contained nothing but her clothing.

Rosie begged and pleaded with tears in her eyes to let her open the trunk or her poor Bennie would die. This was too much for the detective. He was a brave and fearless officer, he could face a whole army, even a cannon's mouth, burglars, highwaymen, footpads, murderers, the fusillade of bullets and fire, but the appeal of Rosie was too much for him. He pulled a handkerchief from his pocket, brushed away a tear, sprang from the trunk, and even offered to assist her to release poor Bennie.

The tray of the trunk and all of the clothes had been removed, and Bennie Brennan was found in his night clothes packed in like a sardine in a can. In the bottom of the trunk were found several bolts of silk, also silk dresses and underclothing supposed to have been stolen. Brennan and Rosie were taken to the Harrison Street Police Station, but they secured bail and fled to New York.

Ben and Rosie Brennan came from New York several years prior to this event, and opened a thieving panel house of prostitution at 41 Eldridge court. Their place was also a fence for thieves. Bennie Brennan was an all-around thief, burglar and highwayman. During the fall of 1896, he was arrested by Officer Early for burglary while crossing the Twelfth street viaduct a few minutes after he had entered a house on the west side, and had on his back two suits of stolen clothes, which were fully identified. He was bound to the criminal court, indicted, but got out through influence and money.

He has been arrested a number of times with stolen property on him.

Many complaints were made against both of them at the Harrison Street Station, and Detective Wooldridge raided them until they were driven from 41 Eldridge court. They next moved to 561 Wabash avenue, where they continued their depredations, and Wooldridge again was ordered to close them up. He went to the house armed with a warrant, and was attacked by Rosie with a frying-pan full of hot grease. When this gave out she tried hot water. The officer was burned with the hot liquids, but finally arrested her, when Bennie appeared and attacked him with rocks. He, too, was caught and locked up.

John King, the great criminal lawyer, defended them, and Justice Richardson assessed each of them \$10 and costs. They were broken up at their place, 561 Wabash avenue, and removed to 1241.

DETECTIVE AN AERONAUT.

INFORMATION OF A DISORDERLY HOUSE OBTAINED BY BEING
SUSPENDED IN A BARREL IN MIDAIR.

Many complaints had been made at the Stanton Avenue Station that a disorderly house of prostitution was being conducted at 306 Thirty-first street. Owing to the custom and methods of signals used in reaching the inside of the house, it was hard work to make a case on them. Several officers had been detailed on the matter for two weeks without making any progress or gaining any information.



HOISTED IN A BARREL.

Finally, Officer Wooldridge was placed in citizen's clothes and detailed on the case. He tried every way that he could think of to get inside of the house and see what they were doing and what was going on, but without success. Along the side of the disorderly house ran an alley, and a beam extended from the roof with a pulley and rope to take up freight and lower ashes. A barrel was used to bring the ashes down.

Wooldridge secured a vinegar barrel about the same size, bored it full of holes, and hid it in a carpenter shop until after midnight. He then rolled it along the alley until the house was reached. It was attached to the rope and pulley, and Wooldridge got into the barrel and was pulled up to the level of the flat and opposite the window where he could see all that was going on through the holes in the barrel.

He saw enough to make a case on the inmates, and next day procured a warrant and raided the house that night. Wooldridge was questioned by the attorney for the inmates as to whether he was ever in the house before the raid.

Wooldridge replied "No," and the attorney was surprised to learn the novel way he had secured the evidence. All were fined, and the house was broken up.

CONFIDENCE GAMES.

DETAILS OF THE MANY SCHEMES AND DEVICES EMPLOYED TO FLEECE STRANGERS.

Of all criminals with which the Police Department of any great city has to deal, confidence men are the most troublesome. The smooth, well-dressed bunko steerer

often escapes the eye of the most vigilant officer and picks his victim from the depots, public buildings and streets, where policemen are detailed in large numbers.

The Chicago police have encountered the confidence man in a hundrd varieties of "con" games. They have found him in league with politicians and other persons of influence, and waging a war against him has been a task which required the most skillful work. Detective Wooldridge has been the known enemy of the oily-tongued criminal, and during his service in the Chicago Police Department he has battled with him unrelentingly. His efforts have resulted in the breaking up of some of the most notorious and best organized gangs of "con" men, and more than one of this gentry, now in the Joliet penitentiary, can consider his stripes a souvenir of Detective Wooldridge's work in behalf of society and law and order.

During the first four years of the administration of Mayor Carter H. Harrison, the younger, the public press again and again called attention to the robberies committed by confidence men. Mr. Paul D. Howse, in the columns of the Chicago Inter-Ocean, repeatedly exposed their games. Mr. Howse, who was a reporter, familiarized himself with the methods of the swindlers and wrote of their operations so clearly that his articles amounted to an expose. Chief of Police Joseph Kipley called Wooldridge in and instructed him to wage a relentless warfare on the "con" men.

With the assistance of several officers working from Chief Kipley's office, Wooldridge invaded the haunts of the confidence men, and, entirely disregarding their political influence, he broke up gang after gang. Hundreds were arrested and ordered to leave Chicago or fined,

and others were indicted by the grand jury upon evidence gathered and presented by Detective Wooldridge.

Soon the "tip" went to the politicians who posed as the protectors or backers of the confidence men, "Have Wooldridge called off, or the game is gone."

Wooldridge was not "called off," and as a result, Chicago, for the first time in twenty years, was practically cleared of confidence men. Charles Gundorf, known as a "fixer" and also as the "King of Con Men," quit Chicago. Finding that he could not follow his nefarious pursuits here, Gundorf went to Niagara Falls, where he secured certain "privileges." He took with him from Chicago a score of bunko steerers and "con" men who found Wooldridge's efforts ruinous to their games. Gundorf and his gang is but one of a number which abandoned Chicago before the onslaught of Wooldridge and his fellow officers from Chief Kipley's office. The majority of these "grafters" went to Buffalo or that vicinity to work during the Pan-American Exposition. Chief of Police O'Neill kept up the good work, and all of these men were driven out or abandoned confidence work.

Previous to January, 1901, the names of Charles Gundorf, "Farmer" Brown, George Beazley, "Big Sam" Jerioux, "Kid" Wilson, "Dirty" Eddie Hall, George Harass, "Bunk" Allen, Harry Featherstone and Lamont Moore were as familiar to newspaper readers as the names of city officials. Since that time, owing to Wooldridge's efforts, the names of these men have not appeared in public print except to note the fact that "Dirty" Eddie Hall and Harry Featherstone have been convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary, and that the others have been frequently arrested or forced to quit their dis-

honest practices. Their political "pulls," however strong, did not save them.

It was "Eddie" Hall and his associates, "Slim Jim" Davis and "Curly" Collins, who, on Dec. 2, 1887, came near killing Captain Luke P. Colleran, who at this writing is chief of the Chicago City Detective Department. Captain Colleran was then a plain-clothes man, and was watching for confidence men in the vicinity of the Randolph street viaduct. He had an advantageous point of view, and saw Hall and Davis escort strangers up the bridge. By a long detour, Colleran eluded those who were left at the end of the bridge to give signals of the approach of officers, and appeared suddenly on the scene and found "Slim Jim" Davis, "Eddie" Hall, "Dick" Dean, and "Kid" Murphy trying to fleece two farmers. Colleran was alone, but he was determined and was not appalled because there were four to fight.

He seized Davis by the coat collar, saying, "Davis, stand still." Leveling his revolver at Hall, he exclaimed, "Eddie, if you move, I'll shoot." They knew that he was in earnest, and submitted, but the other two confidence men escaped. He had two under arrest, but he was not out of trouble yet.

Starting off the viaduct towards the patrol box with his prisoners, he met "Curly" Collins, who offered to assist the officer.

"All the assistance I ask of you, Collins," said Colleran, "is for you to mind your own business."

Collins then passed on, but when only a few feet away he picked up a piece of timber, and, running up behind Colleran, dealt him a blow which knocked him insensible. The others then jumped on the officer and beat him terribly. Not satisfied with this, they picked up the

limp and unconscious detective and threw him over the railing of the viaduct. He struck the top of a freight car, bounded thence head foremost to a flat car loaded with iron, and then fell to the railroad tracks. The gang ran and escaped. Colleran was unconscious many hours and was in the hospital many months, but he has had the satisfaction at last of seeing every member of the gang that assaulted him sent to prison.

Captain Colleran has been in the department sixteen years, and has been advanced steadily from the ranks up to his present responsible position. Since he has been at the head of the Detective Department he has shown great skill and good judgment in the execution of his very arduous duties. He has always been known as a fearless and conscientious officer.

The "Woolen Mills" gang was the most troublesome of all to the police, owing to the fact that this variety of "con" game was easiest worked, and the swindlers had no trouble shifting their bases of operation quickly. These gangs, also known as "broad" gangs, were allied with certain politicians, and they wielded no light influence to handicap the work of the police. But their political influence carried no weight with Detective Wooldrige, and the "Woolen Mills" gang is to-day extinct, the swindlers scattered over the United States, and the leaders and backers disheartened.

From four to ten confidence men skilled in the art of acting, and skilled in this connection implies the fullest meaning of that word, formed the combination known as the "Woolen Mills" gangs. One gang worked under the direction of "Farmer" Brown, and others were headed by grafters of equal accomplishments. Three of the "con" men in these gangs remained about the fake

offices, and the others worked the vicinity of the railroad depots, the stock yards, and the public streets and buildings, on the lookout for victims.

The outside men, known as bunko steerers, approached unsophisticated strangers. One of the swindlers would hasten to the victim, grasp his hand and call him by some fake name. Invariably the stranger stated that a mistake had been made, and during the explanation by the grafter, the stranger's real name was secured. This was quickly imparted to another bunko steerer who carried a pocket bank and post-office directory. The second swindler quickly gleaned the directories and picked out the name of a banker or the postmaster in the town from which the stranger hailed or nearest which he resided.

Then came the fine work. The second "con" man approached the stranger and called him by his right name. He introduced himself as a nephew, brother, or cousin of the banker or postmaster, and stated that he was in business with the "Great Western Woolen Mills." He then invited the stranger to accompany him to the office of the woolen mills company to have a free suit of clothing made.

"We're making suits for advertising purposes, and all we ask is for you to show it to the folks out home, and tell them how the 'Great Western Woolen Mills Company' made it," the swindler explained.

The stranger was then conducted to the "broad" joint, usually an office located in the levee district. There he was told that the manager was out for a minute. Within a minute two other confidence men, pretending to have come from the stock yards after selling a carload of mules or stock, would come in. They began discussing a

Tivoli Game.



Three Shell Game.



Rocky Mt. Dice Game.



Lock Game.



Goose Neck Game.



Four Card Game.



Charged with having bogus money
by a Fake Officer.



W. LAYMAN.

game played with four cards, three of which have stars printed on them and one of which bears a picture of a girl kicking a hat. The stranger is induced to make bets that he can pick out the fourth card. In this process the swindler who brought him to the place turns up the corner of the fourth card and wins. When the victim places all his money on a bet the other confidence men change the cards and turn up the corner of another.

If the victim shows an inclination to cause trouble for the swindlers, the manager of the fake concern is called in and he upbraids the victim for gambling. If he is not then inclined to leave the "broad" joint without making trouble, a bogus policeman is called in. This fake officer arrests the victim for gambling and conducts him through a maze of streets and alleys to an out-of-the-way place, where he is left to shift for himself.

When the stranger leaves the "broad" joint, the gang picks up the samples of cloth and desks which adorned the fake office and makes a quick move to another fake office. In the event of the victim making complaint to the police the gang is out of the way. Officers may be led to the rooms where the victim was robbed, but they find it so changed that the stranger seldom recognizes it as the same place. Robberies of this kind have netted as high as \$2,500 each.

But the day of the "broad" joint and its smooth operators has ended. Detective Wooldridge familiarized himself with the haunts of the swindlers, with their methods and their faces, and his warfare drove them from the city.

It was as a "broad" joint operator that "Farmer" Brown became famous, although Charles Gundorf is generally spoken of as the originator of this infamous

swindle. Brown took the part of a Kentucky farmer who had just sold a load of mules, and his smooth talk induced hundreds of victims to bet their money on the card game swindle. A conservative estimate of the amount of money taken from strangers in Chicago by this swindle previous to 1901 is \$10,000 per month.

Detective Wooldridge is entitled to the credit of breaking up a gang of confidence men operating the swindle known as the "wire tapping" or "race track" game. This swindle was one that puzzled the entire police force of Chicago for a time. Its operators were among the "smoothest" confidence men in the United States, and they made so much money through their operations that they were able to fight prosecution by buying off witnesses and bringing up technicalities on appeals which sometimes prevented their entrance into the penitentiary.

This swindle found victims through shrewd business men, and seldom did operators find it necessary to lure unsophisticated countrymen into their net.

The operators of this swindle included such "smooth" confidence men as "Eddie" Dunne, O. M. Stone, Andrew Brown, J. W. Turner and Charles Gates. These five men were arrested time and again by Wooldridge.

On March 25, 1901, "Eddie" Dunne and Charles Gates were held in bonds of \$2,000 each for swindling Mrs. Pearl H. Beardsley out of \$1,750. They induced her to back them to open an office and fit it up with wires and instruments with which they were to get advance reports on races. They opened an office in the Imperial building. Before they began to operate, Dunne was arrested and the instruments seized.

The "wire tappers" usually fit up an office in some out-of-the-way office building or rooming house with

telegraph instruments which make a circuit on themselves. They, of course, are expert electricians, and one unfamiliar with their game is more than likely to believe that they have tapped a wire running to a race track or pool-room. The victim is told that the operators can easily hold back the race report until one of their number can hasten to a nearby pool-room and make a bet on the race.

The victim is readily led to believe that he is going to beat the gamblers, and he sees no way of losing. He is induced to intrust his money to one of the swindlers, who is supposed to hasten to a pool-room as soon as a race report comes over the fake wire. The confidence man disappears with his money, and he is sent out to meet him, or in some cases he is taken to the pool-room and lost in the crowd. When he returns to the "wire-tapper's" office he finds that they have dismantled their quarters and disappeared.

On January 3, 1900, Detective Wooldridge executed a coup on O. M. Stone and J. W. Turner which completely staggered the veteran "wire-tapper" and caused the greatest satisfaction to the telegraph company. Stone was arrested by Wooldridge, and in order to avoid a charge of swindling, he maintained that he was running a pool-room. However, Wooldridge had Stone indicted, and on July 22 he was tried before Judge Baker and paid a heavy fine.

The fake pool-room was conducted in the Imperial building at 260 Clark street. For some time complaints had reached the Police Department that "wire-tappers" were blossoming out with increased activity and seeking to rob the public by pretending to furnish names of race winners before the information was given out by the regular news agencies.

Stone afterwards opened an office in rooms 23 and 53 of the Commerce building at 16 Pacific avenue, which he called the Commercial News Bureau. These rooms were on different floors. Room 23 was used by Stone as an office in which he met his victims and made his arrangements for giving them racing results in advance. Room 53 was the operating department.

Detective Wooldridge was detailed on this case by the chief of police. He first went to Stone's office but he was not there. He then went to room 53, where Stone was found. The room was fitted up like the laboratory of a scientist. On a long work-bench at one side of the room were installed a telegraph instrument, a telephone, and various groups of delicate and complicated electrical devices. A row of tiny incandescent globes flashed the signals of the Morse code when the telegraph keys were manipulated by the city's expert telegrapher, who accompanied the detective.

The detective sounded the walls and peered out of the windows to see where the wires used by Stone led. An expert from the Western Union Telegraph Company also made a careful examination, and declared that Stone's telegraph instrument was not then connected with any live wire and that the circuit was cut in on an electric wire and grounded on the roof of the Commerce building. While the officer was making his investigation, Stone maintained an attitude of complete resignation and calmly smoked a cigar. He declared that he was conducting a strictly legitimate business, and that the invasion of his office was an outrage.

However, when Detective Wooldridge began to examine with a curious eye the massive steel door of the vault in one corner of the room and requested Stone to open it,

the latter awakened from his apathy, but refused to obey the command. When the detective declared he would send for an expert and have it opened, Stone changed his mind and worked the combination. The interior of the vault disclosed a pretty little room, the walls of which were covered with scarlet paper. On a small desk were a ticker, a telephone, and a telegraph instrument. The vault was brilliant with electric light, and it was an ideal place for quietly sending or receiving messages either by telephone or telegraph and for the operator of the ticker.

Representatives of the telephone company and of the Gold and Stock Exchange Telegraph Company were sent for, and the instruments which had been rented under an assumed name were removed. Stone and Thomas Carroll were arrested before this at 21 Quincy street for conducting a fake pool-room. Later he and two other men were arrested at 177 La Salle street on the same charge, and were held to the grand jury.

Officials of the Western Union Telegraph Company say Stone is the greatest electrician in the United States, or, perhaps, in the world. This company would be willing to pay Stone a handsome salary for his services, if he could be relied on, and, in fact, authorized Detective Wooldridge to make him a proposition for them.

A federal injunction was once secured by the Western Union restraining Stone from tapping their wires, but Stone is such an expert in telegraphy and electricity that it is hard to make a case against him. He has shown that he can take a message from a wire without tapping it.

This is done by what is called induction. He is the inventor of numerous delicate and valuable instruments. In the old days when he was flourishing, a man could

go into his operating room and see a dozen employees busy receiving and sending messages and not hear a sound of an instrument.

He once started an independent telephone system in Chicago and used wires all over the downtown district, yet he did not have a wire of his own. He simply "borrowed" them without the knowledge or consent of the owners. He did not have a permit from the city.

Soon after Stone's place in the Commercial building was broken up, Detective Wooldridge discovered a wire-tapping or fake pool-room in the Omaha building. From the agents of the building he learned that the rent had been paid by Stone.

The detective went after Stone and forced him to cut all the wires he had in use at the Omaha building. These wires ran over the tops of several buildings in the vicinity. Wooldridge followed Stone in his route over the house-tops and saw him cut every wire.

There are so many of these confidence games that it would require almost a whole volume to describe all of them. One which is a "sure thing" for the owners of it is the Tivoli game. It does not differ very materially from the regular Tivoli game which is frequently seen in saloons and billiard halls, except that the latter is on the square, whereas the former is a gambling game and has connected with it a mechanical device which prevents the player from winning. It consists of a small high table on which is arranged rows of pins and pockets or holes and looks much like the regulation bagatelle table. At the end is a short hollow post, surmounted by a negro head, whose wide mouth is a target at which a small ball is thrown.

The pockets or holes in the table are all numbered and

pay according to the numbers. The player is asked to throw a ball into the negro's mouth and if the ball goes into the mouth, down the hollow tube and then rolls into a certain pocket, he gets a certain amount of money, which is always declared to be several times the amount paid for making the venture.

But by a cleverly arranged mechanism the operator can, by a simple pull on a cord underneath and without observation, cause a small pin to project and thus prevent the ball from going into any pocket into which he does not want it to go.

There is a fascination for strangers about the game, because it looks simple and seems on the square, but it is a hard game to beat, even when not operated by crooks. The bunko steerer finds many victims for this game and thousands of dollars have been lost in it, of which nothing has been said, because the victim usually realizes when it is too late that he has been robbed by a cheap swindle and is ashamed to let any one know it. This the swindler well knows and he does not hesitate to get all the money he can.

The same methods are used to get players for this game as are used in all the other games. "Cappers" are sent out to bring in the rural visitors. They are told of the "big sights" to be seen in this wonderful place; shown pictures of women in suggestive attitudes and hear stories of a reproduction of a harem and this more easily leads out-of-town sightseers astray than anything else.

Another swindling game which has filled the pockets of many crooks is what is called the "goose-neck." This game is similar to that which is frequently seen at county fairs by which a man tests his hitting strength with a heavy mallet or maul, by striking a large pin which sends

an automatic marker up on a tube which registers the striker's strength.

The "goose-neck" is a reproduction of this on a small scale, except that the victim does not register his strength. In hitting the pin with a small mallet he is supposed to produce on the post or cylinder even or odd numbers. These numbers are controlled by the operator, who by the turn of a small screw which is invisible to the victim can make the register show either one he desires.

The victim is lured on by confidence men or by a steerer who will make a bet of say \$2 that he can get the even numbers. Of course, when he strikes, the even numbers show up. He is allowed to win a number of times, when the operator tells him he is too lucky and that he will allow him to play no more.

Then he pretends to be greatly angered and turns to his victim and tells him to play; that he is liable to win a thousand dollars; that the operator is in bad luck, etc. The victim will start out by betting \$2, and he is allowed to win because the operator turns the screw to set the numbers bet on. Then the victim is told he had made a conditional bet; that is, he had won two dollars by getting the even numbers, but by putting up \$2 more he stands to win not \$4, but \$20. This seems alluring and he is told again that the conditions are that by putting up \$25 more he can win \$500. That is the limit of the conditional betting he is told, unless the steerers and capers find the victim has plenty of money and is willing to stand to win a thousand, in which case he is likely to be asked to put up anywhere from \$100 to \$500 to win \$1,000. But if the victim seems to be afraid to put up any more than the \$25, the screw is turned to show up the odd numbers, if the bet is made on the evens, and,

presto, he is informed that he has lost and the "steerers," "cappers," "coin separators," "outside hooks" and "come-ons" begin to surge toward the street, carrying the victim with them, and he soon finds himself standing on the sidewalk with no one in sight whom he saw on the inside.

And thus it goes. When on the inside, he is made to think that every one around him is anxious to play the game, and when they are stopped on account of their "heavy winnings," they encourage him. "Go in, old man," they will say, "you can't lose," and when he is permitted to win a few bets, one of them will exclaim, "I wish I had your luck. I never saw anything like it. Let me play once." But the operator will tell him it is not fair to him to play on another man's luck, and winds up by saying, "This gentleman may win all my money, but I will be fair and not stop him until he goes the limit."

Thus encouraged, the stranger lets his money go and frequently leaves without a cent in his pocket.

An experienced confidence man—such as he with whom Officer Wooldridge has dealt with such a firm hand—is always ready to fleece victims, and to this end he carries dice, a fake lock and other swindling devices in his pocket. He has them ready to use in a moment.

With three ordinary dice the swindler entices the victim into the "top-and-bottom" or "Rocky Mountain" dice game. A booster is necessary in this game. The booster meets the victim and conducts him to a saloon or byway and there the operator is found shaking three dice. The operator offers to bet the booster and his victim that they cannot tell what number the spots on the tops and bottoms of the three dice will aggregate. The

booster makes a bet, giving the number as twenty-one, and wins. The operator then excuses himself for a minute or two, and during his absence the booster explains that twenty-one will always be the count on the tops and bottoms of the dice no matter how they are thrown. The victim quickly sees this.

When the operator returns he offers to make more bets. The booster apparently wishes to discourage betting, but the operator is so insistent at wagering his money on what appears to be a certain loss that the booster tells the victim to bet with him. It is an easy matter to lure the stranger into this swindle.

After the money is bet the victim is usually allowed to win the first wager. The operator then increases the size of the bet to the amount which he believes the victim to possess. The bet is made and the dice thrown. Some operators "switch" dice, putting in a dice with equal numbers on opposite sides. This breaks the count and the victim loses. Other operators turn one dice half round after the top numbers have been counted. This, too, breaks the count at the victim's expense.

In the lock game the booster with the victim appears to find a brass lock on the street. He laments the fact that he found no key. Another confidence man is near at hand and is introduced to the victim. The second swindler is shown the lock and he produces a bunch of keys, one of which opens the lock. The victim is given the key and lock, and finds that it works right, but the original booster is unable to work the lock. The victim is roped into betting as in the dice game and by pressing a hidden spring, the lock is bound so that the victim cannot unlock it after his money is up.

The confidence man lives strictly by his wits and he

can truthfully be said to be a witty and a hard customer to handle. He is inventive and constantly bringing out new swindles. But with his new ideas he finds old ones best in some cases and hence newspaper readers learn through the daily press of swindling by the "steamboat explosion" and "tunnel cave-in." The surprising thing is that these ancient swindles find victims after years of exposure in the daily press.

The "steamboat explosion" and "tunnel cave-in" dodges are used in many instances as a subterfuge to get the victim into the clutches of shell men and other confidence operators. But sometimes they are used to further downright robbery. Many cases of both description have been encountered by Officer Wooldridge and many criminals with victims in tow have been put to flight by the appearance of Wooldridge when the game was all but sprung.

Some years ago these swindlers became very bold and to demonstrate that he could catch them despite their shrewdness, Officer Wooldridge disguised himself as a countryman.

He was approached by a booster and was led to the swindle, where he disclosed his identity and arrested one of the most troublesome gangs with which the police ever had to deal.

The unsophisticated stranger in Chicago is approached by a booster who asks him if he has seen the tunnel cave-in or steamboat explosion. This usually excites the curiosity of the victim and he is easily led to some out-of-the-way spot to be shorn by the shell game or held up by a fake policeman. In the latter instance he is accused of having counterfeit money in his possession. The bo-

gus officer flashes a star and the booster promptly hands over his money for the scrutiny of the alleged policeman.

This is returned as "sound," and the victim is induced to allow the examination of his money. This is "found" to be counterfeit. The fake policeman takes it away after telling the victim to call at the police station later, and if it is found that the money is genuine he can secure its return. If the victim is inclined to object to seeing his money go from him, he is told that he will be arrested for carrying counterfeit money and that the punishment is a year's confinement in the penitentiary. This yarn usually settles the most suspicious victim.

There is another game operated by confidence men, which is the most illusive of them all.

This is called the envelope game. It seems such an easy matter to catch the envelope containing a \$10 bill, and the odds given on it are so large that even the most conservative people are often tempted to try their luck.

It consists of an ordinary envelope box containing about fifty envelopes. In the presence of the man who wants to try his luck, a \$10 bill is inserted into the envelope, which is thrown into the box with the others and then a chance is given any one to select any five of the envelopes which are in the box for \$1. Each envelope has a small slit in the bottom of it and it is through this that the operator cunningly extracts the \$10 bill, when to all appearances it has been left in the envelope. It is a simple trick which the confidence men can operate so dexterously that the outsider seldom sees how it is done and a great deal of money has been lost through the efforts of strangers to get the envelope containing the \$10.

It may be a matter of surprise to many persons to

learn that the ancient shell game continues to bring a steady and very remunerative income to the confidence men and swindlers of the largest cities.

Since Illinois was a rolling prairie and the few settlers were trading tin cups for valuable furs with the Indians, the shell game has been a sort of well-known institution. It has thrived in Chicago and even in the small towns where days of celebration, county fairs, and circus exhibitions brought visitors from the rural districts. The cost of attempting to locate the elusive "pea" has long been met by the curious countrymen and "green" townsmen and as late as to-day shell men or "nut" men can be found occasionally about the depots, stock yards or other places where visitors from the country are likely to be met.

Three half-shells of the English walnut, an India rubber "pea" and a soap box or small table complete the swindling outfit of the shell man. At least one "booster" is essential to the success of the swindle.

The operator rolls the "pea" about under the inverted shells and bets the victim that he cannot tell which shell it is under. The "booster" steps up first and the operator with seeming carelessness allows the "pea" to slide slowly under one of the shells. This motion is seen by the countryman and the "booster." The latter makes a bet and of course wins. Then the victim is inveigled into the game.

The operator appears to handle the shells more carelessly than before. He allows the "pea" to remain an instant under the edge of one shell. The victim sees this and imagines that he has a sure thing. He makes his bet and picks up the shell, to find it empty. The shell

operator, necessarily skilled in handling the "pea," causes it to pass under the shell picked up by the victim and inside the next shell. This motion is too quickly made for detection.

There is another confidence game which is worked on small storekeepers and by which many a clerk and proprietor, men and women, have been victimized. This is called the "short change" scheme. The man who works this plan of robbery usually selects one of those small stores which are located in the vicinity of schools and in which are sold confections, stationery, etc.

His plan is to enter one of these stores with a lot of small change in his hand and tell the clerk or proprietor he has written his wife a letter and wants to inclose \$5 in it and ask for a bill in exchange for silver. He has the letter in his hand already stamped and addressed.

He counts out the small change and manages to extract from it fifteen or twenty cents without being detected. He is given the five-dollar bill and then tells the clerk to count the silver to see if it is correct. While this is being done the confidence man places the five-dollar bill in the letter, but dexterously gets it out and then seals the letter.

In the meantime the clerk has discovered that the change is fifteen or twenty cents short. The confidence man hurriedly counts it again and declares he has made a mistake. He then gives the clerk the letter supposed to contain the five-dollar bill and tells him to "just hold that a few minutes until I run back home and get the balance of the change."

Thinking the five-dollar bill is in the envelope, the clerk takes it and lays it aside, while the confidence man

with the bill in his pocket, picks up the change, and, saying, "I'll be back in a minute," departs and is not seen again. This game has been played hundreds of times in Chicago and very few of the rascals have been caught.

WAS A VICTIM OF THE GRAFTERS.

MERRY TAILOR FROM DOWN EAST IS ROBBED IN CHICAGO
BY TWO WOMEN.

Being disappointed with business in the east, Thomas Farrell, a tailor, started to Topeka, Kansas, and landed in Chicago en route to the western town on March 15, 1896. But he fell in the hands of the "grafters" before ne was in the city long.

While passing along Dearborn street in front of 408, he met Jessie Sadler and Lula Brown, who accosted this maker of trousers.

"Where are you going, merry tailor?" said Jessie.

"My name is not Mary Taylor," said Farrell, "I'm a man."

With a few more pleasant words, Farrell went with the women to their rooms, and finding that he had money and would not divide with them, they grabbed him around the neck, held him fast and robbed him and threw him out, taking \$90, all the money he had.

Farrell reported the matter at the Harrison Street Station and Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case. Farrell gave a good description of the two women and took the officer to the house.

The following day the two women were arrested. Jessie confessed and said that Lula Brown had taken the

money and refused to divide. Both were held to the grand jury in bonds of \$500.

Wooldridge took Farrell to the stock yards and secured him employment, but he ventured downtown the next day and the women found out that he was going to stay in the city and prosecute.

They then forked the money over to him, bought him a ticket to Kansas, placed him on the train and when the case came up there was no one to prosecute.

HAD A WINTER ROOF GARDEN.

WOMEN TAKE TO THE HOUSE TOP TO ESCAPE ARREST, BUT
IT IS TOO CHILLY FOR THEM.

The roof may be a pleasant retreat in summer weather, but it is too chilly for comfort when the mercury is hovering around the zero mark and especially if the occupants of this midwinter roof garden happen to be thinly clad, as was the case when Detective Wooldridge first discovered the hiding place of a number of disorderly characters for whom he had warrants.

In March, 1896, Nellie Miller kept a house of bad repute at 7 Hubbard court. On several occasions officers had been sent to raid this house, but when they got inside they could never find any one but the cook.

Detective Wooldridge went there one night and had warrants for the arrest of Nellie Miller and all the inmates. Before he entered the house he discovered that there were a number of persons inside, but after entering they became invisible.

After making a careful search of the place, Wool-

dridge found that the women had gone to the roof of the house by means of a ladder in an upper hallway, and as the ladder was not in sight it was evident that they had drawn it up after them and then closed the trap door.

The weather was extremely cold and the officer, knowing that the fleeing women were thinly dressed, made a weather-bureau calculation, deducing the conclusion that



SHIVERING ON THE ROOF.

they could not remain there longer than twenty minutes. The professor in charge of the Auditorium tower could not have figured more correctly. Wooldridge also figured that he could smoke a cigar in twenty minutes, and proceeded to kill time by lighting a Havana.

In just twenty minutes the trap door was opened. Then the little ladder was slid down with as much dexterity as if it had been in the hands of a fireman.

One by one the shivering females came down, their

teeth chattering as if they had an ague. After all had gotten in out of the chilly blasts that were coming from the lake, Wooldridge drew out his warrant and served it on Nellie Miller and told her if all were present he would proceed to call the roll.

After each had made a toilet which was more in keeping with the season and more appropriate for a ride in the patrol wagon to the police station, they were marched out and carted away.

Each was given a heavy fine next morning by Justice Richardson.

ROBBERS SHOW NO SYMPATHY.

WILL STEAL FROM A CHILD OR CRIPPLE AS READILY AS
FROM A BANKER.

The man who makes his living by robbery and confidence games has no conscience or sympathy. He will fleece a child or an aged cripple as readily as he will hold up a banker.

This was demonstrated when, on December 1, 1896, C. H. Cannon, a ranchman from Dakota, was ruthlessly robbed of every cent he had and left stranded at the depot while en route to Fullerton, Ontario, with his invalid wife and two small children. After the confidence men had left him, he was compelled to open a toy savings bank which belonged to one of the little ones, and take therefrom \$1.79 with which to buy the babies and sick wife something to eat.

Some five years prior Mr. Cannon married in Montreal, Canada, and went to Dakota, rented a piece of land and went to farming. The two children were born

there, and on account of Mrs. Cannon's health (she was very delicate and had consumption), they had sold their crops and household goods, and were returning to her mother's home at Fullerton, Ontario.

All the money Cannon possessed in the world when he landed in Chicago was \$80. His little girl begged him to buy her a doll, and as he could get it only a few steps from the depot, he started out to buy it.

George P. Beazley, a smooth confidence man, had been watching him, and followed him to State and Polk streets, where he came forward and inquired if he knew a good place to buy a suit of clothes, as he was a stranger in the city. Cannon replied that he also was a stranger and wished to purchase a doll, telling him his name and where he was going. Beazley said he too was going to Canada, only a few miles from where Cannon was going. A man named Wallace, another confidence man and partner of Beazley, stepped up, and volunteered to show them both where they could get the best bargains in clothes and a doll.

While purchasing the doll, Cannon exposed a roll of bills. He then started for the depot to join his wife and children, when Beazley insisted that he have a cigar with him before parting. They went to a saloon at 386 State street. Here the dice were produced, and Beazley and Wallace began a game where the spots are counted on the top and bottom of three dice. Any way these dice are thrown, the number will be twenty-one, but these smooth confidence men always carry a bogus dice with them, which would make a different number. Everything is explained to the victim, and he is shown that it is impossible for him to lose, but if he puts up any money the bogus dice are slipped into the box.

Every inducement was offered Cannon to take part,

and failed. Beazley made bet after bet and won; finally he asked Cannon to change a bill, and when he took out his pocketbook it was snatched and a scuffle began. A third man, who was a friend of Beazley and Wallace, walked in and seized Cannon, and representing himself to be an officer, charged Cannon with gambling. Both Wallace and Beazley in the meantime ran away with the money, while the bogus officer held Cannon.

He was left one thousand miles from home or friends, in a strange city with a sick wife and two children and penniless, with the exception of \$1.79. He made complaint to Captain Charles Koch at the Harrison Street Police Station and Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case. Cannon and his family were taken to the Harrison Street Annex, and made as comfortable as possible. Then Cannon was dressed as a tramp and taken along to point out the men. Two days were spent in the search, and every day the dives in the levee district were visited. About 11 p. m. on the second day both men were seen on State street and Hubbard court by Cannon, who pointed them out, and they were arrested and identified by the saloon keeper. They were arraigned before Justice G. W. Underwood on December 3d, and fined \$50 each. They would have been held to the Criminal court, but Cannon could not stay to prosecute them.

Wooldridge took up a collection and secured tickets and \$13, and placed Cannon and his family on the train for Canada. The two thieves were sent to the House of Correction. An effort was made by friends and politicians to have them pardoned by Mayor Swift, but when he heard the facts he refused to do so.

There were fifteen or twenty men engaged in this

business who did nothing else but operate around the depots and viaducts, and they reaped a rich harvest for years.

On one occasion Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert were sent out to catch some of them. Wooldridge went to a second-hand store on Clark street and secured a big fur coat, white hat, cowhide boots, a lantern, a long pole, used by stockmen to get cattle on their feet which get down in the cars while en route to the Chicago market, a large black paper valise, and started out. Detective Schubert followed some distance behind to assist him in making the arrest of these confidence men when located.

The disguise worked all right. They visited the Illinois Central depot, at Twelfth street and Michigan avenue, and then passed over the Twelfth street viaduct, and went north on Fifth avenue, until they had got within a short distance of the Wisconsin Central depot, when Wooldridge was spied by Lyman Moore, Joe Farley and James Carter, who were driving around in a buggy looking for just such people as Wooldridge appeared to be.

Before the buggy reached Wooldridge, Joe Farley jumped out and, taking the opposite side of the street, passed Wooldridge and dropped one of the little locks, which have been fully described, on the sidewalk, and secreted himself in a doorway near by. Moore and Carter drove up, and, stopping, inquired if he knew where the City Hotel was.

Wooldridge told them "he be gol darned if he did, as he was a stranger in this here town, and had just come in with a car of pigs, which he had sold and that he had the money right here in his pocket," tapping his big overcoat, "but if there was anything else he could do for the gents he would be glad to do it."

Moore's and Carter's eyes sparkled with the prospect of getting the wallet which Wooldridge, the old pig puncher, was supposed to carry with him. Moore turned to Carter, saying he was dry, and invited him to get out and have a drink with him. He also invited the stranger (Wooldridge), who accepted. The horse was hitched and all three started up the street to find a saloon. Coming to the place where the lock was dropped, it was picked up and examined. They entered the saloon where the combination and spring of the lock had been found, and examined by all three of them.

Joe Farley then walked in, and the lock was given him to examine. He pronounced it no good and offered to wager any amount of money that neither one of the three could open it. Every inducement was offered Wooldridge, the pig puncher, to join Moore and Carter and skin Farley out of his money. Schubert entered at this juncture and asked what they were doing with the old stockman, meaning Wooldridge. All of them tried to convince the officer that they knew the pig puncher, and Carter claimed to be a relative of his.

Detective Schubert seized Moore and Carter and placed them under arrest. They showed fight, and Joe Farley told Detective Schubert he would have to kill all of them before he could take a single one.

While they were engaged in this argument Wooldridge stepped to one side, and, slipping off his fur coat, whipped out two revolvers, one in each hand, and, covering them all, he said that they were going to the Harrison Street Station, and if there was any killing to be done they had better begin on him. Moore and Carter recognized Officer Wooldridge, and knew that they were confronted by one of the most determined and fearless men on the police force in Chicago.

They submitted to arrest without further trouble, and were marched to the station and locked up. They were fined heavily, and notified to leave the city. Lyman Moore, James Carter, and Joe Farley were the smoothest and best known confidence men in the West.

RIDES A THIEF TO JAIL.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE CAPTURES AND COMPELS A HIGHWAY ROBBER TO CARRY HIM TO THE LOCK-UP.

Philip Schneider lived at 4637 Drexel boulevard, Chicago. On June 5, 1894, he accompanied friends to the railroad depot at Dearborn and Polk streets, to see them take the train for their homes.

Bidding his friends good-bye, Mr. Schneider started for his home. Arriving at State street, he found the street cars crowded, and he concluded he would walk to Twelfth street, some three blocks south, and from there take the elevated train home. He had reached the vacant lot south of Taylor street, and opposite the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad freight house, which was about one-half the distance to the elevated station at Twelfth street.

Just at this point Mr. Schneider was felled to the ground by a blow from a slung shot in the hands of a highway robber who had approached him from the rear. The blow only stunned him, and as he opened his eyes he looked up into the face of his assailant.

A street gas lamp was only a short distance away and the glare from it fell on the colored highwayman, who was busily engaged rifling his victim's pockets.



ON THE PRISONER'S SHOULDERS.

While this was going on, Mr. Schneider had a good view of the robber's face, clothing, and figure, which was indelibly fixed in his mind and memory. Forty dollars and a gold watch were taken.

Mr. Schneider tried to prevent the taking of the watch by holding on to it for all he was worth, as it was a present from his father, long since deceased, but the robber kicked him in the side, face, and eye; the latter he came near losing afterwards. The robber secured the watch and fled, leaving the victim unconscious and nearly dead.

How long Philip Schneider lay there from the effects of the brutal beating he had received no one knows, and he might have succumbed to his injuries had not Detective Wooldridge had occasion to pass that way, and found him moaning and bleeding by the side of the plank walk, the latter being several inches higher there than the ground.

He was removed to the hospital in the police ambulance, where medical aid and every attention was given him. Upon the recovery of his reason he gave an intelligent report of what had taken place, together with a correct and minute description of the colored robber who had brutally beaten and robbed him.

Mr. Schneider further stated that he would be able to recognize his assailant among a million men, and that he could pick him out anywhere on sight.

The day following, June 6th, Philip Schneider and Detective Wooldridge started out to look for the colored robber in Chicago, a city, by the way, of nearly two million inhabitants. It was a big undertaking, and altogether like the far-famed search for a needle in a haystack; but both men were determined that this highway-

man should be hunted down, arrested and brought to justice.

A start was made from the railway depot to the scene of the robbery; then every colored resort and saloon on State street was visited, together with those on Dearborn street, Custom House place, and Clark street. All of these places were searched thoroughly, and the search was continued to the side streets. While this search was in progress, and while Philip Schneider and Detective Wooldridge were passing along the crowded thoroughfare of Polk street, between Clark street and Pacific avenue, which district is inhabited and frequented by every nationality and color, they saw standing at the mouth of an alley three colored men, drinking from an oyster can filled with beer.

Philip Schneider discovered that he was face to face with Eugene Buchanan, the man who so brutally beat and robbed him the night before, and in loud tones exclaimed to the detective, "There is the man who robbed me. Arrest him!"

At first Buchanan tried to pass it off as a joke, but finding that his subterfuge failed, he then said he could prove that he was in company with the two men present two miles from the scene of the robbery, and that he had remained there all night.

This statement Detective Wooldridge knew was not true, for he had seen Smith, one of the men present, and Buchanan several times on the evening before.

Schneider insisted on the arrest of Buchanan, and Detective Wooldridge told the negro that he must accompany him to the police station.

Schneider pulled a revolver from his pocket and kept at bay the other two colored men. The struggle be-

tween Buchanan and the detective was hot and fierce, and many blows were exchanged. The detective, however, had Buchanan by the end of his coat sleeve, next to his right hand. Of this the detective had a firm grip with his fingers in the inside of the coat sleeve and the thumb on the outside. Wooldridge had the use of his right hand, while Buchanan's right hand was useless, so long as Wooldridge had this kind of a hold. But Buchanan had the advantage of both strength and weight, and used both in the struggle, by getting around to the back of the detective.

Then getting his head between his legs, he attempted to throw the detective over his head. But Buchanan had picked the wrong man, for Wooldridge had ridden many bucking bronchos before, and when Buchanan rose with the detective on his back, Wooldridge let go his coat sleeve and threw his arm around Buchanan's neck, and with his right hand drew his gun, and placing the muzzle of the same in Buchanan's ear, compelled him to surrender.

Detective Wooldridge not only compelled him to surrender, but forced him to carry him on his back to the police station, while he held the revolver to his head. This is the first record of a police officer, after capturing a highway robber, riding on his back to the lock-up with a loaded revolver placed against his head, and will long be remembered by those who witnessed the affair.

Eugene Buchanan was a powerfully built colored man, and was the captain of as well an organized gang of crooks and highwaymen as ever infested the levee district.

The gang traveled the lonesome streets and lay in wait for their victims at the mouths of alleys and dark

hallways, and under cover of darkness pounced upon the unwary and unsuspecting passers without any warning. They usually throw an arm around his neck under the chin, and pressing downward on his throat thus prevent the victim from making an outcry, and at the same time he is lifted off the ground. This is called the strong-armed strangler's hold, and the victim is entirely at the mercy of the robber, who holds him fast while an accomplice relieves him of his valuables.

Sometimes a highwayman will strike down his victim first, with the aid of a slung shot, billy, or gun, and then, dragging him into an alley, proceed in the darkness to rob him at his leisure, and this kind of a robber generally is not satisfied with what jewelry and money he can secure, but strips his victim of his clothing, hat, shoes, and stockings, and he is left for dead, and, if still alive, is left unconscious to freeze.

It was not an uncommon thing to find men almost daily left in this condition during the years 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894.

Sometimes the victim would recover sufficiently to make his way to the police station and report the occurrence. As a rule, the victim could seldom identify any one, and clothing was usually secured for him by taking up a subscription, which was given to the unfortunate man as he passed into the street, and then the case was lost sight of in a fresh one.

Another method in vogue among these robbers was to spring out from some dark doorway or alley upon the victim, and at the point of a revolver compel him to throw up his hands while he was relieved of his valuables.

The police reports show that Eugene Buchanan did

more of this work than any other six men in the levee district. He was arrested time and again, only to be turned loose, because nothing could be proven against him, as he would generally resort to an alibi.

His companions in crime would rally to his assistance and secure his liberty, but on this occasion he was fooled for once, and his effort to prove an alibi was a failure.

Buchanan was held to the grand jury, indicted, and convicted by a jury in Judge Blank's court on July 21, 1894, and his sentence was three years at hard labor in the penitentiary. He served his time and returned to Chicago.

Detective Wooldridge was in attendance at court one morning at the Harrison Street Police Station, shortly after Eugene Buchanan returned, when he was surprised to see Buchanan come into court and make straight for him. Getting within speaking distance, he asked the detective if he knew him. Wooldridge replied "Yes," calling him by name. Buchanan then asked him if he had any personal feeling against him. Wooldridge replied "No," stating that he (Buchanan) had simply been punished for what he had done, and with that he extended to him his hand and told him in the future to try and lead an honest life, and find work and always do what was right.

At that Buchanan's eyes filled with tears, and he asked the detective if he would not give him a letter to help him get work, and that was what had brought him to the station. Wooldridge asked him if he was in earnest. Buchanan dropped on his knees, and, taking the detective by the hand, kissed it and cried like a child, and assured him that he was in earnest, and that he would personally rather have a few lines from Wooldridge than

from either the governor of the state or the mayor of the city.

Wooldridge told him that he should have the letter the following day, and he would also assist him in finding work, and in addition to that gave him two dollars.

The matter was laid before Justice Underwood and Captain Koch, who joined Wooldridge in a request to Nelson Morris & Co., the packers, where he secured work and remained for over a year. After working for a year he drifted back to the levee, and hunting up his old companions in crime, it was but a short while before he was on the road again holding up and robbing people.

On August 9, 1899, R. B. Epperson, of 1418 Wabash avenue, in company with Mrs. C. G. Kingswell, of 5616 Drexel boulevard, was walking through Washington park, near Fifty-second street, when they were met by Eugene Buchanan, who represented himself as an officer, and placed them under arrest for being out late. It was then only 9:15. Mr. Epperson was very indignant, and demanded to be taken at once to headquarters.

Buchanan then seized him, took his gold watch, valued at \$50, and knocked him down. Mrs. C. G. Kingswell came to his rescue, snatching a long steel pin from her hat, and stuck it into Buchanan's head repeatedly until he was forced to release Mr. Epperson and defend himself against the woman, who was waging a hot battle.

Buchanan struck her a stinging blow in the face, and Mr. Epperson, regaining his feet, came to her rescue with an umbrella. Buchanan was forced to retreat. He met several citizens several hundred feet from the scene of the robbery. He told them that the man and woman had attacked him without cause, and that he had a mind to go back and cut the heart out of the man. These citi-

zens were conversing with him under an electric light, where they had an opportunity to have a good look at him, and they had no reason to doubt him until Mr. Epperson and Mrs. Kingswell came up and informed them that they had been held up and robbed. Buchanan fled upon the approach of his victims.

Mr. Epperson was taken to the Rogues' Gallery at the Harrison Street Police Station, where he pointed out Eugene Buchanan's picture as being that of the man who had robbed him at Washington Park August 9th.

Buchanan was arrested August 15th, and identified by Mr. Epperson and Mrs. Kingswell and two citizens who were near the scene of robbery on that night.

The watch was recovered at Newman's pawnshop, 1804 South State street, where it was pawned for \$6, and Buchanan was identified as the man who pawned it.

When he was arrested Buchanan sent for Detective Wooldridge, and upon bended knees and with tears flowing down his cheeks, as he stood behind the bars at the Harrison Street Police Station, Buchanan declared he was an innocent man, and implored Wooldridge to save him from his enemies who, he alleged, were trying to railroad him to the penitentiary.

Wooldridge promised him that he would be on hand the next morning and hear the evidence, and if he was satisfied that he was innocent and his accusers wrong, he would do what he could for him.

But after listening to the evidence, and also to the evidence of the two officers who were stationed at Washington Park, who had met Buchanan there on the night in question, and who had driven him from the park on several occasions before, and after seeing the wounds made by the hat pin in the hands of Mrs. Kingswell, which

were still unhealed, Wooldridge informed him that he could not do anything for him.

Eugene Buchanan was arraigned on or about October 5, 1899. He pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to the penitentiary under the indeterminate act, and will probably serve twenty years or more; and it is to be devoutly hoped it may be more, as he has proven himself a dangerous man.

PAID FOR HIS OWN "EXTRAS."

BARBER GETS INTO TROUBLE FOR CHARGING A FARMER
EXTORTIONATE PRICES.

During the World's Fair it was a common occurrence for barbers in different parts of the city, and particularly in the vicinity of Jackson Park, to charge a customer \$5 for a shave, hair cut, and for extras, but as late as in 1896, three years after the great White City had become only a memory, Toney Fera revived the custom, but he was compelled to pay for his own extras in this case.

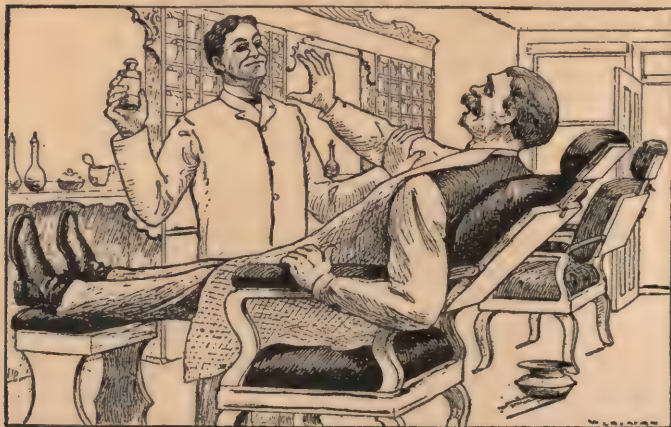
Toney had a shop at 351 Fifth avenue. A German farmer from the interior of the state stepped into the shop and asked for a hair cut. The barber kept at work on the farmer, putting in extras, notwithstanding the protests made by his customer, and when he had finished presented a bill for \$5. The farmer protested again, declaring the charge was too much. The barber locked the door, and said he would not open it until he got the money. Then the customer paid the bill.

Going out, he found Detective Wooldridge, and told him of his trouble. Wooldridge arrested the barber, and charged him with thirteen different violations of the crim-

inal and municipal codes. These included robbery by intimidation, false imprisonment, threat to kill, assault, impersonating an officer, having obscene pictures, carrying concealed weapons, cruelty to animals, resisting an officer, using profane language, and disorderly conduct.

Never before had a barber been given a chance to realize what a heinous criminal he was when he tried to get in a bill for extras.

Toney presented in court an itemized bill, which suggests that he should be indicted for butchery of the English language also. Here it is, *verbatim et literatim*:



PUTTING ON THE EXTRAS.

Hare cutting25
Mustached Died50
Hare Shinged25
Egg Shampo35
Hare die	3.25
Hare Tonic10
Shave15
Lylock Perfome15

\$5.00

All of this, Fera claimed, had been ordered by the farmer and received by him.

"Your honor," said Assistant City Prosecutor Thompson, "let the head and face of the complaining witness be introduced as evidence, and marked 'Exhibit A.'"

This was accordingly done, and two expert witnesses were sworn by the defense.

As a result the barber was held to the criminal court in \$500 bonds, the justice saying this practice of making excessive charges was as bad as highway robbery.

The grand jury heard the case, but failed to indict the barber, and he was discharged, yet the experience proved a valuable lesson to Fera, and one which he will long remember.

DEVILS IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

COMPEL WOMEN TO DEPRAVE THEMSELVES TO SUPPORT THEM IN LUXURY.

Many sad stories of depravity are heard in the slums of a big city, and the police meet often with criminals and vicious characters for whom they feel some sympathy. A case of this character came to the notice of Detective Wooldridge in 1896, in which a frail woman had to degrade herself in many ways to support a man in idleness and luxury. F. S. Gray, who had a good trade, but abandoned it for a life of ease at the expense of a woman who assumed his name, is the man who brought upon himself the contempt of every one and the wrath of the police.

He and the woman lived at 412½ State street. She had consumption, was very weak, and was frequently

attacked with hemorrhages. But the condition of the scarlet woman made no difference to Gray. He compelled her to go into the street from darkness until the late hours of the morning to lead a life of shame in order that he might have money to live a life of ease, dress, gamble, and visit the race tracks and theaters. If she returned to their miserable home without her pockets well filled, she was certain to receive a severe beating from this brute, who did not deserve the name of man.

Finally, the poor woman could stand the abuse and beating no longer, and left him.

One day when the woman was out, Gray went to the room where they had been living, and proceeded to cut up all her clothing, which was worth over \$300. Most of it had been given her by her sister.

The villain began on her dresses and cut them up, until one would scarcely know whether they ever were dresses. He next commenced on her underclothing, cutting them into small shreds. They made a pile some four feet high.

There was not a rag of her clothing, except what she was wearing, that escaped his knife. She came home and found the wreck he had left, and then made complaint to the Harrison Street Police Station, and procured a warrant for his arrest, having found that two of the inmates of the house had seen him do the cutting.

Detective Wooldridge was detailed to arrest him, and going to the house, he found Gray locked in a room. He refused to open the door, which had to be forced. Gray had succeeded in climbing up on a transom over a door, which separates two rooms, and when Wooldridge entered he dropped down to the floor into the next room. This door was also forced, and he again eluded the detective in the same way.

Finally, after four doors were forced, he was captured and locked up at the Harrison Street Station, charged with malicious mischief, which is a penitentiary offense. When he saw what a serious difficulty he had got himself into, he secured a continuance for ten days, paid for the clothes, and the prosecution was dropped.

Another case in every way similar to the above was that of a frail woman of the levee district who staggered into the police station one day, and as soon as she was able to speak asked for warrants for George Ludwig, a man with whom she had been living and whom she had been supporting for years by depraving herself.

He had just beaten her and had taken her watch and a few cents, all the money she had.

The woman told a long and pitiable story of ill treatment at the hands of Ludwig. Several times a day, she said, he was in the habit of beating her because she could not earn enough money to keep him dressed in the latest fashion.

"Night and day I toiled to earn money for him, and, although I gave him every cent I made, he beat and kicked me until I am at present so weak I can hardly stand on my feet," she said, between sobs.

Detective Wooldridge was given the warrants, and after some difficulty arrested Ludwig, who is a powerfully built man and has not done any work for years, compelling this woman to support him. After he was arrested he succeeded in getting some of his countrymen and friends to go to the woman and get her not to prosecute him.

A BRAVE AND HEROIC ACT.

J. Medendorp, the driver for the Bee Hive Laundry, 735 Ogden avenue, was driving his wagon at Twenty-sixth and Halsted streets when the wagon was struck by a south-bound electric car, and Medendorp was thrown over the dashboard upon the shafts, but he managed to grab the horse's tail and hung on. The horse took fright and ran away, and Officer Wooldridge, at great risk to his life, sprang into the street and seized the horse's bit and held on. He was dragged for nearly a block before the horse was stopped. Medendorp, the driver, received a scalp wound on the back of the head, and in addition to this had his shoulder bruised.

A large number of children were playing in the street only a few feet from where the horse was brought to a standstill through the bravery and fearlessness of Officer Wooldridge.

HE YIELDED TO TEMPTATION.

MAN PASSES COUNTERFEIT MONEY, BUT CIRCUMSTANCES
SECURE HIS ACQUITTAL.

No matter how good a man is at heart nor how good his intentions are, he will sometimes yield to temptation, just as Wm. Skinner did when he passed some counterfeit money in Chicago in 1892 and was arrested by Detective Wooldridge.

Skinner formerly lived in a Missouri town and failed in business. The sheriff seized his goods to satisfy a judgment which had been returned against him, and then he found himself almost penniless, with a sick wife and two half-grown girl children to care for. The only property he had left was a wagon and two horses.

The doctor advised him to take his wife to a cooler climate, thinking it would help her. Having no money, he placed his sick wife in the wagon, making her as comfortable as possible, and with the children started for Illinois, stopping at various places and working at harvesting, which was going on at that time. The girls managed to procure a little work frequently at the same places. Mrs. Skinner began to improve, and when the harvest season was over in Illinois, Mr. Skinner drove through to Michigan, and during the strawberry season, with the help of the two girls, they saved a little money.

The old wagon, which had given them shelter and served them as a home, was again called into use, the horses hitched to it, Mrs. Skinner and her two children placed aboard, and a start made for old Missouri, where they had friends and expected to find help.

On the road from Michigan to Chicago, Mrs. Skinner had another bad attack, and when Chicago was reached death was expected at any moment. Skinner had expended every penny he had saved during the summer, and his family was in a distressed condition, and yet he was three hundred miles from friends.

When Mr. Skinner was in business in Missouri, a book agent called one day and sold him a publication which contained information for the detection of counterfeit money. In the book were a large number of the faces of genuine and bad bills on thick blotting paper.

Permission had been given a company to manufacture and sell this book, representing both back and front of the bills. The government plates had been loaned to the company, and it was sold through the country to banks and business men, who were handling money, to teach them how to detect bad money.

Skinner cut a number of bills from the book, then split the paper, and placing it on a stone, worked it down until it was one-half the thickness of a paper bill. When he had both the back and front of the bill ready, he would stick them together, press it out and let it dry. He had some ten or fifteen bills prepared ranging from \$10 to \$100 bills.

He then selected a pawnbroker to pass one of the bills on, and going into his place bought a shotgun and several other little articles, and tendered one of the \$100 bills, which was detected, and Skinner's arrest followed by Detective Wooldridge. He was held in bonds to the grand jury by Commissioner Hoyne.

Skinner's former good character, the condition of his family, and the fact of the government being a party to the printing of the notes, which offered the inducement to him to do wrong, and this being his first offense, together with other circumstances, induced the authorities to allow him to go on his own recognizance, with a promise to show up when he was wanted.

Captain Porter, United States Secret Service officer, in charge at Chicago, the United States marshal and the state's attorney even gave him some money to help his distressed family.

Skinner secured employment, and when the federal grand jury first met, he reported at the United States marshal's office, telling them where he could be found if they wanted him, and several times during the term he reported to see if he was wanted.

All the facts were presented to the grand jury, and no bill was returned. Skinner was allowed to go his way and sin no more.

MYSTERY OF ROSE WALLACE.

CASE IN WHICH DETECTIVES AND ALL BRANCHES OF THE
POLICE DEPARTMENT WERE PUZZLED.

One of the most mysterious cases that ever fell to the lot of the Police Department to investigate and one which puzzled every one, from the chief down to the patrolman, and which also made the shrewdest newspaper reporters of Chicago look like amateurs, was one in which a woman called Rose Wallace figured in the early part of 1899. She duped every one with whom she had any connection, not in such a way as to make her amenable to the laws or in a manner which would make her liable to criminal or civil prosecution, but in a spirit of adventure and in a mad desire for notoriety. In the latter desire she attained wonderful success, and also added a considerable amount to her bank account.

The stories of her which were printed in the daily papers at that time would fill a volume, and yet there was very little truth in any of them until she chose to tell them the real story of her life, and it is even doubtful if all or any part of that was true.

The facts as they are best sustained by Detective Woolbridge, who worked on the case, are that she came to Chicago from an Indiana town with a street showman and museum agent named Franklin, and boarded in the same house with him on West Madison street; that she got tired of Chicago and determined to go back to Indiana; that she packed up her baggage and went to the Dearborn street station; that she wandered out from there while waiting for a train and met a Frenchman who was a cook in a restaurant, who took her to a house

on Wabash avenue, where she staid for some days, and then met a man named George Gagne, who gained her confidence and to whom she told stories about vast amounts of property she had in Indiana.

Gagne, who was a sport and always looking for the best of a good thing, believed the girl was telling him the truth, pretended to be in love with her, proposed marriage, was accepted, had a bogus ceremony performed, went to Indiana with her to get money, was denied the right to take possession of it without a legal marriage certificate, returned to Chicago, procured a marriage license in the city hall, and was married on the spot by a justice of the peace and returned with his wife to Evansville, armed, as he thought, with sufficient authority to make a legal claim to his wife's property.

From this time on the plot thickened and changed so often that every one connected with it was deceived. When George Gagne and his wife reached Evansville, they walked up a street toward the hotel. A handsome carriage came toward them, and it was pointed out as being the property of his wife. Gagne stopped the driver, told him he would take charge of the vehicle as the husband of Rose Wallace. He drove the team into a livery stable and ordered that it be well taken care of.

Gagne then went to Attorney Horne, who was said to be the custodian of the woman's property, and made arrangements to have it transferred to Chicago. He said they were going to Montreal, Canada, to live.

It was claimed that Horne was to come to Chicago and deposit \$17,000 for the woman in the First National Bank, and also to send her \$14,000 worth of diamonds she was supposed to possess.

The diamonds were to be brought by a supposed sister

of Rose, whose name she said was Gertrude and who **was** only sixteen years old.

Gagne secured rooms for his wife near the depot, and on the day that the little sister was to arrive he went to the postoffice. While he was gone his wife left the room and went out shopping. What she bought was a wig with a long braid to hang down the back, a short skirt, and a few other articles with which to disguise herself as the little sister. Then she went to the Newport Hotel on Monroe street, took a room, and "made up" as a young girl in short frocks.

Then she went to the depot, as it was near the time for the train from Evansville to arrive. She had in her hand the little box in which the \$14,000 worth of diamonds were supposed to be packed. Taking her seat, she calmly watched the hurrying passengers arriving and departing, and kept a keen eye on the policeman who passed up and down the corridor.

In the meantime George returned from the postoffice, and found his wife gone, but supposed she would return soon. He waited until it was time for the train to arrive, and then went to the depot, thinking his wife might be there waiting for her sister. He searched the waiting rooms, and then watched the passengers who got off the train. He did not see his wife in the crowd which was awaiting nor any one leaving the train whom he thought might be her sister.

He started back to his room to see if his wife had gone there. While he was gone, the wife, posing as her little sister, gained the sympathy of Officer Kelley by crying and sobbing like one in great distress. Passengers around the depot looked at her with pity written in their faces, and the big policeman looked out of the window to restrain a tear.



INCIDENTS AT THE POLICE STATION.

She said she had come from Evansville and expected to meet her sister and brother-in-law at the depot. Failing to find either one of them, and being a stranger, she said she was very much alarmed and didn't know where to go. She said her name was Gertrude Wallace, of Evansville, Indiana. The officer then took her to the Harrison Street Police Station Annex, where she was turned over to the matron.

After this Gagne appeared at the police station, and very excitedly asked assistance in finding his wife. He said his sister-in-law was expected to arrive here in the afternoon, and when he had first missed his wife he supposed she had gone to the depot to meet the young woman. Gagne did not have a very creditable reputation in police circles, and his story was looked upon with some suspicion, especially by Detective Wooldridge, who was present when he visited the station. Gagne professed to believe that the disappearance of his wife was the result of a plot to separate him from her and her estate of \$128,000. His threatening attitude towards Detective Wooldridge, who knew his history well and reminded him of it, caused the officer to plainly tell him what his suspicions were. In a bold and dramatic manner Gagne declared he was worth \$128,000, and would split half of it for the purpose of getting even with the detective, who had been brave enough to tell him what he was. In the meantime the girl, who was no other than Gagne's wife in disguise, had been told of Gagne's character and reputation and warned against him.

The police at last became suspicious concerning the disappearance of Gagne's wife, not having yet been able to penetrate the disguise she wore. It was known that Gagne would do almost anything to get possession of as

large a sum of money as he claimed his wife had. It was feared that he might have disposed of his wife, or even caused her death in some way for the purpose of getting this money, to which he would have been a legal heir. When after three days the missing wife was not found and all efforts to locate her had been in vain, Gagne was arrested and locked up to be held until the mystery was solved. All this time the girl in short dresses was in the possession of the matron at the annex, and spending a large portion of her time crying and sobbing over the loss of her sister Rose. Finally, Detective Wooldridge went to the annex, carrying some fruit which he gave to the girl, and began to talk with her. She brightened up and talked freely with the detective.

She had ceased crying, and had removed the handkerchief which she had used to dry her tears for two days from her eyes, which gave the detective an opportunity to scrutinize her closely. In descriptions given the detective of the missing woman, one fact had been stated which furnished Wooldridge a clue by which he solved the mystery. In these descriptions it was said that Mrs. Gagne had a "cast" in one of her eyes. The detective remembered this, and observed that the girl who sat before him also had a "cast" in her eye. He thought it would be strange should two sisters be marked so perfectly alike. He observed the long braid of hair hanging down her back, and after making a careful inspection he could see that the woman wore a wig. Then, by a quick jerk, as if by accident, he pulled the braid and wig from the girl's head and saw before him not sixteen-year-old Gertrude Wallace, but Mrs. Rose Wallace Gagne, the missing wife for whom such a diligent search had been made.

The woman then and there acknowledged that she was Mrs. Rose Gagne, and that she had disguised herself to escape from her husband, who, she claimed, had beaten and ill-treated her. She said she had determined to leave him, and adopted this plan for the purpose of making her escape. Then she asked the police to give her protection, as she was afraid the man would kill her. When this protection was promised and she was assured that no harm would come to her as long as she was in the hands of the police, she told the story of her life and her property, which not only surprised the Police Department, but all the newspaper reporters who had been trying to solve the mystery which surrounded her. She said Gagne only wanted her money, that he had locked her in the rooms which they occupied, and she took advantage of his leaving the door unlocked one afternoon to make her escape.

Continuing, she said: "My little sister Gertrude was to have come to Chicago and joined me here. When I married George Gagne I thought he was a man that really cared for me and saved me from a Wabash avenue resort, to which I was sent through my ignorance. When I found out what kind of a man he was, when he had beaten me and once knocked me senseless and left me unconscious until I recovered the next morning, I wrote to Gertrude not to come, and then I began to lay my plans to get away from the man who married me. As long as he was at liberty, I was afraid of him, but now that he is locked up in a cell, I feel at liberty to talk. He has not concealed the fact that he was after my property alone. He always kept a revolver at hand when he was in the room, and had given me to understand that he would use it to gain his ends, if necessary. I watched

my opportunity, and when he left the house I ran away. My first intentions were to get him into the hands of the police, but I was afraid they would not believe my story, and so I adopted this course.

"The story of my property is absolutely true. I would have inherited a farm from my grandmother if I hadn't married this man. The money in question is represented by mine stocks deposited in a vault in Chihuahua, Mexico."

The woman then asked the detective to send to the Newport Hotel for her clothes. In the meantime George Gagne was told that the "little sister" in the Harrison Street Annex was his wife. He laughed at this, and said he would like to have a few puffs at the same pipe smoked by his informant. Finally, however, after being assured that the girl was really his wife, he consented to go up and have a talk with her. When he stepped into the woman's presence and saw the same old smile on his wife's face which caused him to give up several hundred of his dollars, he seemed like one in a dream. He seized a chair and dropped into it as if he was completely exhausted. Then he recovered and his face became crimson. He saw the cute little miss that duped him, and saw the crowd of officers enjoying his discomfort.

It seemed that all his violent love, which was supposed to be kindled by the story of great wealth told by her, had gone out and nothing but the ashes of love remained. He was the picture of despair as he sat looking into the face of the woman who had so completely deceived him.

Mrs. Gagne was not so sure of her safety from her husband, and remained at the station another day. In

the meantime, it was charged that she had taken some clothing from the place on West Madison street, where she boarded, and the owner swore out a warrant for her, on which she was arrested and held.

This was finally settled in some way, but when she was arraigned the next morning on this charge, Franklin, the museum man, was present, and recognized her as the woman he had engaged in the Indiana town and brought to Chicago. The girl acknowledged the acquaintance, and then he had a few minutes' conversation with her in a low tone. After that he announced that he had engaged her to appear in a museum as a freak, and said he would begin her engagement as soon as she got out of her trouble and had gotten a divorce.

The woman then said she had been an acrobat ever since she was four years old. She said her mother was an acrobat for ten years. Then she declared that she had been traveling with circuses during the summer and spending her winters near Evansville, Ind., where, she said, she really had a sister. The greater part of the time, she declared, she acted in Mexico.

When asked about her fortune in or near Evansville, she declared that part of her story was a fake. She said she had a sister living there with nice, plain people, but she had no property there.

She went into the museum afterward at a salary of \$50 a week, and later this was raised to perhaps twice the amount. Gagne did not oppose her petition for a divorce, and she was given a decree. He acknowledged he had been cleverly duped, and that the experience had cost him \$900.

The story which Mrs. Gagne first told in Chicago, and which it is believed is the one that caused George

Gagne to marry her, was that her mother was the widow of Thomas Wallace, a California miner, who had died recently, leaving the girl \$130,000. This was to be hers when she reached the age of eighteen. She further claimed that she would come into possession of \$50,000 more at the death of her grandmother, a Mrs. Milburn, of Evansville. She said her father and mother had separated before the former went to California.

She also declared that her grandmother had \$14,000 worth of diamonds in her possession which belonged to her, and that she was the owner of 283 acres of land near Evansville. A lawyer named Horne attended to her financial affairs. The girl persisted in this story until after the climax at the police station. It was discovered by the police that if such a man as Horne existed he was playing a role to carry out her schemes. Careful investigation failed to show that she had any property in or near Evansville, or that she had the diamonds of which she so often spoke. The Chief of Police of Evansville was requested to investigate the romance, and he declared that if the woman ever lived there or in Vanderburgh county, of which Evansville is the county seat, or if there was ever in that locality any such estate as the woman claimed to own, either in land or personal property, the people of that vicinity had never found it out.

The police there failed to trace the locality of any person having landed property in the county by the name of Mary Milburn. The Attorney Horne spoken of by the girl as having been charged with the settlement of the estate was not known there. Investigation was made there also by several Chicago newspaper reporters, some of whom reached the conclusion that a part of the girl's

story in reference to her owning property in the vicinity was true, yet others declared that there was much doubt as to the truth of her story. It has never been fully established by the police or the press that she had property in the vicinity of Evansville, or that she had a sister named Gertrude. The woman told so many different and conflicting stories concerning herself that the police have always been skeptical as to the truth of anything she said. While the investigations were in progress, Detective Wooldridge received the following letter:

CHICAGO, Jan. 18, 1899.

Officer Wooldridge, of the Harrison Street Police Station:

DEAR SIR—Having read the "Gagne" article in the papers last night, I noticed your name connected with the same; so please allow me to suggest to you that Gagne is up against the real thing if he paid these people anything, with hopes of landing some easy money in large bunches. I was born and raised in Evansville, Ind., and have been there recently, so these people must have been under cover the last twenty-six years, as I have known everybody in Evansville from the mayor to the street urchins, but can't recall these wealthy (?) Wallace girls, so I think Gagne got the short end of his own game.

JACK DOHERTY,
"Evansville Kid," Boxer.

The whole case presents many strange features, and it is still, in some respects, a mystery. The many stories told by the woman cannot be reconciled. It was thought by some that she and Gagne had pre-arranged and planned the whole thing, and that there was really some property somewhere of which they expected to get possession. Then it was suggested that some one, who is still under cover, planned with Rose Wallace to fleece Gagne, but this is not sustained by the results; because all the money Gagne spent was in payment for the woman's clothes, jewelry, board, etc.

Gagne is a well-known levee character who formerly posed as a professional bondsman. He had been living a long time with a woman named Georgia White, and the police discovered that Georgia White knew all about Gagne's plans. She knew he had married Rose Wallace and expected to get her property. She had her trunks packed expecting to go to Canada, which Rose Wallace said would be the destination of her and Gagne. From this the police drew the conclusion that Gagne intended to get Rose Wallace's property, then desert her or get rid of her in some way, and go to Canada with Georgia White.

When Gagne made his boast to Detective Wooldridge about his wealth, he proposed to substantiate his claim by showing two bank deposit books. They were unique. The first was a plain leather account book with the words "First National Bank of Chicago in account with" printed on the cover, and the name of "Rose Wallace" written underneath. On the first inside page, opposite the cover, appeared three purported deposits, as follows:

December 21	\$ 5,000
December 23	2,500
January 11	10,000
Total	\$17,500

The officials of the First National Bank said they did not know Rose Wallace, and had had no dealings with her whatever, and she had no money deposited there.

It was pointed out also that the book was not in the usual bank form, and that banks usually use a double page for debits and credits. The other bank book was of similar external appearance, except for the handwriting. It had "First National Bank of Carmi, Ill., in ac-

count with" printed on the cover, and "Rose Wallace, Dec. 3, 1898, Page First," written underneath. On "page first" there appeared in the right corner, "Cr." In the opposite corner appeared "Dec. 1st." Near the top of the page was scrawled in the same handwriting as the name outside, "Rose Wallace," and underneath, "\$5,000."

Gagne had other evidences of his wealth. There was the following:

No. 2782.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Jan. 2, 1899.

First National Bank pay to the order of the Bearer, George Gagne, three thousand dollars.

ROSE WALLACE.

\$3,000.

The police compared the signature with that to an order written, as George Gagne declared, requesting the postoffice authorities to give him her mail, and found them characteristically similar. They compared these signatures with the name on the cover of the Carmi, Ill., bank book, and found the same characteristics. The general formation of the letters was alike, the bank book name being more carefully written. The letter "W" in each case was peculiarly written with hooks and curls which would be difficult to imitate. Gagne declared he did not compare the writing before, and he could not explain it.

Gagne also had several typewritten letters, all of which had typewritten signatures attached. In one, "F. J. R. Reitz," of Evansville, wrote, advising Rose Wallace not to be in a hurry to put her money in a certain Chicago bank, as it "is not incorporated," and she might lose it.

Another letter, signed in ink, "Gilchrist, attorney," and dated Evansville, advised Rose Wallace to be patient and wait, and she would get possession of her money without difficulty. There were letters from other towns.

It was observed that all were written on the same size and quality of paper, none on letter heads, and apparently with the same typewriter and the same typewriter ribbon.

These facts showed, when put together, there was a deep conspiracy somewhere, but it never developed or reached the stage where any one could be held, criminally.

LOST MORALS AND MONEY.

STORY WHICH WILL PROVE A WARNING TO YOUNG MEN
FROM THE COUNTRY.

Young men from rural towns who go to great cities with a consuming desire to see the great sights that lurk in the shadows of levee resorts, will read with absorbing interest the woes which befell G. A. Garland, who came from a small Illinois settlement to Chicago and tumbled into one of those pitfalls which ever tempt and lead astray the unsophisticated.

This incident not only adorns a tale, but points a moral and shows how young men who wander away from home may become corrupted.

Garland was proprietor of a small store in his native village, and was known and much respected as a constant church member and one of the star pupils of the Sunday-school Bible class. As a social light he was also prominent, and, being single, was very popular with the young women.

The first chapter of his moral degeneration began when he packed his grip and started for Chicago. In his pockets he carried \$500, as his mission was to replenish

his stock of goods. On his arrival in Chicago he registered at the Saratoga Hotel. The next day he was quiet and moral, but as the shades of evening fell and the influence of city life asserted itself, he gulped down his conscience, checked his character at the office, and decided for this once he would be a real bad man.

Rapidly he ebbed with the rollicking tide of careless humanity into the forbidden precincts of the levee. Soon he met Lillie Belmont, a "lady of color," whom the police well know. The two visited various saloons and drank together, finally going to 480 State street, a notorious panel house kept by Lulu White.

Just how long Garland stayed there he never told, but when he finally tore himself away, he discovered that he had been robbed of \$480.

He hastened to the Harrison Street Police Station and told his tale. His recital was accompanied with tears, and to Detective Wooldridge, who was assigned to the case, he said: "Oh, Mr. Officer, I'm ruined! I'm disgraced forever and dare not go home! Oh! please get my money. Do give me my money, and you shall wear diamonds. You can have everything, only get me my money."

By this time Garland was hysterical, but the officer soothed him, and finally he was quieted. Warrants were taken out for the arrest of Lillie Belmont and Lulu White, on a charge of larceny, and others for Harry Smith, William Callway, Mike Burk, Henry Turner, and Frankie Hazel, on charges of being accessories.

The latter were arrested, but the two principals escaped. After the case had been called, Garland left court and started for the lake front. At Michigan avenue and Harrison street he was overhauled by Officer

Wooldridge, who asked him where ne was going. "To the lake; I am disgraced, and can only commit suicide."

He was sent to the Armory. Later Wooldridge located Lulu White and Lillie Belmont and started to arrest them. Garland interfered and withdrew the warrants. Pressed to explain his action, he said he had received \$440 of his money and had signed an agreement not to prosecute the case.

Garland called at the police station to ask them not to let the story get out, whereupon he was confronted with his receipt for \$480, which he had given Lulu White. After offering Wooldridge a five-cent cigar, he went away, and the charges against the five people under arrest were withdrawn.

TOO MUCH JONES.

A case in which there was enough if not too much Jones was recalled by the arrest of William Jones, May 15, 1896, by Detective Wooldridge for shoplifting in Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s store.

Several months prior to the theft, William Jones worked for May Jones and was arrested by Officer Jones for vagrancy and carrying concealed weapons. He was found guilty and sent to the House of Correction for six months. He was defended by the attorney, "Indignation" Jones, who after his client had served two months served a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Goggin, who ordered him released. The order was miscarried in some way and he was not released, and Mayor Swift, Comptroller Wetherell and Superintendent Mark Crawford were cited for contempt of court.

In the shoplifting case Jones was sentenced to thirty days in jail.

MARY HASTINGS' CAREER.

STORY OF A WOMAN WHO KEPT THE CHICAGO LEVEE
LIVELY FOR YEARS.

There is not in the life of any woman in America a greater variety than in the checkered career of Mary Hastings, who was one of the shining lights of the Chicago levee for many years. She has played every rôle in the great drama of earthly existence. It would be impossible to find anything new for her here; there may be a change for her beyond the grave.

She was born of wealthy French parents some thirty odd years ago, and in the gay atmosphere of Paris she imbibed extravagant ideas of high living. In the whirl of society from girlhood to young womanhood she grew to love the fashionable pleasures and vices of the upper circles. Princes and counts showered on her many words of praise, and as Mademoiselle Marie Sefholic she was the center of a set of fast young men and led a life which was filled with one round of pleasure and mild dissipation.

But the confines of the gay French capital were too narrow for her. She wanted to see the world, and especially Chicago. She left Paris for new fields of pleasure, but the seven days' ride across the Atlantic seemed to offer too little excitement, and she went in the other direction and landed in the United States through the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

She found life there for a time very alluring. She

mingled in the gay throngs of all classes, and finally listened to the wooing of a lover and became his wife. It was a dream at first, and they were as happy as her heart could desire. But as a matron she felt the monotony which goes with the round of the household duties, and then there came a separation and a divorce. Mary's other admirers came and went, and for some time her old habits made life once more a pleasure. Finally, however, she grew anxious for another change. Her old love came back to her and she returned to her divorced husband. To make the change more effective she decided to quit San Francisco, and with the divorced husband she suddenly dropped into Chicago, and has been here nearly ever since, except during the time she spent on several occasions in other places while eluding the police, and the past year or two, which she has spent in Toledo.

She reached here early in the year 1888, and she kept the temperature in the vicinity of the Harrison Street Station several degrees warmer from that day until she left the city. She set a new pace for the dark side of Chicago, and her many ups and downs would make a volume in itself.

When she arrived here she had \$15,000 in gold. Soon afterward she purchased a piece of property at 2904 Dearborn street, paying \$6,500 in cash for the land. In 1890 she commenced to erect a house on the ground, which, when completed, increased the value of the property to \$28,000. While she was building this house of vice she lived at 144 Custom House place and conducted a house of prostitution. Then she met Edward Mullen, who was a contractor. Mullen was smitten with her, and soon displaced her divorced husband.



Mary Hastings after the
arrest in 1897

Mary Hastings arrives
in Chicago in 1888

W. Layman

ESCAPING FROM DEN OF VICE

Not long after Mullen took up the woman he began scheming to get possession of her property, but notwithstanding the numberless artifices he employed, she obstinately refused at first to transfer it to him. Then the schemer induced her to go away for a brief trip. On her return, May 20, 1891, she was arrested by Officers Hildman and Buckley on a charge of harboring young girls in a house of prostitution, and was held by Justice J. K. Prindiville in bonds of \$1,500. Her bonds were signed by Mike Lawler and J. W. Thomas, the colored lawyer and professional bailer, and she was released. Then Mullen, the schemer, advised her to skip over to Canada until the matter blew over. Before she went, however, Mullen again counseled her to turn the real estate over to him, as she could not use it for her own benefit while it remained in her name. The fellow had gained wonderful influence over the woman, and she was prevailed upon to do as he advised. With this end in view she called on Attorney John C. King and asked him to draw up a deed of transfer.

The lawyer saw through the scheme and refused to draw up the deed. The woman had been a client of his in the past and he felt it his duty to warn her of the evident plot.

Instead of heeding King's advice, however, she sought George W. Crawford, ex-assistant city prosecutor, and made a similar request of him, but again met with refusal. Finally she found a lawyer who performed the service for her.

Mullen, who then had absolute control of his victim's property, renewed the suggestion that she leave town for a while until the indictment which had been returned against her had been forgotten. This she did, and the

wily fellow then transferred her property to one John McGrevy, from whom the title was shifted to Marquis R. Berry. Both these names were said to be aliases of Mullen, as no person could be found who would claim them.

When she returned to Chicago a year later she had spent all her money and demanded that Mullen deed her property back to her. He refused to do so, and there was a bitter controversy between them. Suddenly the old indictment which had been returned against her for harboring young girls under age was unearthed by some mysterious influence, and Mary Hastings was again arrested and thrown into jail. She secured the services of Attorney Alexander Collins, and he managed to have the old indictment quashed and the woman released from jail.

Under her advice he then began a fight in court for the recovery of her property. Mullen became apprised of this move, and quietly and suddenly Marquis B. Berry transferred the title of the Dearborn street house to Milton R. Thackery, a lawyer who had been Mullen's counsel in former lawsuits. Next the schemer prevailed on Mary to go with him to Milwaukee, where they went through a ceremony of marriage.

There was no question as to the woman's right to marry, as she was divorced from her former husband in San Francisco. Mullen, however, enjoyed the acquaintance of a woman who lived on Green street and who bore his name. She was sometimes known as Julia King, but claimed that Mullen was her name.

When the couple returned from Milwaukee the woman established a vile resort at 144 Fourth avenue. She notified Collins that all differences between herself and

Mullen had been healed, and she wanted no further effort made to wrest the property from him.

Meantime Mullen bobbed up at the Harrison Street Station as a bailer. Lieutenant Arch objected to his presence, and told him very plainly that unless he kept away he would be prosecuted for scheduling property that was not in his name. This only angered the schemer and he determined to secure Arch's dismissal from the force. Together with a reporter who frequented the Fourth avenue den he hatched a scheme to have Arch call on Mrs. Hastings and then surprise him in a compromising position. The woman, however, refused to be a party to the game, and it fell through.

A few weeks later Mullen left her, and she asked the lieutenant's advice as to what course she should pursue. He told her to continue the fight already commenced in the court and make the fellow disgorge her property.

Before Attorney Collins could reinstate the case the Chicago Carpet Co. appeared with an attachment which took precedence over any transfer of the property. The debt was \$1,900 and was for the furnishings of the Dearborn street house. The title was traced to Thackery, and then the carpet company's lawyer joined with Collins in an endeavor to straighten out the title to the property. The case was referred to a master in chancery, but the woman was never able to recover her property.

Mary Hastings next took up with "Tom" Gaynor, whom she met in the fall of 1894. At that time she had several houses on Custom House place that she furnished and rented for enormous sums. She also had two houses and a saloon at 136 Custom House place which she conducted herself. The police were making

it very warm for her on account of the many larcenies committed in her houses.

She appealed to the Captain of Police to stop raiding her, and was told that the complaints must cease and the girls must be kept away from the windows. They arrested her daily and imposed heavy fines. When she met Gaynor he told her that if she was his friend she would have no trouble and there would be no raids.

Mary did not understand how this was, and Gaynor explained to her that he had a "pull," and if she would accept him as a partner everything would roll along smoothly. She was then receiving an income of \$365 per month and took him in for a partner.

She claimed that from that time on he treated her brutally and shamefully. He was to pay \$350, but instead of that she claimed he took from her \$1,600. Then she paid his bills, which amounted to nearly \$7,000. She asked him for some returns of the saloon, which was taking in some \$2,000 a month, but she could get nothing from him. She allowed matters to run along this way about a year, when she demanded that he settle up and give her what she was entitled to from the immense profits of the business.

The answer she received was a shot in the leg from a revolver and a brutal beating, which laid her up for some time.

When she finally recovered she branched out as a procuress on a large scale, and brought to Chicago within three weeks nine young girls from Ohio and took them to one of her dens on Custom House place, where they were kept under lock and key and deprived of their clothing. She kept the doors locked and barred and would not allow any of them to leave the place. She intercepted

and held all the mail addressed to them and refused to permit them to communicate with any one.

Finally, on the night of September 26, two of the girls escaped by climbing down a rope from a window. They made their way to the police station and told the story of their bondage and eventual escape by strategy.

Two other girls also escaped, but one of them, Ida Martin, who was only fourteen years old, has never been seen since, and it has always been the belief of the police that she was killed or that she drowned herself in the lake to escape the life to which she thought she was doomed.

Detective Wooldridge was sent to the house from which the prisoners escaped, where he found five helpless, half-clad girls, locked in rooms, quaking with fear and begging for release. Mary Hastings was instantly arrested, and the girls sent to the Harrison Street Station Annex, where the two other girls who reported the matter were being held.

The story which the police gleaned from questioning the girls was that Mary Hastings on September 5 appeared in Cleveland in company with a man. She visited the Auditorium Theater, and met Lizzie Lehrman and Kittie Clair. She bought drinks for them, and then, under the pretense of taking them for a ride, got them to enter a hack. On the way Gertie Harris, who was intoxicated, was brought to the carriage by a man and accepted an invitation for a ride.

At the depot Florence Lapella was met, and together they all got on the train and started for Chicago. When the girls sobered up they wished to return to Cleveland, but had no money. On their arrival in Chicago they were taken to 128 Custom House place, where their

clothes were taken from them. Then they were kept under lock and key, and the visits of men were forced on some of them, no matter how strongly they protested.

The girls from Toledo said Mary Hastings appeared in that city on September 18. On her arrival there she paid a visit to the Brunswick Hotel, where she found May Casey and Ida Martin, the latter fourteen years of age. On being told they were looking for work, the Hastings woman offered them a position in her house as servants.

May was an orphan and consented immediately, but Ida wished to consult her parents first. The Hastings woman apparently consented to this, but instead took the girls to the United States Hotel and got them drunk. She then locked them in the room over night.

The next morning she appeared at the hotel again and got them drunk. Then she took them in a cab to the depot. When passing the corner of Summit and Cherry streets, Kittie McCarthy was seen, and she was persuaded to get in the hack. At Lafayette street, Kittie Winzel was called to the hack, and as she knew the McCarthy girl, she too got in "to take a ride." Kittie Winzel was only seventeen years old and resided with her grandparents on Canal street, Toledo. At the depot Blanche Gordon was met, and by alluring promises consented to go, and together the party got on the train for Chicago. Arriving here the girls were taken to the den on Custom House place and their clothes taken away from them.

None of the girls were allowed to go out, but Lizzie Lehrman, May Casey, Ida Martin and Gertie Harris escaped, clad only in wrappers.

In addition to the felony warrants, search warrants were obtained, and Officer Wooldridge got some of their clothes.

Over \$2,000 worth of clothing was found in the Hastings woman's house at 128 Custom House place, taken from girls at various times who had been inmates there.

When the procuress was arraigned the following morning she asked for a continuance of ten days, which was granted. She was required to give a bond of \$2,100 for her appearance, which was signed by "Tom" Gaynor.

A deep scheme was then evolved to get Detective Wooldridge discredited in the eyes of the public and his superior officers by using the press. Mary Hastings sent for two newspaper reporters and told them that she could prove that Wooldridge was not sincere in his efforts to rescue fallen women, and told them he was simply persecuting her. She declared that he was in her house that morning and visited one of her inmates for an illicit purpose. In order to prove this assertion she called in several of the inmates, who repeated what she had said and declared they were willing to swear it was true. She also asserted that this was not the first time that he was there for this purpose.

Upon getting this information and having it verified by the inmates of the house, the reporters were inclined at first to believe it was true, and began to think they had gotten possession of a very sensational story. They started out at once to find Wooldridge in order to ascertain what he had to say concerning the charges made by the Hastings woman. No baser insinuation was ever made against any one, because at the time she claimed that he was in the house Wooldridge was before the grand jury and had been there from eleven o'clock in

the morning until 2:30 in the afternoon, and before that time was in attendance at the police court from eight to nine o'clock. It was not difficult for the reporters to substantiate what Wooldridge said; therefore the scheme to injure him failed, although it was said at the time it cost Mary Hastings considerable money to promote it.

Another attempt was made to secure the woman's freedom before the day of hearing, at which she must appear or forfeit her bond of \$2,100. This was an effort made through agents who were sent to Toledo to endeavor to have some of the girls' friends come to Chicago and secure a writ of habeas corpus in order to get them away from the protection of the police and thus deprive the prosecution of the benefit of their evidence. This also failed.

Another scheme to stop the prosecution of this woman was concocted by her attorney, George W. Crawford, who was at one time assistant city prosecutor. His plan was to send Wooldridge to New Mexico on a "wild goose" chase after some alleged defaulting banker, and even went so far as to get an order from the Chief of Police and money for transportation and other expenses incident to this trip. Wooldridge was to have started from Chicago on the night before the case of Mary Hastings was to be called before Justice Richardson.

Wooldridge heard of this plan to get him out of the way and went to the officials of the Civic Federation, the Woman's Protective Association and the Woman's Aid Society and told them of the plan and what the objects of it were. Officers from each of these organizations then went to George B. Swift, who was then mayor of Chicago, and told him of the facts. He at once wrote an order to the Chief of Police telling him to keep De-

tective Wooldridge at the Harrison Street Police Station and not to allow him to leave the city under any circumstances.

Wooldridge also saw the city prosecuting attorney and secured his promise to be present in person when the case was called.

In the meantime Wooldridge had taken the girls before the grand jury and secured two indictments against Mary Hastings, the bond in each case being \$5,000. These bonds were also secured by "Tom" Gaynor, who then told her that she had better leave the city and go to Canada, saying he would look after everything until the matter cooled down, and she took his advice and left.

Finally, on October 14 the case was called, and there occurred at that time one of the most dramatic and exciting scenes ever enacted in a court of justice.

Counsel for the woman asked for another continuance of ten days, saying that the city prosecutor had agreed with him on such action, and that his client was on the north side giving new bonds. The city prosecutor who was present said he saw no objection to the continuance, and the justice, with pen in hand, was just about to enter the order, when Wooldridge sprang to his feet, and in tones that could be heard in the adjoining room and even out on the street, cried:

"One moment, your honor. I want to say a word before that order is entered. As an officer of the court and in the name of law and order and in the name of the City of Chicago and of the State of Illinois, I demand the right to be heard."

George W. Crawford, counsel for the woman, interrupted and sneeringly said:

"I object to anything the little, insignificant detective has to say here. The city and state are represented by the prosecuting attorney, and if there is objection to these proceedings let it come from him."

"I appeal to you again, your honor, for an opportunity to be heard," Wooldridge exclaimed.

The justice overruled the objection of the defense to the statement Wooldridge had to make, and he was told to go on. Then the detective demonstrated that he knew something about legal proceedings himself. Addressing the court, he said:

"Your honor, I insist with all the strength of my manhood and with an honest purpose and pure motives, that this case be not continued. For twenty-one days these seven girls who have been the victims of this defendant have been held at the Annex, living on black coffee and stale bread, with scarcely enough clothing to cover their nudity. They have waited to testify against the defendant, whose attorney and friends are conspiring for another continuance that some new scheme may be hatched to get these witnesses out of the way. When the gentleman who represents the defendant in this case tells this court that his client is in the city and is on the north side preparing bonds for her appearance, he utters what he knows to be an untruth. He has lied to this court and has tried to deceive your honor. This client is not to-day within the borders of the United States.

"Every means possible has been adopted to juggle

with justice and defeat the law in order that a woman who has brought from another city and another state nine girls to be used in her infamous traffic of the sale of virtue may escape punishment. Only yesterday the counsel for the woman attempted to secure by misrepresentation and deception an order from the Chief of Police to send me away on a useless trail to Mexico in order that this case might be continued and the witnesses gotten out of the way. Fortunately, I discovered the plot in time to thwart him. The prosecution in this case is not represented by the city alone. There are attorneys here from the Civic Federation, the Woman's Protective Association and the Woman's Aid Society. They want to be heard before this case is continued.

"Now, your honor, a word with you, man to man. At your own solicitation I visited you yesterday, and after detailing the facts in this case and relating to you all the circumstances connected with it, you told me that there could be no other continuance, but that the case must go to trial to-day or the bonds be declared forfeited. I appeal to your honor's veracity and ask that these bonds be declared forfeited at once and an order entered for their payment."

The effect of Wooldridge's talk was instantaneous, the court at once denying the continuance and entering an order against the defendant's bondsman, and in a short time that order was enforced and the security of \$2,100 collected and paid into court.

This ended for a time the trouble with the Hastings woman, and Wooldridge took up a collection among the officers at the police station and secured enough money to send five of the deluded girls back to Toledo, Ohio.

Mary Hastings was still a fugitive from justice under bonds of \$10,000. She remained away from Chicago for several months, having turned all her property over to Gaynor before she left.

However, on December 3 she returned to Chicago to attend to some business, and remained in hiding for several days, but soon began to indulge in her old appetite for strong drink and Custom House place associates, and ventured downtown. On December 10 Wooldridge heard that she was on the levee, and having two capiases for her which had been given him by the sheriff, he went out to find her. He was accompanied by Detective Schubert, He soon found her at Gaynor's saloon, 136 Custom House place. She was standing at the bar drinking when the detectives entered. She made no effort to escape, and Wooldridge served the papers, telling her she was under arrest.

Word was sent to Gaynor by the barkeeper or someone in the place that the detectives were there and had the woman under arrest, and in a few minutes he came dashing in like an enraged and roaring wild beast and demanded to know at once what was going on. He used the vilest and most abusive language that ever fell from the lips of a man, and swore that no one should be arrested in his place, ordering the detectives to get out at once.

Wooldridge knew him well, but quietly asked who he was. This enraged him more and he became violent. He pushed the woman back toward the end of the bar, placing himself between her and Wooldridge, and swore they should not touch her. The detective told him the woman was in his custody

and that he intended to take her out, and that if he (Gaynor) wanted to avoid trouble he would be wise to not make any interference.

Then Gaynor demanded that Wooldridge show him the capiases, and that unless he saw them they could not take the prisoner out. Wooldridge again informed him the woman was his prisoner, that the papers had been served on her and that he had no right to see them, and furthermore he would not see



DET. WOOLDRIDGE. THOS. GAYNOR. DET. SCHUBERT.

‘ DROP THAT GUN OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN.’

them. Then he told Gaynor that if he interfered with him in the discharge of his duties he would arrest him and take him to the station.

Gaynor then ran around behind the bar, followed by Schubert. He reached to the cash register with his left hand and put his right hand in the drawer for a Smith & Wesson revolver. Wooldridge watched his every movement, and when he reached the revolver, the officer placed his feet on the railing

in front of the counter, and leaning over, placed his own revolver behind Gaynor's ear and said:

"Drop that gun or you are a dead man."

Gaynor could see Wooldridge and his revolver in the mirror behind the bar, and knowing the determination of the officer, released the gun, Schubert at the same time seizing him. Then they told him that he was under arrest, and further resistance would mean serious trouble for him.

As may be imagined, this did not smoothe his temper, and he raged like a madman, making all kinds of threats against Wooldridge. The patrol wagon was called, however, and he was taken to the Harrison Street Station, where he was charged with trying to aid a criminal to escape and interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duties.

Gaynor is a desperate character and has had many narrow escapes, but he never came so near being killed as he did that night when Wooldridge had his revolver against his head. The detective afterward said that he never came so near killing a man before. It was with great difficulty that he restrained himself, and "Tom" Gaynor to-day owes his life to Wooldridge's self-control on that occasion.

Then came one of the hardest fights that ever took place in Chicago to defeat justice by the use of influence and lavish expenditure of money to stop the prosecution. But Wooldridge fought with tenacity to the finish. He was even offered \$4,000 in cash to "let up" on the case, but he refused it.

Every means that could be devised by the woman and her friends to escape the clutches of the law was resorted to. Her bondsman used all his political

"pull" to get Wooldridge sidetracked. He even went to one of the men who signed Wooldridge's first application for a position on the police force and asked him to do something to help him out. This man called on Detective Wooldridge and requested him to drop the matter. The response Wooldridge made was characteristic of him.

"If you wanted an investigation of a case made by an officer," said Wooldridge, "what kind of man would you ask to do the work for you? Would you ask one that could be bought or bribed or induced by any kind of influence to neglect his duty?"

"No, I would not," was the reply.

"Then go to the Secretary of the Police Department and ask him to let you see the application which I filed there for a position on the police force, and read the indorsements which are attached to the application. Read the one which you signed and in which you said I was an honest, conscientious and incorruptible man. If I drop this case it will show that you did not tell the truth when you recommended me for appointment."

No more efforts were made in that direction, but everything else that could be done was tried without avail. A strong effort was made to have Detective Wooldridge discharged from the Police Department, but it did not succeed. The case against Gaynor was postponed several times and dragged along three or four weeks. Finally it came up for trial, and Gaynor had on hand six or eight persons who testified under oath that there was no trouble in the saloon when Mary and Gaynor were arrested, and that the latter did not in any way interfere with the

officers. The persons who thus perjured themselves were not present at all when the arrests were made, but their evidence saved Gaynor a heavy fine and perhaps a term in the penitentiary.

The case against Mary Hastings was called during the January term of the criminal court in 1896. She was not present and forfeiture was entered against her bondsman, with leave to produce the woman and reinstate the case. Within two hours the woman was produced and the case reinstated.

This was kept up several times, and finally, on May 13, 1897, it was placed on call in Judge Ball's court. Mary failed to show up again, and the bonds were again ordered forfeited. A few days later, however, the woman was found and arrested and turned over to the jailer. In this way the case was at last worn out. The witnesses had become scattered, and one, the most important of all, fourteen-year-old Ida Martin, was never found, and thus Mary Hastings escaped prosecution at last and was released, but with the amount paid in forfeited bonds and in other ways to defeat justice, the cost to her and Gaynor was the enormous sum of \$20,000.

She and Gaynor continued to conduct their dives on the levee, but he began a system of cruelty towards her which for excess of inhumanity and injustice has rarely been equaled. He beat and abused her continually. He had possession of all her property, yet once when she was in jail for some offense, she declared that out of an income of nearly \$700 a month from her houses on the levee, she did not have a cent with which to buy a meal.

Time and again she went to the police station

with her face bruised and bleeding, and begged the officers to protect her from this brute. Once he knocked her down and pulled from her head great bunches of hair and kicked and beat her into insensibility. At another time he knocked three of her teeth out. When she would threaten him with arrest he would pretend to be sorry for his actions and promise to treat her better, but in a few days he would beat her again.

All this time he was living with her, yet he had a wife and children who lived on what he chose to give them in a house at Fifty-third street and Wabash avenue.

He abused her so much that she finally determined to leave him forever. She induced him to give her a few hundred dollars, then leaving him in possession of all her property, she went away, finally stopping in Toledo, Ohio, where she is now conducting a house similar to the one she conducted in Chicago.

PUMPED LEAD AT HIM.

DETECTIVE UNDER FIRE FROM BURGLARS AND MAKES A
NARROW ESCAPE.

It was a bitter cold, stormy morning on December 13, 1890, and the thermometer had reached the zero point. The branches and boughs of the trees hung heavily with icicles, and the December wind caused them to sway to and fro as it whistled through them. All the ground and the buildings were covered with snow.

The streets had been deserted by both man and

beast, they having sought shelter and rest many hours before.

At two o'clock on the morning in question Officer Wooldridge, ever on duty, strolled along north on Michigan avenue from Thirty-third to Thirty-first street. On each side of the street towering aloft were hundreds of the grandest mansions and most expensive ones to be found in Chicago or elsewhere, many of them costing from a hundred thousand dollars up into the millions.

When the officer reached the front of Charles Pardridge's residence on the southwest corner of Michigan avenue and Thirty-second street, he discovered tracks in the snow, and the tracks led directly into the yard of this residence, and a noise was heard which sounded for all the world as if someone was using a saw.

Stepping quietly into the yard, the officer went around to the rear of the house, and found three burglars at work cutting through the door. The burglars, upon finding that they were discovered, immediately dropped their tools and fled precipitately to the street, with Officer Wooldridge in hot pursuit. Wooldridge commanded them to halt, and the only answer was a shot from one of the fleeing burglars. The officer thereupon returned the fire, and then the burglars ran across the street into the yard of Mr. Libby, the manufacturer of the celebrated beef tea of world-wide reputation, and here four more shots were exchanged between the burglars and the officer, who was rapidly closing in upon them in the corner of the yard.

To the back of them was a board fence at least



THE BATTLE WITH THE ROBBERS.

seven feet in height, which they scaled, closely followed by the officer, and as the latter mounted the fence, he received a bullet through his cap, which grazed his skull, cutting a furrow through his hair and knocking his cap off his head. This shot came from the burglar directly underneath Wooldridge as he was mounting the fence.

"Baby" Bliss, the 520-pound bicycle rider, and agent for the American Wheel Company, witnessed the shooting from an adjoining house.

This narrow escape would have been deemed sufficient excuse for most officers to quit, but it only nerved Wooldridge to further action. Over the fence like a streak went the officer, and he returned the fire with his compliments. The result of that shot was that one of the burglars fell, and from the pool of blood found on the ground, it is supposed he was badly wounded.

Wooldridge was next hit by another bullet which flattened itself on the buckle of his belt and fell to the ground. This last shot knocked the breath out of his body for a few seconds, and the burglars made a safe escape.

On the rear doorsteps of the Pardridge house was found a heavy club two feet in length, a hand saw, brace and bits, and a bunch of skeleton keys.

CHAIN SAVES HIS LIFE.

BULLET FIRED AT DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE TURNED BY A
WATCH GUARD.

The bar and several links of a watch chain worn by Detective Wooldridge saved his life on the morn-

ing of February 11, 1896. He with other officers was trying to arrest some notorious levee characters, when an unexpected fusillade of bullets, sent in his direction, made things lively for a few minutes.

Mamie Johnson, a white woman, and Edward Speed, a colored piano player, lived in the second flat of 412 Dearborn street. They leased and operated the entire building, which extended from Dearborn street to Custom House place.

The basement was operated as an opium joint, and was patronized by both black and white persons, male and female. The first floor was furnished and run as a house of ill-fame, and here the celebrated and well-known panel game was operated with great success.

It is a well-known and undisputed fact that the robberies and larcenies reported from 412 Dearborn street to the Harrison Street Police Station would fill a very large book, and if it were possible to figure up the losses entailed one could very easily start a First National bank with the money.

The first floor of the house was rented for from \$20 to \$30 per day in advance, and very naturally the proprietor or landlady of a house of this description changed nearly every day.

On a number of occasions a uniformed officer was stationed in front of the house night and day for from one to two weeks at a time for the sole purpose of trying to prevent robberies and larcenies from taking place.

On the second floor of the structure Mamie Johnson and Edward Speed lived in luxury and style, and rented rooms to ten or twelve of the cleverest

strong-arm, thieving, panel-working women that ever infested Chicago and the levee district.

At three o'clock on the morning in question, Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert, in citizen's



THE SHOOTING IN THE HALLWAY.

clothes, and Officers Morris, Bell, O'Connor, Bradley and O'Hara, in uniform, armed with state warrants for the arrest of Della Blackmore and William Thompson for the robbery of a stockman of \$400 on the evening before in the flat on the first floor, approached the house. They also had warrants for the keeper of the place, Mamie Johnson, as well as for the other inmates of the house.

Entrance was effected without any resistance, and six persons were found and arrested.

The flat ran east and west from Dearborn street to Plymouth place, and the rooms were located on the south side of the building facing a hall six feet in width which ran the full length of the building.

In this hall stood the police officers, waiting for the prisoners to dress. Charles Wyatt and his mistress, Ida Holmes, occupied a room in the center of the hall, and directly in front of this door Detective Wooldridge and O'Hara stood chatting, when, without any cause or provocation, Charles Wyatt, who was partly dressed, stepped to the door with a 38-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver, and fired two shots in rapid succession at Wooldridge and O'Hara, who were only five feet away from him at the time.

The hall was lighted by a lamp attached to the frame of the door of Wyatt's room, and the deadly missiles of death passed safely by the two officers, just missing their heads by a hair's breadth and lodging in the wall of the building.

Before the officers could draw their guns and seize Wyatt, he fired again, and the bullet lodged in a washtub in the further end of the hall, fortunately doing no damage to the officers.

The two officers separated and sprang to the side of the door, out of range of Wyatt's revolver, and made a desperate effort to catch hold of him and disarm him, but he was too quick for them, stepping back into his room with only his hand and a portion of his arm extended beyond the door. He flourished his revolver up and down and kept both officers covered.

Thus it will be readily seen that Wooldridge and O'Hara had no opportunity afforded them of using their guns, and again it was really too dangerous, as the house was filled with people and officers who would be in danger of being shot.

Charles Wyatt fired again, and the bullet struck the bar on Wooldridge's watch chain, which diverted its course and saved the life of the detective. The bar and several links of the watch chain and one-half of a button on his vest were shot away, and the bullet also passed through a heavy Irish frieze overcoat and his undercoat. When it had spent its force it dropped to the floor, where it was picked up. Officer Bell, who was standing on the top of the steps leading to the hall, then fired at Wyatt, and shot a portion of the door away which was close to Wyatt's head. This shot had the effect of putting out the light and caused Wyatt to retreat into his room, closing and locking the door.

Upon the advice of his friends, however, Wyatt afterwards surrendered to the officers. He was indicted and tried for assault to kill, but through mysterious influences he escaped punishment.

SAVED FAMILY FROM STARVATION.

**PATHETIC SIDE OF DETECTIVE'S LIFE SHOWN IN HELP
GIVEN TO THE POOR.**

Many cases are presented in the life of a detective which show the truth of the saying that "half the people do not know how the other half lives." These guardians of life and of the peace and property of the public often do acts of kindness of which nothing is ever known. One case of this character in particular illustrates that these secret-service men do more for humanity than catching thieves and running down burglars.

While eating his supper one night in the winter of 1891, Detective Wooldridge was interrupted by a rap at the door, and on answering it, he found a woman who was his neighbor standing on the outside, partly clad, with a baby in her arms, both shaking from the bitter cold as if they had the ague.

She began to cry piteously and told him that two men had entered her house by force, and were, like freebooters, carrying away all the furniture she had. She told him she only had \$50 worth of furniture, which she had bought from a firm of west side furniture dealers, and had paid all she owed on it except ten dollars; that she was two weeks behind on the last payment, but her two daughters were at work downtown trying to earn money enough to finish the payment.

She said she had begged the men not to take the furniture until the girls came home from work, when she would pay them, but they only answered her with curses and abuse.

This appeal went at once to the heart of the detective, and without waiting to put on a coat or hat, he rushed out of the room and went into the place, where two stalwart men were carrying the furniture out. He asked them what they meant by coming into the woman's house and taking her property, and also asked them if they were officers. He said he had been appealed to by Mrs. Cummings, and told them plainly that they must explain to him.

They told him it was none of his business, and that if he interfered he would be thrown out. Wooldridge left, and going back to his residence, put on his uniform and returned to the scene. He then informed them that the woman made complaint and asked for protection, and he was going to give it to her.

He told the men that they were neither officers nor were they working under order from any court. They claimed they were foreclosing a mortgage on the furniture, and produced a document of some kind. They were informed that the document was only a contract for the payment of a certain sum, and furthermore, they could not foreclose a mortgage after dark if the parties protested in the name of the State of Illinois.

He further informed them that they had no right to touch or lay their hands on a single piece of furniture against the protest of Mrs. Cummings without an order from the court; that they were no more than highwaymen, and the woman would be justified in killing both of them.

After Wooldridge got through, one of them answered that he had talked with police officers before,

and commanded the other to go ahead and take down the furniture without regard to Wooldridge. He grabbed an armful and started for the door. The officer covered him with two revolvers, and told him if he attempted to pass the door he would blow his brains out. He dropped the goods in a hurry. Wooldridge then compelled them to replace every piece of furniture they had taken out, and stood by to see that they did so. He then ordered them out of the house, and told them not to return without an order from the court, gave them his name, number of his star, and the station to which he belonged. He then went to the Stanton Avenue Station and reported the matter to Lieutenant Healy, who was in charge, and who said he did just right.

Ten dollars were collected that night by Wooldridge from the officers at the station, and next morning it was given to the woman, whom they advised to go over and lift the mortgage, as the firm might, out of revenge, make her some trouble through the courts when they learned what had occurred the previous night.

At ten o'clock the following morning Mr. Wooldridge's wife came running in, and waking him up, told him that Mrs. Cummings' baby was dying and they had no doctor. The officer told his wife to go to the drug store and telephone for a doctor while he dressed. Dr. Clarence Linsey responded, and was told to make investigations, treat the child, and send the bill to him. The child was treated by Dr. Linsey free of charge.

When Wooldridge and Dr. Linsey went to Mrs. Cummings' flat they found one of the most desolate

homes it had ever been their lot to gaze upon. There was no carpet on the floor, no fuel in the house; one greasy old lamp without a chimney; no sheets on the beds, and where there had been lids to the old stove, there were now tin pie plates.

Five of the family sat down to breakfast that morning upon ten cents' worth of onions. They owed three months' rent; the grocery had shut down on them and they had been notified by the landlord to move. Wooldridge started out, and before night seven grocery wagons stopped at Mrs. Cummings' house loaded with provisions. The officer went to Mrs. Cudahy, 3138 Michigan avenue, the wife of the big packer, and told her the condition of the Cummings family.

She immediately sent out two clerks from McElroy's dry goods store on Thirty-first street to see what was needed. She sent bedding and clothing to the amount of \$42. Wooldridge raised by subscription \$30, paid the rent, and secured a donation of food, clothing, coal, etc., to the amount of \$200. He also wrote a letter to the Chicago Herald, which was doing a great deal to assist charity, and upon investigation it contributed also, and made the following statement, which was published in the paper on the morning of February 8, 1891:

"With a bakery and a meat market on either side of them, the Cummings family, 352 Thirty-seventh street, were found yesterday in want of the necessities of life. The husband has been out of work for several months and the family of six live on the slender earnings of two small girls. So destitute were they that the girls had to walk to work yester-

day morning, a distance of four miles. Two boys with ragged clothing lay on the bare floor, playing with some blocks. Neither of them had underclothing to wear. A little baby cooed in its mother's arms. 'We once had a happy home,' said Mrs. Cummings, 'but reverses came and left us penniless. The girls are proud-spirited, and so am I, and for that reason we have not made known our circumstances to the public. It is a fact, however, that myself and the children have gone without food two days at a time.

"None of the neighbors knew of our condition, for we keep it as quiet as we can. It is ten times harder for us to bear up under this state of affairs than if we had not in former days had plenty.'

"While the woman was talking she tried in vain to keep back the tears that were welling in her eyes. That she had once seen happier days there was no mistaking. Her speech indicated that she had a good education. Even in her poverty she was too proud to make known her wants. A few months ago she bought \$50 worth of furniture from a west side installment house. The girls have worked hard to keep up the payments, and there is still a payment due of ten dollars. Last Saturday two men from the furniture house forced their way into the humble home of the Cummingses and began to carry out a cheap bedroom set. Officer Wooldridge, who lives near by, stopped them as they were carrying the stuff down the stairway. One of the girls is afflicted with St. Vitus' dance and is scarcely able to work. The rent must be paid, however, and, sick as she is, she goes to the type foundry every morning with her sister. Some of the girls at the shop who have

good homes and plenty to eat made fun of the Cummings sisters a few days ago because they had bread only for their lunch. When the sisters went home that night they cried themselves to sleep. They are two little heroines, and such devotion should not go unrewarded. The family is sorely in need of bed clothing, wearing apparel and coal. A reporter for the Herald gladdened their hearts last night with a package of provisions. Their other wants will be attended to immediately by the Herald Relief Corps. Any one having bed clothing or wearing apparel to spare cannot bestow it on a more worthy family."

FOUND THEIR MATCH.

OFFICERS ATTACKED BY A BEAR IN THE DARK—LOOKING FOR A NEW GAME, THEY DISCOVER ONE.

After long years of fruitless effort to find his match, the Chicago detective discovered him.

He was found in a dark basement under a State-street museum, and he remained there, a common black bear from northern Michigan, while four police officers who ventured to enter his den were laid up for extensive repairs.

It is safe to say that David Crockett, brave hunter that he was, would not venture to intrude upon the reveries of a bear in the dark. It is also in the range of possibilities that these four officers would have found it convenient to be reported on the sick list the morning before had they known what the day had in store for them. It happened this way:

Augustus Meyer went to the Harrison Street Station and complained to Lieutenant Collins that he had been swindled in the museum. A warrant was sworn out and the place raided. Detectives Loftus Hennessy, Teape, Howard and Wooldridge were detailed on the case. It was a free show, and on the inside were a few wax heads, a figure of the late George Painter, and several other "pieces of statuary."

In the rear of the room is a small one, and from this room opens a closet. Meyer had told the officers that he had run against a new-fangled game, and search was made for the box with which the game was played. A number of steps lead from the small rear room to the basement, and it was at the foot of these stairs that the bear was encountered. Detective Loftus proceeded down the stairs. There was no light, and Loftus could not have seen his hand before his face if he put it there. On reaching the bottom of the stairs the bear seized him by the coat.

Greatly alarmed, Detective Loftus tore himself away and shouted for assistance. Not knowing what the trouble was, Hennessy, Teape and Howard ran down the steps into the darkness, only to fall upon the animal.

The bear began howling and snapping his huge jaws, and the struggle could be heard upstairs. Detective Wooldridge, wondering what was the matter, joined his brother officers.

He was cautious, however, to strike a match, and saw the bear standing on its haunches and Teape and Hennessy lying on the floor. Wooldridge struck the bear a terrible blow over the head with his revolver,

causing the animal to reel to one side. Loftus gave the bear another blow, and in a second Teape and Hennessy were on their feet.

Howard had not been idle and did his best to keep the bear on its haunches by shouting at it. The five officers hastened upstairs, and some suggested that the bear be arrested for interfering with an officer. The search for the box was then begun, and it was found in the closet, the door of which had to be broken open, as the proprietor refused to give up the keys.

Loftus' coat was torn in several places, and Teape's and Howard's clothes were also torn on the shoulders.

Six men were in the place at the time, and they were all placed under arrest and charged with swindling. The proprietor was also charged with operating the place without a license.

When they came up for trial all were fined heavily.

HID THE MONEY IN HER HAIR.

Detective Wooldridge arrested a woman who adopted a novel method of hiding the money she had stolen. One Sunday evening a man named Winter was taking a stroll through the streets of Chicago and curiosity induced him to pass through Custom House place, where he was drawn into a conversation with a colored thief and pickpocket named Mamie Levelle. While he was listening to the voice of the siren, she deftly abstracted from his pockets the comfortable sum of \$427. When he detected that his money had disappeared he seized the woman as she started to run into 122 Custom House place, which

was a den of vice kept at that time by Grace St. Clair.

The man called loudly for help, and Detective Wooldridge who was passing down the street heard the call and ran to the man's assistance. He arrested the woman and recovered \$327 of the money, for during the struggle with her victim she succeeded in separating a \$100 bill from the \$427 and hid it in her hair. When taken to the station she confessed to the robbery and was held to the grand jury by the police magistrate. She sent for a professional bondsman and he became her surety and she was released. When asked to produce the missing \$100 she claimed that she gave it to her bondsman, who, she declared, had spent it. She was arraigned for trial April 27, 1893, before Judge McConnell and was found guilty of grand larceny by the jury and her punishment was fixed at a term in the Joliet penitentiary, but Judge McConnell suspended the sentence and the woman escaped punishment.

DETECTIVE PLAYS THE DUDE.

PASSES AS A WOMAN'S HUSBAND AND IS ARRESTED AS A
CROOK AND HORSE THIEF.

Detectives are frequently compelled to assume many different disguises to accomplish their difficult work. The latest adventure Detective Wooldridge undertook in this line was to disguise himself as the leader of the levee's 400. He dressed himself up as a real "dude," invaded a place from which detectives were excluded, posed as the leader of the demi-monde,

allowed a brother officer to arrest him, and even suffered the indignities of being slapped in the face, kicked, cuffed, and taken to the police station in a patrol wagon.

Many complaints had been made at the Harrison Street Station in 1896 of a thieving panel house at 411 and 413 State street. Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert were detailed to break it up. The victims of the place were usually strangers and traveling men decoyed from the Polk street depot, which is only a short distance from the house. Several women known as panel-house "steerers" were engaged in this vocation, and with their pretty faces and captivating smiles and flashy dresses were doing a land-office business in catching "suckers," as they termed it. A number of trips were made by the officers to the house without success.

On September 24 at 11 p. m. Wooldridge, disguised as a dude with silk hat, red gloves, eye glasses and a cane, went to the above number, and on the third floor met Mollie Howard in the hall, who was delighted to see him. She did not recognize the famous detective who introduced himself as Mr. Smith from Washington, D. C., and carried a letter of introduction to Miss Rosie Clark, who was supposed to live in the house three months previous. Miss Howard assured him Rosie had left the week before for St. Paul, and kindly offered to entertain him and show him the sights of State street under the electric lights if he would accompany her to the flat below where she could complete her toilet.

They repaired to the flat below, when Miss Howard discovered she had lost her key, but before she could

use the keys offered her by Wooldridge, Detective Schubert, his partner, came from his place of hiding, showed his star and demanded to know who they were and what they were doing at that late hour.

Miss Howard said that the gentleman was her husband, and worked for Siegel, Cooper & Co., and that they were looking for housekeeping rooms. Turning to Wooldridge, she said "Is that not so, dearie?" Wooldridge replied, "Yes, dearie." Schubert pretended to recognize him as a robber, horse thief and confidence man whom he had arrested before. The indignation of Miss Howard and Wooldridge was aroused to the highest pitch, and they almost came to blows with Schubert. Miss Howard stamped her foot in rage, demanded the name of the officer, the number of his star, and threatened to go to the station and report him.

Schubert remained firm, placed them both under arrest, and started for the patrol box at Hubbard court and Wabash avenue. On the way over Schubert continued to upbraid Wooldridge, charging him with the commission of many crimes and even striking him on the face. Miss Howard protested in the strongest language upon this treatment of her husband.

When Schubert stepped into the patrol box to ring for the patrol wagon, Wooldridge started to run, but Schubert grabbed him and charged him with trying to escape. He slapped him in the face and shoved him into the patrol box, raining kick after kick upon him. Miss Howard rushed to his rescue, imploring the officer not to kill her dear husband. Taking her handkerchief, she carefully wiped Wooldridge's face and

implanted a kiss thereon, and with kind and loving words tried to console him.

A whispered conversation was carried on between them on the way to the station. Miss Howard told her husband (Wooldridge) to stick to the statement she had made to the effect that he was her husband, and to secure bonds, and they would prefer charges against Schubert and would get him discharged from the force.

Wooldridge agreed to it all. Little did Miss Howard think that she was trying to discharge Wooldridge's partner, and she did not discover it until she was arraigned the next morning in court.

Judge Richardson when informed of all the particulars thought it a huge joke. Miss Howard was fined \$50 and released on promises to leave the district. The house was speedily closed.

SHOOTS A GAMBLING KING.

YOUNG CUBAN ENRAGED BY LOSSES AND CRAZED BY DRINK
NEARLY COMMITS MURDER.

One of the important criminal cases in police history and one that will long be remembered, was that in which Charles Haines attempted to kill John Johnson who was known as the "King of the Colored Gamblers," and who conducted a saloon and gambling house at 464 State street. The shooting came near causing Haines the loss of his life at the hands of a mob, and he was only saved from the vengeance of Johnson's friends through the prompt arrival of De-

tective Wooldridge and two other officers, who arrested Haines and drove the angry crowd back with drawn revolvers.

Charles Haines was twenty-nine years old, passed as a colored man, and was born in a suburb of Havana, Cuba. He graduated from Alphonso College, Havana, and after leaving there completed his course in medicine. He had made his home in the United States for four years previous to March 17, 1896, at which time the tragedy took place. He was then a waiter or porter on the Pullman parlor cars in various parts of the country.

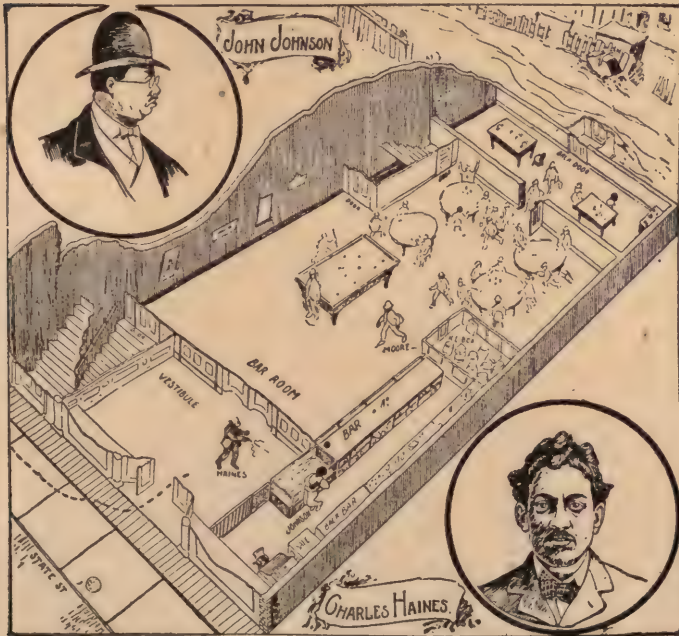
Haines and John Johnson were friends, and Haines had visited Johnson's place at intervals for years. When he came into the city from trips on the road he always went to Johnson's saloon to play craps, of which he was very fond. Sometimes he won and at other times he lost.

On the night of the shooting Haines had a considerable sum of money with him, and in company with friends made several visits to Johnson's saloon, played craps and won some money. Later his luck changed and he lost \$460. Haines claimed he saw the game-keeper change the dice on him and substitute loaded dice. Of course, this was denied.

Haines left the place several times during the night, but returned and again engaged in craps. He also drank and later became involved in a quarrel with another colored man. Revolvers were drawn, but no damage was made. At the request of Johnson, Haines surrendered his revolver, and it was placed behind the bar for safekeeping until he was ready to go home.

Along towards morning Haines made the discovery

that he had only ten cents left, and went to his room on Plymouth place, forgetting to take his revolver with him. He returned to the saloon, and from being up all night and the loss of money did not feel in a very good humor. John Johnson was still standing behind



SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.

the bar near the front of the saloon, leaning against a large safe.

Haines asked for his revolver, which was given to him. Hot words then followed between them, Haines complaining of the way he had been treated and cheated out of his money. As to what else passed there

were many conflicting stories. The shooting was not seen by any one, as a glass partition separated the front part of the saloon, where they were, from the bar.

The sharp report of the revolver was heard, followed by two more in succession. John Johnson clasped his hands over his heart and fell to the floor. One of the bullets almost passed through his breast in the region of the heart, and one of the balls missed him and imbedded in the wood in range of his head.

Again the report of the revolver rang out on the clear morning air. This time the revolver was pointed to the rear of the saloon, where the crap games and tables were situated and where several were still playing. William Moore, another colored man, was shot in the thigh and fell to the floor. Every one in the room was thrown in a state of excitement and tried to get into some place of shelter.

Haines made his escape to the street by the front door. Some one seeing that Johnson was shot, seized a gun from the bar and fired at Haines through the window as he ran down the street followed by a number of Johnson's friends. The crowd fired two shots at Haines, but without effect. He took refuge in a basement, and a mob of colored men soon gathered, crying, "Hang him! Hang him!"

Just then Officer Wooldridge and two others arrived and placed Haines under arrest, and with drawn revolvers kept back the crowd. They safely landed the prisoner in the Harrison Street Station.

John Johnson was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital, and for weeks lingered between life and death, but under the skillful treatment of Dr. Senn, one of the most celebrated surgeons in the West, he

recovered. William Moore was out in a few days, having received only a flesh wound.

On May, 18, 1896, Charles Haines was arraigned for trial before Judge Baker for assault with intent to kill. He declined the offer of an attorney by the court, and said he would take care of his own interests, but a little wrestling with the intricacies of the law convinced him that he needed help, and he engaged Alfred Lytle, a colored lawyer. Haines admitted he did the deed, but stated it was done in self-defense, as he was in danger at the time.

He had trouble with Johnson once before, and knocked out two of his teeth.

Haines was convicted and sentenced to an indefinite time in the penitentiary. He had a young wife and two children at Hamlin, W. Va.

CLOSES SCHOOL FOR CRIME.

DETECTIVE RAIDS A UNIVERSITY IN WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE
WERE MADE CRIMINALS.

Detective Wooldridge performed a service for Chicago in 1896 which obtained for him the everlasting gratitude of all good citizens.

Complaints had frequently been made to the officials at the Harrison Street Station of an unusual amount of shoplifting and pocketpicking in the big stores on State street and vicinity.

At the same time Detective Wooldridge, who was then working from the Harrison Street Station, received information that there was a "fence," which is

a place where stolen goods are stored, and a school for thieves in a lodging house at 316 Clark street.

The officer secured suits of clothing which were ragged, for two of his friends, and asked them to beg in Clark street. Within a few hours they had been admitted to the lodging house and to the "inner circle" of lodgers. Two days were spent in the house by these men.

Then they reported that there were about twenty-five men and boys banded together for the purpose of thefts and burglary; that it was easy to get admitted to the confidence of the men, and that by a little clever detective work the men might be arrested and their "fence" discovered. Detective Wooldridge was at once put in charge of the matter.

"Don't come up until you clear up the whole case," said the captain.

Wooldridge went to a pawnshop for a second-hand suit of clothes, and when he emerged therefrom he met an associate on the street who did not recognize him. He wore a pair of butcher's jumpers frayed at the bottom and white at the baggy knees. His white shirt and collar had been laid aside for a tattered shirt of calico. His coat and vest were greasy and full of holes. For a hat he wore a piece of felt that had been picked up from an alley. His shoes had long ago been discarded by a street beggar.

A week's growth of beard, uncombed and generously rubbed with grease and lamp black, completed the disguise and made the policeman look like a tramp of the street.

By appointment Wooldridge in his disguise met his two friends at the entrance of the lodging house.

They conducted him upstairs and introduced him to a number of men that were congregated there. In a few minutes Wooldridge was smoking an old pipe and telling of his success in acquiring other people's property.

He had been admitted to full membership, and as a new man was introduced as the most promising acquisition. By common consent he was not asked to do any "work" on the day of his initiation. A dirty pack of cards was produced and a game was begun. Wooldridge showed his associates that he knew how to win a game.

Before the men had been playing long, a boy entered, bringing four pairs of opera glasses, gave them to one of the men inside and said, "Go out and peddle them." The man disappeared with them. He returned in half an hour and handed over to the "manager" a sum of money.

Meanwhile another boy entered with several pairs of gloves. These were disposed of as the glasses were. Others came, bringing other articles of more or less value, which were given to occupants of the place with orders to sell or "salt" them. The latter expression is construed to mean to secrete in a place the police call a "fence."

In the afternoon at two o'clock sixteen men and seven boys assembled in the room. Wooldridge waited for developments, confident that he was going to see the inner workings of the place.

"Are we all here?" asked the manager.

An affirmative reply was given, and after a count had been made, a table was drawn to the middle of the room. The manager piled it high with articles from a trunk. Then he stepped behind it.

"I am a clerk," said he. "Jim, you stall. Mike, you swipe the goods. If I catch either of you, mind, you get licked."

The persons addressed were about fourteen years old. They obeyed the order, and Wooldridge saw an adept piece of shoplifting.

Every person in the room was put through the drill. Then each person was instructed in the way to pick pockets, to steal diamond shirt studs, and to snatch purses from women. Afterward each person was put through a drill calculated to make all skillful in avoiding capture by victims or policemen. The school closed about four o'clock.

Wooldridge then said he would "rush the growler"—in other words, go for a can of beer. He returned with the patrol wagon and arrested the members of the school, together with the manager and preceptors, making twenty-three all told.

One of the prisoners made a confession at the station in which he told the police that \$800 worth of goods had been stolen from The Fair, from the Boston Store and Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s store. This amount, he said, had been much increased by thefts of pocket-books and diamond pins. He also said that the men and seven boys were regularly instructed, that the things that were considered safe were peddled, and those which were not considered safe were "planted" in a storehouse. The location of this place was given. A number of the men were said to be ex-convicts. One of the boys was but twelve years old. The party taken included the following: L. D. Vanniman, Joseph Wilson, Jerome Tuger, Charles Fryer, S. F. Dunklee, Louis Var-

haley, William Moran, Gus Brunswick, Charles Wagner, Charles Lombarder, John McCarty, Edward Majworden, Thomas Miller, James Haward, George Price, John Rice, Thomas Smith, Robert Donley, Louis Grey, Thomas O'Dwyer, Richard Rider, "Mike" St. James.

VETERAN IS ROBBED AND BEATEN.

THUGS TAKE AN OLD SOLDIER'S MONEY AND CLOTHES,
LEAVING HIM NEARLY NAKED.

Two men got into the confidence of James Drummond, a veteran of the Civil War, on April 11, 1897, and after beating him into insensibility, they robbed him of all he possessed, and even took his clothes and left him unconscious and nearly naked in the rear of a saloon at 379 Clark street.

His head was blood-stained and covered with cuts and bruises. One eye was closed as the result of the blow, and no one knew how long he had been lying in this alley in an unconscious condition. A pair of overalls was borrowed and placed on him, and he was removed to the Harrison Street Station, where the blood was washed off his wounds, and he was put in bed and made as comfortable as possible.

Drummond stated that he came from Milwaukee, Wis., from the soldiers' home, to Chicago to draw the pension money due him. After he had received the money he purchased a hat, shoes and suit of clothes. He intended to stay in Chicago several days and visit different men who had been soldiers and belonged to the same company he was in during the late Civil War. He had dropped into this saloon and

found another old veteran who had an arm and a leg blown off fighting for his country. While they were telling their experiences and hardships during the war, two men came in, pushed up by them, and seemed interested in their conversation.

Drummond stated that he had his discharge papers in his pocket, also his money, and wanted to find out where he could put them and where they would be safe until he was ready to return to Milwaukee.

One of the men told him that he knew a man near by who had a safe and was also an old soldier, and would keep them safely for him. All three men joined Drummond in a drink, and he left with the two men who were to show him the place where he could leave his papers.

Instead of taking him out the front way they took him out the back way. Upon reaching the alley he was struck with a billy and knocked insensible, which was the last he remembered.

Detectives Wooldridge and McDonald were detailed on the case. Going to the saloon, they procured a description of the two men who took Drummond out the back door. The entire levee was searched for them, and finally, after three hours, they were found coming out of a saloon on Clark street, a block from the scene of the robbery, accompanied by a third man.

Wooldridge seized two of the men, and one, Thomas McGowan, attempted to draw a revolver on him. At this moment Detective McDonald and a reporter, who was with him, came to Wooldridge's assistance and disarmed McGowan. All three were arrested and taken to the station.

On T. J. Wilson, one of the robbers, the suit of

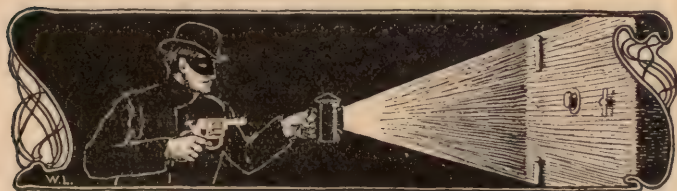
clothes Drummond had just purchased was found. He also had his hat, and in the vest pocket of the clothes was found Drummond's pocket comb that he had carried since the war.

Wilson had disposed of his own clothes and donned Drummond's after robbing the old man.

The suit of clothes stolen from Drummond was taken off of Wilson and placed in the hands of the owner, and Wilson, the robber, was left in the same fix he left the old soldier, with nothing but his underclothes.

Jerry Murphy, one of the men, was discharged. Thomas McGowan was fined \$25 for carrying concealed weapons and sent to the House of Correction. T. J. Wilson was held to the grand jury and indicted.

The case was called for trial several times, but the complaining witness could not be found, and it was stricken from the docket with leave to reinstate.



OSTRICH FEATHER GIVES A CLUE.

"Look out for a tall woman with a high ostrich feather." Detective Wooldridge was told to arrest a woman who had run away from her country home and come to Chicago, and this was the only description he had of the woman.

Her name was Alice Howard, and she drifted into the levee district and levee habits. Alice had a mania for fine clothes, and on more than one occasion she helped herself to other girls' wardrobes, and was arrested several times and held to the criminal court once, and would have gone to prison had the complaining witness not weakened and refused to prosecute her.

While boarding at the northwest corner of Harrison street and Custom House Place in 1899, Alice took a fancy to a \$28 hat which another boarder had just purchased from the millinery department at Siegel, Cooper & Co.'s, and without asking the owner's consent appropriated the hat to her own use.

The matter was reported to Detective Wooldridge who began to look for a tall woman with a high ostrich feather. While looking at the headgear of thousands of shoppers who thronged State street, the detective saw far ahead of him a high ostrich feather bobbing up and down. It towered above the heads of all the other shoppers. He made his way to that feather and beneath it was the woman he wanted.

She was held to the grand jury, indicted and arraigned some weeks later for trial. The jury found her guilty and she was sentenced to one year at hard labor in the House of Correction.



USE A TUNNEL TO ESCAPE.

SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE DISCOVERED BY DETECTIVE
WOOLDRIDGE AND FUGITIVES CAUGHT.

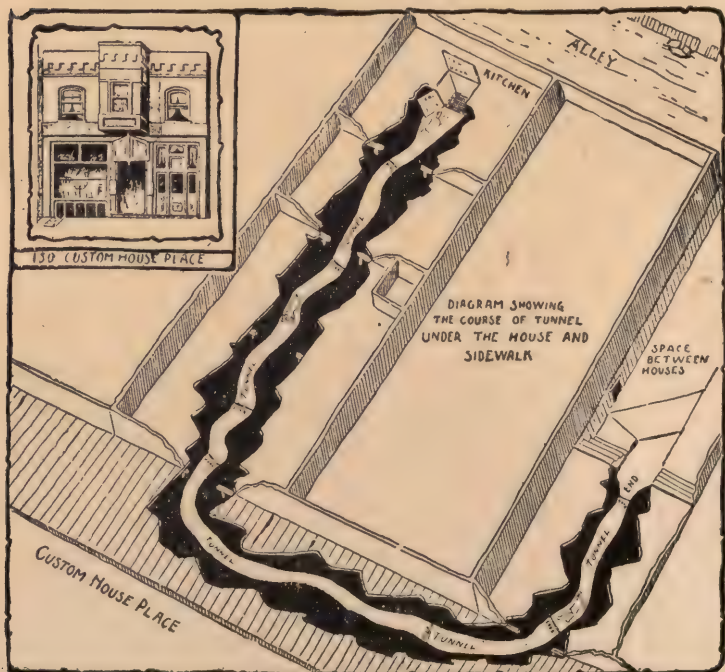
Criminals use many methods to escape the police, but those who infested the slums of Chicago never found one by which they could get away when Detective Wooldridge went after them. He even pursued and captured a gang who went through a trapdoor and into a tunnel on Custom House place in 1896.

In that year Mattie Lee, a colored woman, conducted a den of vice at 150 Custom House place and gave the police a great deal of trouble. She boasted that she had a little of both negro and Irish blood in her veins and was one of the toughest women on the levee. It was not an unusual thing for from five to ten men to be robbed in a single night in her house by the panel game. The raids came so often that Mattie Lee adopted many novel ways of escape. She first had a ladder made that reached the roof, by which the inmates made their escape. This lasted for some time, but as soon as it was discovered she had sliding panel doors made in the wall, nicely covered with paper.

The shrewd and vigilant Wooldridge soon found these, however, and she had to resort to something else. She next had a pit dug beneath the kitchen floor, over which was a trapdoor covered with an oil-cloth to screen it from detection. At the bottom of this pit, which was seven feet deep, there was a mattress, so that when they jumped they would not hurt themselves.

When a raid was ordered and officers arrived at

the house, the doors were found locked and bolted. Several minutes would be consumed in gaining admission, and this would give the inmates time to effect their escape. This last method was used a long time and proved a success. The officer who was then es-



TUNNEL UNDER PANEL HOUSE.

pecially detailed on Custom House place could not tell where the inmates of the house made their escape. Although they could be seen in the house before the police could succeed in effecting an entrance, when they got inside all would be gone, notwithstanding

the house would be surrounded by officers. The robberies in Mattie Lee's house became so numerous and bold that the officials determined to put a stop to it. Detective Wooldridge was called in and placed on the case to unravel the mystery of escape and break it up.

Wooldridge prepared himself with warrants for Mattie Lee and all the inmates, and was given a detail of eight men who were instructed as to where they should place themselves so as to prevent the escape of any one. With everything in readiness he went forth to make the raid. Upon arriving they found the house full, but before an entrance could be made all had disappeared as though they were swallowed up.

Wooldridge secured a hatchet and went on a tour of inspection, taking one room after another, sounding the walls and floors until he finally reached the kitchen. Striking the floor, something sounded like it was hollow, and on lifting the oilcloth he discovered the trapdoor, which was soon raised, and he then dropped into the pit. He found no one, but was surprised to hear an electric bell ring in the pit behind him, which was connected with a room in the front of the house and was a danger signal for the inmates to keep out of the way of the police officers.

When the bell began to ring, Wooldridge heard footsteps which grew fainter and fainter. He lighted a match and discovered another panel door which led out into a dark passageway under the house. This proved to be a tunnel dug under the house and had almost as many crooks and turns as the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. It extended from the rear of the house seventy-five feet east to the sidewalk, then fifty

feet north under the sidewalk, when it again made an abrupt turn west and came up between two houses.

The tunnel itself was so small that only one person could crawl through the tunnel doors, which blocked the passage to all but the criminals who were acquainted with it and which made it an effectual hiding place.

Wooldridge with a box of matches in one hand and a gun in the other kept up his search until he seized six of the colored women panel workers and footpads. Three of them escaped, but he succeeded in arresting the others. They were taken to the Harrison Street Station and locked up with Mattie Lee, the keeper, and were afterward given heavy fines. Wooldridge pried off the panel doors and exhibited them as part of his evidence, and they caused much talk and comment by all who saw them. The discovery of the tunnel furnished some very sensational stories for the newspapers.

Wooldridge's clothes were ruined, and he told the prisoners if they ever tried to escape justice by hiding in such places again he would use giant powder to blow them out. The tunnel has never been used since he discovered it.

TOO MUCH REVENGE.

DIFFICULTIES OF A MAN WHO WANTED TO MARRY AND A
WOMAN WANTED TO PREVENT IT.

In seeking to prevent a man for whom she had a tender feeling from marrying another woman, Myrtle

Belmont got a bridegroom in serious trouble and incidentally in a police court.

Louis Wagner lived with Charles Belmont and his wife at 136 Pacific avenue. Although only eighteen years old, Wagner wanted to marry a young widow, who lived on North Clark street. He was even willing to be a father to her young child.

Mrs. Belmont, finding she could not prevent the marriage, thought she would at least get revenge.

Wagner, who never boasts of having any too much money in his possession, invested all he had in a dress suit and other articles to wear on the night of his marriage.

Finally, the time of the celebration arrived. Numerous friends had been invited to the house and Wagner was speculating on what a stunning appearance he would present. An hour before the arrival of the guests he went to his room to don his new suit and patent leather shoes. He looked about the room and was horrified to find his entire outfit missing.

The house was searched from garret to cellar, but the suit was gone, and Wagner, very much downhearted, was forced to stand up and, he said, be married in rags. He suspected the Belmont woman of having stolen his wedding suit, and did not, it is said, keep his suspicion to himself.

The woman heard of it and thirsted for revenge. Going to the home of Wagner's wife on the north side, she said many unpleasant things to her. When Wagner returned home and heard of the visit of the Belmont woman, he decided that he was in need of revenge, and Saturday afternoon visited the house on Pacific avenue

He gained an entrance into her place, but failed to find Mrs. Belmont at home. This did not deter him from obtaining his revenge and spying her husband's wearing apparel, he packed all the clothing up, even taking his shirts, and left the house. Sunday morning Mr. Belmont started to don his Sunday clothes and, like Wagner, was disappointed in not finding them in their usual place.

Belmont did not leave the house, and all Sunday kept his wife company. It was reported to the police, and Detective Wooldridge soon found that Wagner had been in the house, and when the Belmont woman was made aware of this fact, her face flushed with anger, and once more revenge was sought.

Wagner was arrested and locked up, the clothes were discovered, but when he was arraigned, Myrtle Belmont's old love for him returned, and she refused to prosecute. He was discharged, and they left the court room hand in hand.

SPIDER AND THE FLY.

STRANGERS WHO VISIT THE LEVEE ILLUSTRATE THE OLD
FABLE IN A FORCIBLE WAY.

Strangers who have accepted invitations from occupants of houses along Custom House place to walk into their parlors are living and forcible illustrations of the fable about "The Spider and the Fly."

No one can furnish better testimony to this fact than a young man, John Mills, who one night in the latter part of September, 1898, joined a party of friends and spent the early part of the evening at the theater.

It was a convivial crowd and indulged freely in liquid refreshments.

After the theater, Mills got separated from his friends and wandered over into Custom House place. In the doorway of 142 stood a woman who invited him to come in and see the high-kicking girls, hear the music, etc.

This place was kept by a woman known as Lime White, and was a sporting and panel house which had many secret passageways to and from various parts of the building to permit the inmates to go and come without being seen.

When Mills received this invitation to enter the place from Maggie Spencer, one of the inmates, not wanting to offend the girl and being under the influence of liquor, he walked into the spider web, and while gazing at the high-kicking girls he felt some one pull at his pocket.

He turned in time to see Emma Redmond draw from his clothes his pocketbook which contained \$9 in crisp one-dollar bills.

Mills grabbed her, and she threw the pocketbook to her partner, Maggie Spencer. He released the Redmond girl and started for the Spencer woman who drew a knife with a blade seven inches long, and informed him that if he came any nearer she would carve him, and carve him deep.

Mills went to the station and complained to Detective Wooldridge, who arrested both the women later. The case was continued for ten days and the money returned to Mills.

Wooldridge took Mills before the grand jury and an indictment was voted for both women. They were

arraigned in due time, and Maggie Spencer testified that she alone was the guilty one, and she was given four months in the House of Correction on November 11, 1898, by Judge Sears.

OPIUM AND ITS EVILS.

DENS CONDUCTED BY CHINAMEN AND OTHERS LEAD TO
THE RUIN OF THOUSANDS.

The use of opium in its various forms is one of the greatest curses humanity has ever encountered. Science, in its efforts to cure this gigantic evil, has been staggered; the laws enacted against it have been powerless to suppress it; moral influences have failed to abate it; homes have been wrecked by it; asylums filled by indulgence in it; the vast army of paupers and criminals augmented by cravings for it; yet it stands today one of the most potential evils in the catalogue of degrading, enslaving and humiliating practices the world has ever seen.

There is only one other drug which is so ruinous and fatal to the constitution and to the brain of the consumer, and that is cocaine. This insidious destroyer is not, however, nearly as extensively used as opium in its different forms, but is coming into more general use daily, and its baneful effects will soon be almost as extensive as, are those of opium.

The evil effects of opium are not confined exclusively to the use of it, but many other degrading habits go hand in hand with it, into the palace and into the hovel alike. Opium dens offer to the victims of the

drug a resort where vice and crime reign supreme; where the beggar lies side by side with the sons and daughters of the rich. It is one common meeting ground. Caste is set aside, and on the bunks of the Chinese joint humanity forgets its origin in the oblivion of the pipe and pill.

Opium smoking was first introduced in Chicago by Chinamen, and many of them are slaves to it. In 1871, at the time of the great Chicago fire, there was only one opium joint in the city, but opium smoking increased so rapidly from that time, that in 1885 there were five hundred of them.

Sporting women, thieves, and, in fact, about 75 per cent. of the criminal classes, both men and women, black and white, either smoke opium or use the drug in one form or another.

Enormous profits are derived from the sale of opium, it being calculated that they run from 100 to 300 per cent. People who once begin the use of it soon become slaves to it, and when they are once in its grasp it is almost an impossibility to free themselves from it.

Opium is used by those who are addicted to it in eight different forms, which are, smoking, gum eating, opium ashes eating, opium pill eating, prepared opium eating, laudanum drinking, morphine eating and the morphine solution which is taken by the needle from a hypodermic syringe.

The growth and cultivation of this drug is an interesting study. Opium is the inspissated or thickened juice of the somniferous poppy and is obtained by making incisions in the head of the plant from which the juice flows. This is scraped away and then prepared for commercial use.

Its first commercial form is that of a thick brown

substance which is called prepared opium. This is the form used for smoking.

The gum of opium, which is its second form, is the sediment resulting from a chemical process of treating the prepared opium and is used by druggists for



PARTY OF SMOKERS IN A CHINESE OPIUM JOINT.

medical purposes. Those slaves to the drug, called opium eaters, use this form. It, like the prepared opium, acts as a stupefying stimulant, but it is much more destructive to the system.

Morphine is the next form of the drug used by those who have contracted the habit, and is the form used so extensively by physicians in their regular practice; and it appears almost incomprehensible that a drug which has relieved so much suffering when used properly and scientifically could also be abused to the extent of being one of the greatest curses in existence.

Many attempts have been made to describe the sufferings of opium eaters when they are in want of the drug. The victims themselves say these tortures are simply indescribable. They commence when all the effects of the drug have worn off and the system demands more. Their eyes become watery, while their bones ache and their muscles in different parts of the body get as hard as steel wire and form into knots, causing the most acute suffering that can be imagined. They yawn and gape, and then violent cramps assail the stomach. Each symptom grows worse, and the pains, which fly like currents of electricity throughout every part of the body, grow more severe. Then follow hysterics and convulsions. The subject grows paler and perspiration flows from every pore of his skin. Death soon relieves the poor victim unless an opiate or a substitute is given to save him.

The sensations produced by an indulgence in the drug vary with different subjects and with the length of time they have used it. The first effects are those of lassitude and rest. All pains vanish and the most serene contentment steals over the mind and body. Every zephyr that passes seems to lift and sway the victim as gently and tenderly as the mother rocks her infant in its downy cradle.

Beautiful visions flit through the brain like a panorama of countless paradises. Repulsive objects fade from view, and in their places things of beauty and joy make a feast for the eyes. Discordant sounds are transformed into entrancing harmonies. All objects seem lovely and attractive, and the beggars of earth become kings.

Then slumber and rose-tinted dreams carry the victim into oblivion. All cares are forgotten until the effects of the poison wear away, and here will-power and good resolutions are swept away. The awful craving for more of the drug drives the subject to a repetition of his indiscretion, and this follows day after day until there is no escape.

Those who have been addicted to the use of opium for many years do not always experience the delight that amateurs get out of it. They are compelled to use it almost constantly to prevent the suffering which a long-continued indulgence finally produces. Their systems have been depleted. They are physical wrecks and take opium, not for pleasure, but to give them relief from the tortures they suffer when not under the influence of it. Their dreams are frequently very different from the visions they had when they were in the early stages of the habit. They see unpleasant things; hear disagreeable noises; have frightful nightmares; meet with imaginary disastrous misfortunes and horrible accidents.

During the author's long career as a detective he had innumerable opportunities of observing the effects of the opium habit and of making a thorough investigation of the numerous Chinese opium joints where opium is smoked. It would surprise the public to

know what a large number of people are opium smokers, and a full description of one of these places will interest the reader.

A "layout" can be purchased for any amount up to \$5. It consists of the "yen hop," or pipe, usually made of a section and a half of heavy bamboo, about an inch and a half in diameter, and is usually tipped with ivory or gold; the "yen she gow," or small chisel, for cleaning out the bowl of the pipe; the "yen hock," or needle, on which the opium is cooked and rolled into pills over the flame from the little peanut oil lamp; the "sui gow," a sponge for cleaning the bowl of the pipe after every smoke; the "hen toy," in which the opium is kept, and a tray on which the above utensils are placed when in use.

Smokers can be found in all kinds of recumbent attitudes in a joint. They frequently lie with their heads on each other's shoulders in order that they may be convenient to the lamp. They take turns at smoking, each rolling his own pill. The opium is usually served on a "hop toy," but if this article is not at hand it is served on a card or piece of stiff paper. The opium must be cooked to the proper point before it is smoked, and this is done by placing it on the end of the needle and holding it over the flame of the lamp. Unless great care is taken in the operation, it will take fire and burn like powder. When the pill is ready for the pipe, it is punctured and placed in the center of the bowl just over the small aperture. The flame is again applied and the smoker begins to take in the fumes. Fifteen or twenty whiffs consumes the pill, and the next smoker takes his turn after going through the same operation. Men and women keep

this up continually, new arrivals taking the places of those who go out, and there they spend hours in a drowsy, half-stupid condition, gabbling on simple subjects and dreaming their woes away.

These frequenters of opium joints always want company. They never like to smoke alone.

Many of the opium joints in Chicago are to be found in basements and are laid out in enclosed stalls or rooms, and are intended to accommodate from two to ten persons. The bunks are usually about two feet from the floor, and are built of pine boards, over which is spread Chinese matting and a pillow for the head to rest upon. No covering is used, for the room is always kept warm and comfortable.

Some of the opium joints will hold from ten to sixty people, and here can be found at all times persons of both sexes, black and white, and Chinese, too.

So many raids have been made on opium joints that it is sometimes difficult to gain an entrance, unless the visitor is known or can speak a few words of the Chinese language.

If you can tell the keeper in the Chinese language that you want 25 cents' worth of opium you will be admitted readily. These cabalistic words in Chinese are, "Gee sip en kassen hap en yen."

This will soften the Chinaman's heart because he is always anxious to make money. If he suspected that you were an officer of the law, however, you would probably have to use force to get in.

The old pass word, "en she qua?" which means, "Do you smoke opium?" will not effect an entrance now without some other ceremony. The keeper will test your sincerity and incidentally your knowledge of the

Chinese language by asking who you are. He will say, "Hoi noi?" meaning, "Who is there?" and if you can reply, "Offend," which signifies, "A friend," he will probably open the door and tell you to get in quickly by saying, "Fi fi."

Once inside of these places you would be com-



THE CHINAMAN'S RECREATION.

pletely lost without a guide. In some of them you are compelled to pass through dark, dingy and damp hallways and subterranean passages. All the doors are barred, but you finally get into the proper place after perhaps going down two or three flights of rickety stairs. The smoking room does not present a very in-

viting appearance to any one except regular smokers. It is dimly lighted, and there are usually lying on the bunks or matting ten or fifteen men and women languidly smoking and talking. Some of the bunks are as filthy as can well be imagined, yet it is not an unusual sight to see them occupied by women dressed as elegantly as a princess and wearing costly jewels. Men showing the same degree of prosperity and refinement are also found there mixing with the lower classes and often with thieves and criminals.

Neither is it an unusual thing to find among the well-dressed opium smokers members of some of the most influential and wealthy families of the city.

Chinamen who conduct opium joints are always ready and willing to lead any one, from a child to an octogenarian, into the habit of smoking.

Detective Wooldridge rescued a young woman in Chicago from one of these opium joints and she told him a pitiful and sad tale of her downfall.

When a mere child she lived near a Chinese laundry, and she was frequently enticed into the place and given small pieces of candy. Nearly every day for months she went into the Mongolian's place, and finally was induced to take a whiff from the opium pipe. It was disagreeable to her at first, but the Chinaman would refuse to give her candy unless she would take a whiff from the pipe. This was kept up for several more months when the girl began to want the whiff more than she wanted the candy.

The Chinaman's aims were accomplished at last. He had made an opium fiend of the child, and one day when she went into the laundry and asked for the pipe, the Chinaman rubbed his hands in glee and told

her she could not smoke unless she paid for it. She had no money, and begged for just one whiff from the pipe, but was told again she could not get it without the money.

She went away, but the craving for the drug became so strong that she stole some money from her mother, and this was kept up until she was a slave to the habit.

When she realized her condition she was anxious to break away, but it was then almost impossible. She left her home and became a habitue of an opium joint on Clark street.

In a raid which took place one night Detective Wooldridge found the girl in this den, almost stupefied with the drug. When she found she was under arrest, she begged the detective to allow her to go home, saying she could not stand the disgrace of being caught in one of these places.

She aroused the sympathies of the officer, who gave her all the encouragement he could. He took her to her mother instead of to the police station and by an almost superhuman effort she finally broke the bonds which had so long held her.

"Smoke not, handle not," is the best advice that can be given on this subject. This fearful curse is far and away more fatal than all the other evils put together. It is emphatically the hardest habit to get rid of when once formed, and it is positively the most dangerous because it is the hardest to quit.

Opium has ruined many persons for life, and it has sent more men and women to our jails, workhouses, penitentiaries and scaffolds than even strong drink. Those who once acquire the opium habit soon become slaves to the drug, and it is almost impossible for them

to get along without it. So true is this that we have noticed times without number that when they are out of the drug and have no money wherewith to purchase it, when the habit or longing for it comes on them, they will sell or pawn any article they have with which to raise money to buy it. They have been known to even steal, rob or commit crime in order to get money to purchase opium.

Statistics teach us that about 4 per cent. of those who have formed this awful habit of smoking opium have ready money with which to purchase their supplies; the other 96 per cent. are either already criminals, or are made so through the use of it.

With them the opium habit has been formed, and they must have the drug, or undergo the most severe tortures, and we often find that many of them smoke every hour.

People who are slaves to the habit are not fit for any kind of work, either mental or physical. They therefore must resort to other methods by which to raise money, outside of work and positions of trust and respectability, and so we learn that ninety-six out of every hundred become thieves.

One million dollars' worth of "opium prepared for smoking" comes into our ports annually. This amount, considering the activity of opium smugglers and the ease of carrying tiny packages of the drug, probably does not represent one-half of the total amount of such opium brought into our country each year.

Fifteen years ago the total amount of opium, crude, liquid preparations and "opium prepared for smoking" which passed through our custom houses was valued at \$1,250,053. The amount of "opium prepared to

smoking" was \$335,383 worth. In 1900 the total amount of opium imported was valued at \$2,076,939 and \$938,524 worth of that was opium used for smoking.

These figures show an increase in the last fifteen years of \$326,886 in value of total import and an increase of \$603,141 in value of imported opium for smoking.

So great has the demand for opium grown in America within the past ten years that factories are being started in this country. In Victoria, B. C., a really deceptive imitation of "Li Une" is made. The crude opium is soaked, boiled and strained over and over again to an extract, then flavored with orange peel and brandy. This deceives the novice by removing or doing away with that deadly smell which is a distinguishing feature of the product of the American opium factory. Thousands of pounds of opium are sent across the Canadian border daily, there being but one revenue officer to every hundred miles, and the Chinamen rarely look him up.

At El Paso, Texas, also much smuggling is done. Mexico guards her border with hundreds of men to the mile, if necessary, but America is content with the one lone rifleman who stands on the international bridge, spending his time looking five miles up and five miles down stream for smugglers, who cross the river in summer without getting their feet wet. At night the Chinamen cross the river in droves. Dressed as Spaniards they easily elude detectives, and are shipped in box cars to some underground laundry in Chicago or New York. Registration tickets count little with them,

as it takes an expert to tell the photograph of one Chinaman from another and tickets are easily borrowed. In all large cities there are Chinese companies which send out their countrymen to smaller towns for the purpose of introducing the pipe. These companies, in turn, are sent out by the Six Companies of Canton.

The Six Companies control the opium trade, and every Chinaman who wishes to come to America is smuggled in by the Six Companies. Once here, he is compelled to purchase his opium and other necessities from the agencies of the company which sends him out, and woe betide the luckless Chinaman who goes back on his contract, for the Highbinders reign as supreme in America as they do in their own native land.

At the end of six years John Chinaman sells out his laundry and opium joint, for which the laundry is a blind, the Six Companies advertise in their paper, printed in San Francisco, that he is about to return to China, and so notify all creditors. If John Chinaman has contracted no debts, his savings deposited with the Six Companies are returned to him, minus the \$80 which it cost him to smuggle him into the country.

In 1895 and 1896, George B. Swift, then Mayor of Chicago, and John J. Badenoeh, then Chief of Police, declared war upon these dens of iniquity, crime and debauchery. This proved to be one of the best classes of police work ever instituted and carried on in Chicago, and brought forth better results. Most all the opium joints in the city were closed, and over \$10,000 worth of opium and pipes were seized and ordered destroyed by the court.

INTERESTED THE WHOLE WORLD.**THREE MEN ARRESTED WHO FOUGHT EXTRADITION—
TRAGEDIES AT THE TRIAL.**

One of the most interesting criminal cases with which the police of any city in the world have been connected and which through its ramifications became a question of international importance, and went from the police court to the United States Commissioner, thence to the District Federal Court, and on to the Supreme Court of the United States, and finally to the Dominion of Canada, is one which Detective Wooldridge and his assistants made possible by the arrest of three men said to be the most dangerous bank robbers in the country, and whose trial in Canada, in June, 1901, was attended with many tragedies, resulting in the death of two of the robbers and the killing of an officer.

The case first came before the public in May, 1900, and for a period of nearly twelve months following it occupied the attention of the press and of the foreign consuls in the United States because of the fact that extradition was demanded by the Dominion of Canada of three men who were citizens of the United States. The final decision of the important question was made on February 25, 1901, and it established a precedent which will have an important bearing on all similar cases which may engage the attention of the courts in the future, or at least until there is a change in the existing treaty between the United States and Canada.

The case in question was brought about by the arrest on June 1, 1900, at the Ashland apartment build-

ing, 131 Ashland avenue, of Fred Lee Rice, Frank Rutledge and Thomas Jones, upon a request from Chief of Police Grassetto, of Toronto, to Chief of Police Kipley.

The following is the telegram received by Chief of Police Kipley from the Toronto official, May 23, 1900:

"Look out for and arrest four men—Fred L. Rice, Frank Rutledge, Thos. Jones—the fourth man's name is unknown. On the morning of May 3, 1900, they robbed the postoffice and bank at Aurora, some thirty miles from Toronto, securing \$700 in currency, \$200 worth of stamps, and a large assortment of mining stocks, and they made an unsuccessful attempt to blow up the safe of the bank of Toronto. After assaulting and nearly killing a police officer, and stealing a horse and wagon, they drove to another town, where their baggage was shipped by their friends to 452 Austin avenue, Chicago."

Chief Kipley at once realized that he had an important case on hand, and called in Detective Wooldridge and placed him in charge of it, giving him all the information he possessed.

Later in the day a minute description of the men and of the baggage was received. Wooldridge was given a detail of assistants and at once placed four men on duty around the house at 452 Austin avenue with instructions to watch for the baggage and arrest the fugitives if they put in an appearance.

All the railroad trains from the east were carefully watched by a corps of officers for the purpose of intercepting the robbers, in case they had not already arrived in the city, or of getting the baggage if it had not already been received.

Wooldridge then went to the offices of all of the express companies in Chicago and secured the assistance of the superintendents of each in locating and detaining the baggage in the event it should be shipped by express, which was most likely.

In a day or two Wooldridge was notified that the baggage had arrived at the Dearborn street station over the Wabash road. Two detectives were then stationed on the inside of the depot and two on the outside with bicycles on which they might follow any one who called for the baggage, which consisted of three valises. It was not supposed that either of the owners of the baggage would call in person for it, but that it would be sent for and taken to the rooms of the fugitives.

In the meantime information was received by one of the officers on guard at the Austin avenue house that three of the men he was seeking were at that place on the evening of May 24.

Wooldridge got his forces ready and told them to report at three o'clock the following morning. The following are the names of those who answered the roll-call. William Schubert, W. H. McGrath, J. J. Sullivan, M. F. Farelly, Tim De Roche, Joseph Dubach, Charles Niggermeyer, J. O'Hara, William Taylor, P. J. Fitzgerald, Ed. Burns and Ter Issian.

Wooldridge and all his associates realized that the men wanted were dangerous and desperate criminals and that their capture would probably expose every one to great peril. It was expected they would make a strong resistance, and even die before submitting to arrest.

The Austin avenue house was a two-story structure,

the ground floor being occupied by a saloon. The living apartments above were reached by a long flight of stairs which ran up from the side, near the center. It was by means of this stairway that entrance must be gained to the rooms above; peaceably if possible, by force if necessary.

Some of the men protested against invading the house in this way because of the splendid chance of getting shot from above.

Detective Wooldridge then stepped forward and said he would not ask any man to go where he was unwilling to go, declaring he would lead.

Detectives Schubert, Sullivan, McGrath and Dubach joined him, and the others surrounded the house. An entrance was made easily enough, but when the officers got inside, they found that the game had flown.

Many clues were taken up after this and followed persistently and relentlessly, but nothing came of them, and the detectives met only disappointment. But Wooldridge was never discouraged or downcast on account of a failure. He never lagged in his efforts to locate and capture the safe-blowers. He kept up the chase vigorously, and on May 31 it was discovered that an expressman had carried the trunks of Fred Lee Rice and Frank Rutledge from 1355 Michigan avenue, where they formerly had apartments, to another place, and then a search was made for the location of their new quarters.

Nearly every driver of an express wagon on the south side was found by Wooldridge and closely questioned about these trunks. The search seemed fruitless, but there was one driver he had not seen. Officer McGrath found the man at 11 o'clock at night, and

by the free use of money got the desired information. He was told by this driver that the trunks were taken to 131 Ashland avenue, and finally accompanied McGrath to the place, which was the Ashland apartment building, located in one of the most aristocratic and fashionable residence districts of Chicago.

On June 1 Detectives Schubert, McGrath, Sullivan, Dubach, Burns and Fitzgerald were sent in a body to get the men if possible. They waited until late at night in order to find the robbers in their rooms asleep.

The house was kept by Mrs. A. D. Harling, who was awakened and told that she had some safe-blowers for guests. She readily admitted that the men named by the detectives were there, and conducted them to their rooms. Here a whispered conversation was held. The officers knew they were going to have trouble in making the arrests if the robbers were given a single opportunity to defend themselves or resist. It was a desperate undertaking and required great judgment and nerve.

While they were whispering with Mrs. Harling in the hall, they were overheard by Fred Lee Rice. He opened the door, evidently expecting that some of his "pals" who were out had just returned. The officers saw him as he looked out into the hall and made a rush at him. He was knocked heels over head in a corner of the room and his revolver and belt of cartridges removed before he had time to recover.

Rutledge and Jones, the other two robbers, were asleep in one bed, and near each was lying a huge revolver, loaded and ready for use, and two boxes of cartridges. The sudden and quick work of the officers prevented them from using their guns. There

is little possibility that they would ever have been taken alive if they had gotten an opportunity to resist the officers. The detectives seized the revolvers, then quickly covered the robbers with their own revolvers and effected their arrest with neatness and dispatch.

It was fortunate that Rice was expecting the fourth man in and opened the door. If the officers had been compelled to break into the room or to arouse the men, some of them would undoubtedly be now sleeping under the willow trees of a cemetery.

The robbers were taken to the Harrison Street Station, where their pictures were taken for the rogues' gallery. From there they were taken to the Desplaines Street Station.

Knowing full well that his prisoners were shrewd criminals and men who would use all the resources at their command to get out of the clutches of the police, Detective Wooldridge adopted a plan which was really the most important move taken in the whole case. On June 2 he went before United States Commissioner Mark A. Foote and secured on belief and information a fugitive warrant, which he placed in the hands of United States Marshal George Allen. The three prisoners were then released by the police, but before they could leave the station, they were arrested by the United States Marshal.

They were taken before the commissioner for a hearing and the case continued from time to time until July 10.

The prisoners employed S. H. Trude, and then began a desperate fight to resist extradition to Canada. The Canadian Government, by William Wyndham,

the British consul, had made application for extradition. Attorney Lynden Evans represented the consul at a hearing before the United States commissioner, who held the prisoners and recommended that President McKinley issue the extradition warrant.

Then the prisoners applied for a writ of habeas corpus before Judge Kohlsaas. This stayed the President's warrant. After a hearing Judge Kohlsaas dismissed the writ. From this decision an appeal was taken to the United States Supreme Court. This highest court affirmed the decision of Judge Kohlsaas, denying the writ.

The case attracted widespread notice among the lawyers and students of constitutional rights. The points brought up in their attempt to resist extradition were numerous, the four important ones being:

1. It was claimed that all United States citizens were entitled to bail, and this was denied the prisoners below. The Supreme Court approved the denial.

2. It was claimed that the treaty with Great Britain on extradition and acts of congress on extradition are unconstitutional because they do not guarantee jury trial to the prisoners deported as would be their right in the United States. This claim the Supreme Court disapproved.

3. It was claimed the treaty on extradition contravenes the Illinois Constitution in the above points.

4. It was claimed that the words "surrendering state" used in the treaty referred in this case to Illinois and not to the United States.

The further contention was made that the commissioner who heard the cases had received them on information and belief, and that the proceeding was

not justifiable in an extradition case. Regarding the point, Justice Brown said: "If the officer of the foreign government has no personal knowledge of the facts, he may with entire propriety make a complaint upon information and belief, stating the sources of his information and the grounds of his belief, and annexing to the complaint a properly certified copy of any indictment or equivalent proceedings which may be found in the foreign court or a copy of the depositions of witnesses having actual knowledge of the facts."

That ended the fight against extradition. In due course the court's mandate reached Chicago and the prisoners were taken to Canada. Their first trial began in Toronto on May 20. This was on a charge of robbing the bank at Aurora. By the use of money friends of the prisoners succeeded in getting enough men on the jury who were favorable to the defendants, to prevent an agreement as to a verdict and this jury was discharged, the robbers getting another trial.

This was begun on May 27. Defendants had entered a plea of guilty on four minor charges, that of attempting to rob the Standard Bank of Toronto, robbing the postoffice at Aurora, horse stealing and stealing a revolver from an officer.

Detectives Schubert and McGrath of Chicago were summoned to Toronto as witnesses to testify as to the contents found in the trunks when the men were arrested on Ashland avenue. The second trial progressed rapidly, and on June 4, when the case was nearing an end and the prisoners saw conviction staring them in the face, they made a desperate effort to escape, which resulted in the death of two of them and an officer who had them in charge.

Late that afternoon they were handcuffed together and placed in a carriage to be taken to jail. Jones, who was considered the most desperate man of the three, had handcuffs on both wrists, while Rice, who is left-handed, was placed on his right, and Rutledge on his left. This put both of Jones' hands out of use and left Rutledge with the use of his left hand only, and Rice with his right hand.

This precaution was taken because the officers suspected that a plot had been formed to rescue the prisoners. They were placed on the rear seat of the carriage, while Constables Boyd and Stewart sat opposite them on the front seat. Another constable, Bogart, took a seat on the box with the driver, and the carriage started for the jail. When it reached the corner of Sumach and Gerrard streets, a young woman dressed in man's clothing rushed to the side of the vehicle and threw a hat into the laps of the prisoners. Instantly the two free hands belonging to Rutledge and Rice plunged into the hat and drew out two large revolvers.

Quick as a flash Rice fired, and Constable Boyd, who had started to seize him, fell back dying. Constable Stewart, who was the only one of the three officers that had a revolver, reached back for his weapon, but Rice pushed his gun into his face and he remained quiet, telling them to get out of the carriage.

The horses then stopped and the three men sprang out, Rutledge first, dragging the others behind them. After leaving the carriage they fired into it several times while running away. Constable Stewart returned the fire and shot Jones in the arm, shattering the bone.

Then he jumped from the carriage and fired again, the second shot striking Jones in the groin. An electric street car which the carriage had passed was approaching, and Jones, who was so badly hurt that he could scarcely walk, was dragged by his companions onto the front platform of the car, which had stopped on account of the shooting. Then followed a desperate fight for possession of the car. Constable Bogart had jumped off the box seat of the vehicle, and although unarmed, was making his way towards the car. The prisoners fired at him and missed.

Stewart rushed bravely in pursuit of the fleeing men, firing as he went. He had emptied his own revolver when he reached the car, and threw himself on Rice and Rutledge and wrenched their revolvers from them. Then he beat them over their heads until they gave up. They were bleeding freely from scalp wounds, and by this time were exhausted and unable to offer further resistance.

The motorman held on to the motor crank and the conductor pulled the trolley off the feed wire during the struggle, to prevent the robbers from starting the car in case they had gotten possession of the crank, which was their intention.

Jones was in great agony and cried out to the officers to take the handcuffs off his wrists. The bone in the arm had been shattered by the bullet fired by Stewart, and in the hand-to-hand struggle the arm had been twisted out of shape. With the three prisoners lying almost in a heap on the floor in the car and the officers standing over them, the current was turned on and they were conveyed to the jail. Upon their arrival there the jail physician assisted by two

other medical men attended them. They found that Jones was mortally wounded, but they made him as comfortable as possible, and he soon went to sleep under the influence of opiates.

They dressed the wounds which Rice had received on his head, and also the scalp wounds which Rutledge bore. Rice was quite calm and told the surgeon to be sure and remove all the blood from his hair.

Constable Boyd was driven to the hospital in the carriage in which he was shot, but never recovered consciousness and died a few hours afterwards.

If the prisoners had not lost their heads when they first got possession of the pistols in the carriage they could easily have escaped. They had shot and mortally wounded Constable Boyd, who was a gray-haired man, sixty years old. The only other constable who had a revolver was Stewart, and Rice and Rutledge had him covered with their guns. In his pockets were the keys which unlocked the handcuffs. They could easily have gotten these and also Stewart's gun, then released themselves from the handcuffs and have been masters of the situation. They then could have made their escape in the carriage which was taking them to jail.

But in the excitement they overlooked the opportunity. It was a fatal mistake for them and one which greatly surprised the officers. It was astonishing that three as shrewd and desperate men as Rice, Rutledge and Jones were could lose their heads in such a crisis as this, and it caused a great deal of comment in police circles.

The prosecution decided that the trial should proceed against Rice and Rutledge whether Jones was



THE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE IN TORONTO

present or not. The shooting took place on Tuesday and Jones died on Wednesday morning. The trial proceeded, and on Friday, June 7, the jury returned a verdict of guilty against the prisoners, and they were sentenced to twenty-one years each in the penitentiary. When they were arraigned to receive sentence, the judge said to them:

"Have you anything to say why the sentences should not be passed upon you?" They stood quietly, never removing their eyes from the judge's face. Rutledge's hands rested on the railing in front of him, while Rice stood erect with his arms crossed over his breast. They never flinched and did not move a muscle while the heavy sentence was being pronounced.

In answer to the judge's question, Rice simply shook his head, while Rutledge replied, "Nothing, nothing." Then the sentence was delivered as follows:

"This is a peaceable country, but you came here bent upon a career of crime. You have followed your unlawful purposes by committing three serious offenses against the law. The country has enough of trouble and expense to take care of its own criminals and cannot do anything to encourage criminals from foreign countries, to come here and pursue their depredations. The sentence of the court upon you, Frank Rutledge, and upon you, Fred Lee Rice, is that each of you be confined in the Kingston penitentiary for the term of fourteen years for the robbery of the bank, and seven years for stealing the horse, cart and harness; the seven years to be consecutive with the fourteen years; for the robbery of the postoffice, seven years to be concurrent with the stealing sentence,

making for each of you a sentence of twenty-one years."

Deathly pale, but as calm apparently as if they had not faced the court, they were taken to the jail and consigned to their cells. Soon after dinner they were taken to the corridor on the first floor for exercise and air. After walking for a short time, Rutledge dashed away from his guard, up the stairway to the second-story balcony. It was thought that he intended to make an effort to escape through the ventilator, but he was met by guards and turned back. With a defiant look he backed toward the railing which surrounded the balcony, and straightening himself up, leaped backward over the railing and fell to the stone-paved floor thirty-six feet below, striking on his head and crushing his skull. When the guard reached him he was unconscious and died in half an hour without speaking.

This left only one of the three safe-blowers, Fred Lee Rice, and he had become a murderer, as Constable Stewart swore that it was Rice who shot and killed Constable Boyd. The next day Rice was arraigned on a charge of murder and the case was postponed until September. In the meantime the sentence of twenty-one years in prison hung over him.

Rutledge first came into prominence in the cities of Kingston, Hamilton, Brantford and Montreal, Canada. He was a burglar and a particularly daring one. He seemed to have great success in getting away with the results of his plundering, and until June 15, 1889, he was never brought into custody with a definite charge against him. On that day he was arrested for •

burglary, and after a trial at Kingston, was found guilty and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

Rutledge remained in prison until late in 1894, or early in 1895. On gaining his freedom he visited Colorado, and while in that state was arrested for larceny, convicted, and in November, 1895, was given a six years' sentence and ordered confined at Canon City. He entered that city a desperate man, a criminal posted in all the technique of his vocation.

He not only knew how to live well without labor when not in prison, but how, after being confined, to hold free conversations with his fellow convicts without being detected by a warden or guard. This latter ability is what brought him in contact with Jones. Jones graduated from the Chicago circle of thieves prominent in the city between 1892 and 1893. The World's Fair brought many of them in, and Jones did so well in their company that he became bold.

On March 20, 1893, in company with "Jack" Murphy, he held up one John Howe of 2810 Ninety-third street. Jones and Murphy were both armed and fired shots at Howe. They took his watch and chain, but were captured by Officers Brown and Peters, locked up in the county jail, kept there several months, and then tried and acquitted. The county official and police official who aided them in escaping punishment are still living. Jones is supposed to have paid \$5,000 for his freedom at this time.

On July 4, 1893, Jones, with "Jim" Kavanagh, held up Sylvester Johnson of 7944 Ontario avenue, and stole his watch, chain and some money. The same day they entered the Collins home on Ontario avenue, near Eighteenth street, and choked Collins, but did not rob

him. But on July 6 they returned to the same house with burglars' tools and were captured by Officer Robinson while in the act of robbing the house.

The case against them was finally stricken off the calendar, and they were never tried, but it is said to have cost Jones another \$5,000 to "fix" certain officials so that he might have his freedom.

Jones now found Chicago uncomfortable for him, so he journeyed to Colorado and allied himself with the Indian gang in Pueblo. On December 17, 1893, he was arrested for safe-blowing, and on March 23, 1894, was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary at Canon City. There he met Rutledge, and in convict fashion, they held many conversations together and formed an alliance for operation in the days to come when they should have freedom.

While they were so planning there arrived at the Colorado penitentiary Fred Lee Rice, alias Harris. He was sentenced on September 27, 1897, for forgery, and had a three years' term to serve. He was only twenty-one years old then, but bold and eager for criminal adventure. Rutledge and Jones took him into their prison brotherhood, and he swore fidelity to them, when they all should have their freedom again. Between October, 1899, and April, 1900, the trio came out of Canon City penitentiary free men.

As each man gained his discharge he came to Chicago until the trio were together and were joined by Frank Stewart, alias Gannon. Gannon took agreeably to Rutledge and Rice, and the four took rooms on Ashland avenue, where all but Gannon passed as artists, photographers and literary gentlemen.

During the year of 1900 Gannon was killed. He

entered the Garfield Park pavilion at Hamlin avenue and West Madison street, and in an attempt to hold up the bartender and Frank Barum, an attorney, was shot dead. This greatly affected Jones, and, taking Rice and Rutledge with him, he temporarily abandoned Chicago and sought the East. Rutledge persuaded him to visit Canada with him, and the trio entered Ontario. Among the other places, they visited the town of Aurora and robbed the bank there, made their escape to this country and immediately returned to Chicago.

One very interesting chapter in the lives of Rutledge and Jones is furnished in their attempt in May, 1900, to rob the Standard Bank in Toronto. At two o'clock one morning Officer Wood, of the Toronto police force, saw two men standing at the rear of the bank on Elmwood Grove avenue. He approached the men and asked them what they were doing there at that hour.

Before he got a reply a revolver was placed against the back of his head by a third man, and he was ordered to throw up his hands. He saw that it would be folly to resist and promptly obeyed the command. The men then took the officer's revolver and bound his hands with a piece of wire. He was then taken across the street to a stable, where one man stood guard over him, while the other two forced an entrance to the bank and were preparing to blow open the safe, but were frightened away before they had accomplished their purpose.

After the arrest of Rice, Rutledge and Jones and their removal to Toronto, the first two were identified by Officer Wood as the men he saw trying to rob the Standard Bank.

There is a romantic side to this story which is as interesting as the criminal side of it. Rice, Rutledge and Jones were well educated men and had many accomplishments beside those of safe-blowing and robbery. Rice is a native of Champaign, Illinois, his father being a wealthy and highly respected farmer living near that place and a heavy stockholder in one of the local banks. Young Rice was at one time a clerk in this bank.

Before this he was a student of the University of Illinois and a prominent fraternity man. He left his native town in 1897, and has been there only once since on a short visit. Rutledge was an artist and a poet. He could paint, and painted well. Jones made nearly as good an impression as the other two men, although to the trained eye he would be more quickly suspected of being a criminal than either. They had many well-known business men in Chicago for acquaintances.

All three of them dressed expensively. They wore the most fashionable tailor-made clothes and adorned themselves with fine and expensive jewelry. They rode in automobiles, gave swell dinners to their friends and spent money with a lavish hand. They rented rooms on Michigan avenue, where they furnished an atelier in luxurious style and set themselves up as artists. They then advertised for models, and by this means became acquainted with Myrtle Norrie and Martha Dwyer.

The former lived with her parents on Forty-second court and was employed at that time by the Siemens & Halske Electric Co. Martha Dwyer lived at 324 Morgan street and was an operator in the main office

of the Chicago Telephone company. Both were attractive and handsome young women. They visited the studio of Rice, Rutledge and Jones and posed for Rutledge, who made hundreds of drawings that would do credit to a professional in that line. Rutledge and Rice became very devoted to the young women and soon won their hearts by buying for them many valuable presents of jewelry and by giving them untiring and devoted attention. A proposal of marriage was made and a double wedding, fashionable in every detail was planned, the girls stating that they looked forward joyously to the time when they would no longer be compelled to work for a paltry salary, but instead would be the wives of prosperous business men.

These two girls, however, were not the only female acquaintances on the visiting list of Rutledge and Rice. They knew many others and spent most of their time visiting, driving and dining with their lady friends. They played the society game to the limit during the day and early part of the evening and late at night changed their attire and committed robbery on an extensive scale.

Even after they were arrested many of the women whom they had met refused to believe in their guilt, and during the time they were in jail in Chicago these women sought every opportunity they could invent for the purpose of seeing the men. Once when the robbers were arraigned in the commissioner's court, Myrtle Norrie entered dressed in deep mourning with her face partly covered with a heavy veil. She watched every movement of Rutledge as he sat in the prisoner's cage with Rice and Jones.

"Nothing can convince me that Frank is guilty," said Miss Norrie. "I love him yet and can never be convinced that he is as black as he is painted. They lie when they say that he served a sentence in Canon City for safe-blowing. I know that he never lived there."

Then she wept and her face flushed angrily. She seemed much concerned over the visit of two other mysterious girls who had called to see the prisoners. She looked daggers at them, though they did not seem to be frightened and left word that they would call at the county jail to see the prisoners.

During the time the bank robbers were making their efforts to escape extradition, they were in the custody of the Cook county authorities and extraordinary precautions were taken to prevent their escape. They had many shrewd friends, who were continuously planning a method for their escape. They watched and were perfectly familiar with every move made by the authorities and with every action made by the court. Some of these friends were always in the vicinity of the jail and court room. On one occasion a revolver was found in a bowl of soup, which had been sent to the prisoners by an outsider. After this the officers searched their cells and found another revolver. This was prior to the time when they were to be taken to the court from the jail and thence to Canada. On another occasion Jones attempted to take from the pocket of a United States Marshal, while in the prisoners' cage in the United States commissioner's room, a revolver, but was seen just in time to prevent it. At another time an effort was made, while the prisoners were being taken to the

District Federal Court, to escape from one of the elevators in the Monadnock building. A strong force of officers was always with them, however, and had to be unusually watchful at all times. The friends of these desperate men included both sexes. Just before they were taken to Canada a woman sent them a box of the finest imported cigars that could be bought. They also received a bottle of fine whiskey. These presents were confiscated by the officers and upon analysis were found to contain powerful narcotics. It was supposed that the prisoners intended to treat their guards while on the way to Canada, with the cigars and whiskey, and if they had induced them to partake of their hospitality, the prisoners would, while their guards were under the influence of the narcotics, have attempted to make their escape.

On the very day of their departure for Canada a very exciting incident took place which went to show how thoroughly posted the friends of these prisoners were. Early that morning the detectives went to the Cook county jail in a patrol wagon to convey the robbers to the Federal Court for the purpose of getting the order for their transfer to the Canadian authorities. Three cabs stood on the street in the vicinity of the jail, and in each was a woman, who was a friend of the prisoners. The patrol wagon was driven as rapidly as possible to the Monadnock building, in which the Federal Court was held, yet the women in the cabs arrived there as promptly as the wagon.

While the order was being obtained the detectives gave it out that the men would be taken to the Michigan Central depot to catch the train at 11 o'clock for their trip to Canada, while, in fact, the train which

was to take them away did not leave until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This did not deceive the women friends of the prisoners, however, nor did they get lost from the patrol wagon in the circuitous route it pursued in re-taking the prisoners to the Harrison Street Station. They were driven through several streets and alleys, the wagon winding about and turning in opposite directions a number of times; yet, when the wagon reached the Harrison Street Station, the three cabs with the three women were on hand.

They stayed in the vicinity of the station all day, but were closely watched by the police officers to prevent them from communicating with the prisoners. Just before 4 o'clock in the afternoon the three men were brought from their cells to be taken to the depot on Polk street. Suddenly the three women appeared, and just as they were going to make an attempt to reach the prisoners, a half dozen police seized them and held them at the Harrison Street Station until the men were safely aboard the train and far away from Chicago.

When the trunks of Rice, Rutledge and Jones were searched the officers found some interesting articles. There were several letters written by Miss Norrie to Rutledge. A photograph of her was also found in the trunk, with her name written on the back of it. Among other contents was a leather-bound Bible, on the title page of which was written, "Presented to Fred by his mother." The officers also found much fine wearing apparel, including a full dress suit of London make, white kid gloves, silk vests, duck suits, silk socks, and a dozen tailor-made suits. They also found an electrical appliance which is a modern in-

vention for the opening of safes, and which can be used only in towns where electricity is used for lighting.

There were also a number of valuable trinkets of various descriptions in the trunk, which was supposed to be the plunder of burglaries. The police recovered a memoranda book containing the names of fifty Canadian towns with a description of each place, naming the number of banks, number of safes, the population and the times of the arrival and departure of trains.

When Gannon, one of the members of the gang, was shot and killed on the west side, the police found on him a card with Rice's name on it. The card showed that Rice was stopping at the Great Northern Hotel, and when the detectives shadowed him there, they found that he was in company with some of the best-known business men of Chicago.

When he was questioned he gave references, naming people who were prominent in the social and business world of Chicago and Champaign, Illinois. He declared that he could not understand how Gannon got possession of his card. The references he gave completely convinced the police, for a time at least, that he was a business man with good connections and that there was no reason for suspecting him of having any relations with Gannon, the dead robber.

While the detectives were shadowing Rutledge, he frequently acted in such a straightforward way that they hesitated to arrest him. On one occasion when they were following him, he went into the residence of a prominent and well-known citizen, where it was found that he was a welcome visitor and had an inti-

mate acquaintance with members of the family. Both would be frequently seen around the most prominent hotels of Chicago in company with Chicago business men of high standing in the financial and social world. They were for a long time a Chinese puzzle to the officers of the law, and it was not until they had been captured in the Ashland avenue apartment building and their trunks searched that the mystery of their identity was disclosed.

It was an interesting case of pursuit and capture for the detectives. In the solution of what seemed at one time almost an impenetrable barrier as to the identity and occupation of these three clever criminals, the detectives found that they had an undertaking of more than ordinary importance.

But they succeeded, one clew following another, one event in the lives of the men leading to another, all of which made a complete chain of evidence, which has finally been their complete undoing and has ridded the country of a gang of the cleverest safe-blowers and bank-robbers that ever operated in the United States or any other country.

With their unlimited number of acquaintances and friends, they had formed an almost impassable barrier to the assaults of officers of the law. Always well supplied with money, which they secured by robbery and theft, they were enabled at all times to make a strong fight against every effort that was made to convict them of their crimes, and were as far above the ordinary criminal in intelligence and shrewdness as the "get rich quick" schemer is above the hold-up man of the levee.

The story of their crimes, their arrest and conviction and the tragical end of two of them forms a chapter in the history of the world that will forever furnish to the student of criminology a subject of deep interest.

Canadian criminal cases are conducted very differently from similar cases in the United States. They are heard by a police commissioner who sits in a sanctum, clothed in somber robes, looking as austere as the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

This august authority paid a very high compliment to Detectives Schubert and McGrath, the Chicago officers, who went to Toronto to testify against the bank robbers. During the progress of the trial he called them to the bench and personally complimented them upon the work they did in the case. After this he called them into his private chamber and had a long and pleasant talk with them.

He made many inquiries as to the methods employed in Chicago and other cities in the prosecution of criminal cases. He again complimented them on their work in the case and thanked them very heartily for what they did in bringing the criminals to justice. This was considered in Toronto a very high mark of confidence upon the part of the judge who conducted the case. As a further evidence of appreciation on the part of the Canadian authorities of the work done by the Chicago Police Department in bringing these three criminals to justice, the following letter was sent to the General Superintendent of Police in Chicago by the Crown Attorney:

NATIONAL TRUST BUILDING,
20 King Street.

EAST TORONTO, June 10, 1901.

Francis O'Neill, Esq., Chief of Police, Chicago.

Dear Sir:—I desire to thank you for the exceedingly valuable assistance you have rendered in the interests of justice in the arrest of Fred Lee Rice, Frank Rutledge and Thomas Jones, and in allowing Detectives Schubert and McGrath to come to Toronto and testify on the charges against these men. The evidence submitted by your detectives was very material, and they are to be congratulated, not only upon this evidence, but the splendid impression they made upon the court and jury. The case was one of great importance to us, as you well know, and I need scarcely assure your that, apart from the officers of our police court, who are always glad to reciprocate favors, I shall personally be only too glad to assist you at any time in any matter in which we can be of service to you. Believe me to be

Yours faithfully,

H. H. DEWART,
Crown Attorney, County of York

WHISKEY MADE HIM STEAL.

The use of whiskey made of Frank Henry, a man who had a good trade and could always earn enough money following his vocation to provide him with everything he needed, a common thief and finally caused his conviction and sentence to the penitentiary.

The man was a printer, but he would frequently begin a debauch which lasted several weeks, and when he was on one of these sprees he would steal anything he could lay his hands on.

He had a weakness for visiting printing offices, and it made but little difference whether any one was at

home or not. If the proprietor or foreman was there and he could get away with anything undetected which he could pawn, he would do it. If he called when the doors were closed, he would seek an entrance by means of false keys or force a door, or break a window, and take anything he could carry.

He went to a printing office on Van Buren street one Sunday evening and took a paper cutter and other tools. These he carried with him to a saloon between Harrison and Van Buren streets, and as he was in the act of putting them behind the bar he was seen by Detective Wooldridge, who arrested him. He could give no satisfactory answer as to how they came into his possession, and was locked up at the Harrison Street Station.

On the following morning a complaint was made of the larceny of the goods, which were identified. He was held in bonds to the criminal court, indicted, tried and found guilty, and sentenced to one year in the Joliet penitentiary by Judge Sears, March 24, 1894.

GIRL ENTICED FROM HOME.

There was at one time in Chicago a regular system of enticing young girls to the city to be held and used for immoral purposes. This was discovered in July, 1896, when Detective Wooldridge arrested James and Blanche Jackson, colored, at 126 Custom House place, on a charge of "unlawfully detaining a female in a disorderly house for immoral purposes." It was believed that the girls were procured in Milwaukee and brought

here under the pretense that they were to be given work at fancy salaries.

Blanche Jackson met the girl who was rescued by the police, in Milwaukee, and in a conversation induced her to take a boat to Chicago, where she said it was easy to find work. She was taken to 126 Custom House place, where she was kept prisoner until she fell sick. Then she wanted to leave, but was locked up in her room, and Mattie Bruce, the cook, was the only one allowed to go near her. Mrs. Bruce heard the girl's story and took pity on her, with the result that the police were notified, who, by a ruse, got the girl from the place.

Warrants were sworn out for the Jackson couple and they were arrested by Detective Wooldridge. The story of the girl's ill-treatment was most horrible, and the police went actively to work to put an end to the system, and succeeded so well that only an occasional case of this kind is now heard of. The young woman in this case was restored to her parents and did not prosecute.

CROOK IN A FARMER'S GARB.

DETECTIVE ARRESTS A MAN WHO WAS SUSPECTED OF
STEALING MILEAGE BOOKS.

The police of Chicago were informed early in 1896 that a number of ticket offices on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad had been robbed of tickets and mileage books. The detectives were instructed to look out for this property and arrest any one who was seen with it in their possession. On the night of June 2

Detective Wooldridge, while walking along Clark street, saw a man dressed like a farmer, running at full speed. His peculiar garb and rapid gait attracted a great deal of attention. He stopped the man and began to question him. This was objected to by the supposed farmer, who drew a large revolver and attempted to shoot Wooldridge.

At this point Detective Schubert came up and the man was arrested and taken to the Harrison Street Station, where he was charged with burglary, assault, receiving stolen goods and disorderly conduct. His name was John Thompson, and when searched it was found that he had a number of burglar's tools in his possession, two railway tickets, a number of ticket punches and other articles indicating that he was a crook. Two mileage books of two thousand miles each and one of one thousand miles were also found in his possession. They were issued by the Chicago & Northwestern railroad and were supposed to have been part of the property stolen from that company.

Further investigation showed that he had entered the house of a woman at 394 Clark street, and drawing his revolver had threatened to clear out the place. The woman had also said that he had beaten her. When Thompson was first taken to the station the officers felt considerably elated over his arrest, feeling confident that he was one of the gang who had been robbing the railway stations in Wisconsin. He claimed, however, that he found the mileage books and tickets, and a case of burglary could not be proven against him. A fine of \$100 was assessed against him, however, by Justice Richardson for assault on a woman.

THIEVES SLUG A FARMER.

The feeble and piteous cries of a man coming from an alley near Clark and Harrison street attracted the attention of Detective Wooldridge at midnight, March 4, 1892. He hurried to the place from which the cries came and found the prostrate form of a man who by this time was unconscious from the blows of a slung-shot in the hands of a thug.

He had scarcely time to make an examination of the man and ascertain that he was not seriously injured, when two men made a dash from a dark hallway, where they had retreated at the officer's approach, and started on a swift run down the alley. Wooldridge immediately gave chase, loudly calling to the pair to surrender. After ten minutes' hard running the detective realized that he was being outrun and took the only means left to bring the fugitives to a halt; he began firing.

The first shot from Wooldridge's revolver passed through the hat of one of the men and promptly brought him to a standstill. His companion, however, made good his escape.

Wooldridge put the fellow under arrest and found that he was Emanuel Reed, a tough negro with a bad record. His unfortunate victim was taken with him to the Harrison Street Station. Reed was placed behind the bars, and the wounded man, who proved to be a farmer from the interior of the state, was taken care of. At the time of the assault he had \$1,600 in his pocket, but the quick response of the detective so frightened the thieves they overlooked the money. Reed was fined \$100 and sent to the House of Correction.

TERROR OF CLARK STREET.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE THE ONLY OFFICER WHOM HATTIE SMITH DID NOT GET THE BEST OF.

The terror of Clark street at one time was a big colored woman who called herself Hattie Smith, alias Hattie Washington. She was one of the most vicious and desperate thieves on the levee, and almost every time she was arrested she would make a fight with the officers. She had whipped several of them, and on one occasion, when she was arrested, threw a brick at one of them, knocking him down. It would sometimes take four or five men to put her in the wagon.

On February 19, 1892, Detectives Wooldridge and Fitzgerald noticed three colored women in front of 376 Clark street who had an old farmer in tow. After watching a few minutes, they discovered the farmer was under the influence of liquor and that the women were trying to rob him. They crossed the street and hurried to his assistance, placing Mary Logan, Lena Blake and Hattie Smith under arrest.

Hattie vowed that Wooldridge and Fitzgerald could not take her and ran into a stove store near by. Gathering up stove lids, wrenches, gas pipes, in fact, everything she could lay her hands on, she threw them at the officers and finally ran to the rear of the store, entered a bedroom and secreted herself under the bed.

Two more officers came to their assistance and she was dragged out from under the bed. She fought and kicked, and it became necessary to put the "come-alongs" on each wrist. When this was done, Wooldridge had one arm and Fitzgerald the other. The

wagon was called, but before it reached the place the "come-alongs" caused Hattie to scream with pain, and she promised if they would take them off she would behave herself and submit to the arrest peaceably.

Fitzgerald released her from his "come-alongs," and as he did so she struck him a stinging blow under the ear, which came near upsetting him. She was just in the act of striking Wooldridge, who still had his "come-alongs" on her other wrist, when he took a twist on them which cut down into her flesh and left their marks there for months. Hattie was thrown to her knees, and some five or six officers grabbed her and placed her in the wagon.

When she reached the police station and was being taken out of the wagon she let fly one of her John L. Sullivan blows and knocked the wagon man spinning and got away. She ran down Pacific avenue, pursued by a dozen officers, who overtook her at the corner of Polk street. She was again taken to the station and when the lock-up keeper was locking her in a cell she spit in his face. She kept the station in an uproar all night, using the most vile and profane language. She was arraigned the next morning on a charge of disorderly conduct, resisting arrest and vagrancy, and fined \$100 on each charge by Justice Lyons.

A few nights after this occurred Wooldridge and Fitzgerald had occasion to arrest her again. She said that she had licked no less than half a dozen officers in the Harrison Street Station, and that she would not be satisfied until she licked Wooldridge; that she had promised herself she would, on the first opportunity, lick him for giving her that fine of \$300, and then she started for him.

Wooldridge hit her with his "billie" and knocked her down. When she got on her feet he knocked her down again, and he was compelled to knock her down no less than six times before she would give up. She walked to the station peaceably, was locked up and fined \$75 the following morning.

Several months later Hattie became involved in a quarrel with another colored woman who lived at 141 Custom House place, a house of ill-repute kept by Blanche Alexander. Hattie opened the door, and seeing the woman she was seeking, began, without any ceremony, to empty a revolver at her. After the smoke of battle had cleared away, Blanche Alexander and two other inmates were found to be wounded. Hattie was arrested, and after lying in jail a long time was finally released for want of prosecution.

Then she began again her career of robbery. On the evening of the city and county elections, April 4, 1899, T. S. Moore, captain of one of the lake vessels, and who lived on the west side, went down to the city to hear the result of the voting.

He stopped at the Polk street depot to send a telegram, and started to walk to the office of the Chicago Tribune, where the election returns were being posted. He had reached 167 Custom House place, when Hattie Smith and another colored woman loomed up. Hattie's companion threw her arms around Mr. Moore's neck and extracted \$56 from one of his pockets, but before she could get away he caught her arm. Then there was a fierce struggle for the money, which Mr. Moore had nearly got by prying her fingers loose, one at a time, when Hattie Smith ran up and slashed the back of his hand with a razor, nearly amputating

it, cutting through to the bones and leaving a wound four inches long.

Then she turned to run, but Mr. Moore caught her with his other hand and snatched a black, curly wig from her head. He pursued her into a restaurant a few steps from where the robbery took place, but she made her escape, and Mr. Moore reported the matter to the police station.

Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case, and in two hours discovered that Hattie Smith, alias Hattie Washington, was the woman who had so severely cut Mr. Moore. She kept out of the way and was not located until three days later, when the detective found that she was in her room at 159 Custom House place. He entered quietly and saw her and a companion in bed asleep. Wooldridge knew it would require some strategy to make the arrest. He stepped outside, and, going to a hydrant, drew a bucket of water which was nearly ice-cold. Slipping back into the room he deliberately dashed the water into the faces of the sleepers. When the woman realized she had not fallen into the Chicago river, she submitted to arrest and was taken to the station. The lake captain, however, had to leave the city, and as there was no prosecutor she escaped punishment.

FLED ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE CAPTURES PEARL SMITH AFTER SHE HAD TRAVELED THOUSANDS OF MILES TO ELUDE HIM.

Among the most notorious female footpads in the United States and one who is only excelled in this

line by Emma Ford is Pearl Smith, who is a full sister to the former. There is nothing strange in the fact that the names are different, because these people change their names as often as they do their residences.

No officer perhaps in the whole country has had as exciting and varied an experience in the pursuit of a criminal as Detective Wooldridge has had with Pearl Smith. He has arrested her a number of times, and once after she had escaped and traveled thousands of miles to elude him, he finally captured her and sent her to the penitentiary for a long time.

The detective's first serious trouble with Pearl Smith began in 1892. On Sunday evening, October 6 of that year, Pearl Smith and Mary White seized a South Water street commission merchant who had just alighted from a train and was on his way home half a block from the Polk street depot with his arms full of bundles. While he was passing the doorway at 410 Dearborn street he was seized by the arms and lifted off his feet by a powerful jerk and landed in the doorway at this number, when the door was closed on him.

There he found himself in the clutches of these powerful colored women footpads. The bundles he carried were dashed to the floor, and he fought them desperately with one hand, while he held on to his money, which was in his inside pocket, with the other hand. He was no match for them, however, and part of his clothing was torn off in the severe scuffle. They finally secured the money, amounting to \$320, then rushed out of the hallway and locked him inside. The occupants of the rooms above had heard the noise

resulting from the encounter and came to his assistance, releasing him from his imprisonment. He sought Detective Wooldridge and made a complaint of the robbery, giving the officer a very good account of it and also a description of the women. Wooldridge then began a systematic search for the robbers. In a short while he discovered them only two blocks away from the scene of the hold-up. They were in an alley dividing the money they had secured. He at once gave chase and captured Mary White, taking her to the police station, where she was searched and found to have in her possession \$120 in \$20 bills. The money was fully identified on account of a bottle of ink having been spilled on it that morning, and further by the owner knowing the denomination of the bills.

Pearl Smith eluded the officer at this time, and was not captured until two weeks later. Both were identified by the victim and held to the criminal court in bonds of \$500 each. They secured bail and were soon after indicted by the grand jury. Capiases were issued for their arrest and placed in the hands of Detective Wooldridge and Deputy Sheriff Staley for service.

The officers went to 1907 Armour avenue, where Pearl Smith was at that time living. When they arrived they found her in bed. They waited outside of her room door for her to dress. After allowing her enough time the officers thought to make a toilet for a wedding, they entered the room and found that she had gone. They discovered that she had lifted a trap door in the center of the room, and in her night clothes had dropped through this opening to the ground six feet below and had made her escape.

Detective Wooldridge found that she had left this

city and learned from several sources that she had probably gone to Kansas City. A telegram was sent to the Chief of Police at that place asking him to locate and detain the fugitive.

A reply was received saying the woman had gone from there to Denver. Wooldridge then went to the Western Union telegraph office and determined to send dispatches to all the cities in the West in order to locate her. The Western Union, however, refused to send the telegrams unless they were guaranteed by the Chief of Police of Chicago or paid for in advance.

The detective was thwarted for the time being in his efforts to locate the woman for the reason that it then was late at night and the Chief of Police had left his office, and he himself had not the necessary funds with him to pay for the dispatches. He was determined not to be outdone by a small matter like this, however, and left the telegraph office to get more money. He finally secured this by depositing his gold watch and overcoat with a money-lender, then rushed back to the Western Union office, paid for the dispatches and told the operator to "burn the wires" all over the West until he located the fugitive.

He learned by this means that the woman had been in Kansas City, but had left there. He traced her thence to Denver, and from there on to San Francisco, where it was learned that the fleeing woman had gone to Galveston, Texas, then on to New Orleans, and from there to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where she was arrested and brought back to Chicago.

She again secured bail, and her case was placed on the court call no less than five times, but through the use of money and influence she was not brought to

trial until April 24, 1893, almost six months after her indictment.

Then followed one of the most energetic and vigilant searches by the defense to locate the complaining witness in the case and settle with him outside of court. The detective had prepared for this, however, and they failed to locate the woman's victim. He had changed his residence and place of business, and no one except Wooldridge knew his address. The officer was even offered \$1,000 in cash to tell the friends of the woman where the complaining witness lived. Wooldridge replied that he was not his keeper, and if they found him they must do it through their own efforts.

The conclusion was finally reached by the woman and her friends that the merchant she had robbed had decided not to prosecute her and had left the city.

The case was on call six days before it was reached, and all this time Wooldridge had the witness secreted in the Sherman House in charge of another officer. When the case was called, ex-State's Attorney Elliott, who was defending the two women, appeared before the court and in a dramatic and forcible manner said that he was informed that the state's witness had left the city, and this being the case, there was no prosecutor present, and he demanded the immediate discharge of the prisoners. At this point matters looked very bright for these female footpads, but Wooldridge cast a gloom over the situation when he told the court that Mr. Elliott had been misinformed and that the witness was present and was in as good health as any one in the court room. Mr. Elliott was also told that the witness had already lost twenty-eight days in at-

tendance, and he was still waiting for the case to be called; that he intended to stick and fight it out if he had to be in attendance a whole year.

Then the merchant who had been robbed by the defendants six months before stepped into the court room and stood before the two women. His appearance was like an apparition. Pearl Smith recognized him instantly and decided that her only hope was through flight. She lost no time in carrying out her intention, but at once dashed through the door and made her escape.

Mary White was placed on trial at once, and after a very hard and stubborn fight by her counsel she was convicted and given three years in the penitentiary, but the sentence was finally cut down by Judge Adams to two years, which she served. She was known as the "strangler," and managed several dens of vice, and is credited with having stolen nearly \$50,000.

Detective Wooldridge again took up a hunt for Pearl Smith. He soon got on her trail and followed her by means of telegrams through the state of Michigan, then to Cincinnati, then to Louisville, and finally located her in Chattanooga, Tenn., where she was arrested and brought back the second time. She was arraigned for trial on a charge of larceny before Judge Ewing, June 19, 1893. She pleaded guilty and was given five years in the penitentiary. Her criminal career was similar to that of her sister, Emma Ford. She was born in Nashville, Tenn., and lived with her mother who conducted what was known as the "White Castle." She committed so many robberies and other crimes that she was finally driven from that city.

She was released from the penitentiary in 1897, returning to her own old work on the levee and robbing whenever she had a chance.

On the night of February 23, 1892, long before she had been sent to the penitentiary, Detective Wooldridge caught Pearl Smith holding up and robbing a man on Plymouth place. The detective went to the man's assistance and reached him before the woman got his money. On the following day she was fined \$100 and costs for this offense.

She was finally driven out of the city by the police in 1899, and next turned up in New York city.

Here she began the same career she followed in Chicago, and was very successful for some months. Later, however, she was arrested by the police of New York and convicted of robbery, for which she is now serving a term of five years in Sing Sing penitentiary.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

**TWO TOUGH HIGHWAYMEN AND HORSE THIEVES FROM
BALTIMORE CAPTURED AFTER A RUNNING FIGHT.**

The Democratic National Convention was in session in Chicago on June 23, 1892, and on that night Grover Cleveland was nominated for president. Detective Wooldridge was detailed at the convention hall on Michigan avenue and Madison street, to look after pickpockets, shell workers and thieves who take advantage of such large gatherings to ply their vocation.

It rained in torrents on the night mentioned, and the storm had driven almost every one home, and the

streets were nearly flooded with water. Wooldridge was detained at the convention hall till early in the morning, when he started home. He reached the corner of Wabash avenue, when he heard a cry of "Stop, thief!" "Police!" "Help!" and a moment later a buggy came at a rapid rate down the street. The driver was lashing his horse right and left, trying to make it go faster.

This unseemly haste at this hour of the morning, together with the cries he had heard, convinced Wooldridge that a crime had been committed, and that these men were the guilty ones. That they must be stopped and an investigation made was the heroic detective's resolve, and he immediately put it into execution.

When they had come to within fifty feet of Wooldridge, he sprang into the street, revolver in hand, and ordered them to halt. They paid no attention to him, but whipped the horse all the harder.

As the horse was nearly on him, he sprang aside and caught at the bridle and there hung for dear life, notwithstanding the blows that were rained on his head by one of the men who had jumped on the back of the horse. Still the brave and plucky detective hung on and was carried a block before the horse was brought to a stop.

Wooldridge had, during the melee, managed to fire a shot at the man who was on the horse's back. The man at whom the detective had fired rolled off the horse's back and it was supposed that he was either killed or dangerously wounded.

Some two hundred feet further the horse was stopped, and John Crosby, one of the men in the

buggy, grabbed the horse weight and hurled it at the detective's head with such force that he lost his balance and fell over the dashboard almost at the feet of Wooldridge, who had dodged the murderous missile, and with a well-directed blow with the butt of his revolver, laid Crosby out.

John McGinnis, one of the other men, tried to make his escape by jumping from the buggy on the opposite side of Wooldridge. His foot became entangled in the lap robe and before he could extricate himself Wooldridge had him by the coat collar.

McGinnis pulled a piece of garden hose filled with shot from his pocket and used it as a billy, Wooldridge using his revolver as a club. They both grappled and blow after blow was exchanged, neither willing to yield an inch, though it looked as if the detective was getting the worst of it. Still he held on. Both were bleeding from a number of wounds, which they inflicted on each other as the desperate fight went on. Then McGinnis fell unconscious from a blow from the revolver.

The other having gotten away, the two men who were left were taken into custody, several citizens in the meantime having come to the aid of the officer. He went to look after the man whom he thought was shot, but no trace of him was found.

They had in their possession a horse and buggy stolen from State and Polk streets, which belonged to Emmet C. Gibson, of 2444 Cottage Grove avenue. The three men had driven the horse and buggy to an alley under the elevated railroad on Congress street, where they had held up James McNeal of 380 State street and relieved him of his watch and \$50. This

man had raised the cry that attracted the detective's attention.

Both the robbers were held to the grand jury and placed on trial July 26 before Judge Hawes, found guilty and given one year in the penitentiary.

LONG TERM FOR BICYCLE THIEF.

MAN WHO STOLE A WHEEL SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY
FOR TEN YEARS.

Bicycle thieves were at one time the bane of all lovers of the wheel in Chicago, but through the efforts of the police, encouraged by the courts in punishing these daring purloiners of the property of others, the theft of a bicycle has become a rare occurrence.

Detective Wooldridge arrested a man giving the name of Andrew Washington, November 27, 1893, for stealing a bicycle from the residence of Mrs. Brown, 12 Polk street. The evidence against the thief was complete, and when it was presented in court before Judge Freeman, the man was found guilty and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary.

This is the most severe sentence ever given to a bicycle thief in Chicago, and it had the effect of nearly putting an end to this kind of larceny. The stolen bicycle in this instance was valued at \$150, and notwithstanding the fact that it was recovered and returned to the owner, the court gave the prisoner the sentence of ten years.

On December 8, 1892, W. P. Spencer entered a flat on the west side and stole a bicycle worth \$165,

which was taken to a pawnbroker on Clark street and offered for \$25. Detective Wooldridge noticed that Spencer could not ride the wheel and that he acted suspiciously, and followed him into the pawnbroker's place, and after asking a number of questions he arrested him. This was just one hour after the wheel was stolen.

The fellow could give no satisfactory answer as to how he came in possession of the wheel, and soon after the owner made complaint at the station.

Spencer was held to the grand jury in bonds of \$800, was indicted and on trial sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

BREAKS UP A COCK FIGHT.

**DETECTIVE IN DISGUISE LOCATES A CROWD OF SPORTS AND
ARRESTS ALL OF THEM.**

Cock fighting is one of the most disgusting and cruel sports indulged in by gamblers. It has been suppressed in Chicago a number of times, but occasionally breaks out again in all its old-time fierceness. It has always been a difficult matter to stop this cruel diversion, for the reason that it is carried on so quietly and secretly that the police are often unable to locate the "pits" or arenas in which the mains take place.

Cock fighting is usually carried on in the basement of some saloon or in an out-of-the-way barn or vacant building. In the center of the room is a ten-foot padded circle in which the birds are pitted against

each other, and it is usually a fight to the death. Sometimes the fights are held in the upper stories of buildings, but it is always difficult to gain access unless one is known to the promoters of the sport.

On January 9, 1897, the Police Department received information that there was to be a cock fight on Wabash avenue, and Detective Wooldridge was detailed to locate the place and stop the sport. Every barn, saloon and vacant house east of State street, in which it seemed there was any prospect of a cock fight, was visited and a close watch kept on all passers-by, busses and vehicles from 7 to 11 p. m., in the effort to locate some clue to the fight.

While Wooldridge was standing at Fifteenth street and Wabash avenue an old buggy drove by. It had no top and contained three men who had some gunny sacks in front of them. This aroused suspicion, and after the buggy had passed Wooldridge heard the crow of a cock. He was convinced he was on the right track, and pulling his hat down over his face, he started to follow the buggy.

It turned west on the Air Line railroad track to the alley and went north in the alley until it reached a six-story house which ran to the alley in the rear of a livery stable at 1525 Wabash avenue.

There the men alighted, taking out several of the sacks containing the fighting cocks.

The detective was strengthened in his belief that he had located the fighting pit by seeing men in groups pass down the alley, and he heard one fellow ask his friend if he had a pass, for without one he could not get in. The detective had neither pass nor

invitation; but into this barn he must go and see what was going on.

Wooldridge then disguised himself as a bum, and going down to a poultry store at Clark and Harrison streets, secured two roosters, placed each of them in a gunny sack and returned to the barn.

With his chickens in the sack, he started boldly to enter. He was stopped several times, but told the sentries he was sent there with the chickens and he must deliver them. Finally he was permitted to enter and was told to take the chickens upstairs.

Upon reaching the sixth floor he found a large assembly of men, a canvas pit, and lamps with reflectors on the walls around the room. The windows were covered with blankets, and there was a bar in one corner, stocked with liquors and cigars. Everything was shipshape, ready for the fight.

Under the pretense of going for some more birds, Wooldridge left the hall and hurried to a patrol box. He told Lieutenant Cudmore he wanted twenty policemen and three wagons as quickly as he could get them, and they were soon at hand.

The place was then raided, and there was a wild scramble among the sports to get away. Twenty-five men and seventeen cocks were captured, none escaping except the Shanghai roosters which Wooldridge used as a ruse to get inside.

The prisoners were booked under the state law and arraigned before Justice Underwood and heavily fined. Two of the birds were produced as evidence in court and placed on the iron railing in front of the justice. Upon viewing each other they began crowing so lustily and loudly that persons on the outside thought

that the magistrate was conducting a cock fight in the Temple of Justice. He removed the suspicion by ordering the chickens taken away.

RESORT TO FIRE ESCAPE.

CROOKS TAKE TO THE HOUSE TOPS, BUT VIGILANT DETECTIVE FOLLOWS AND ARRESTS THEM.

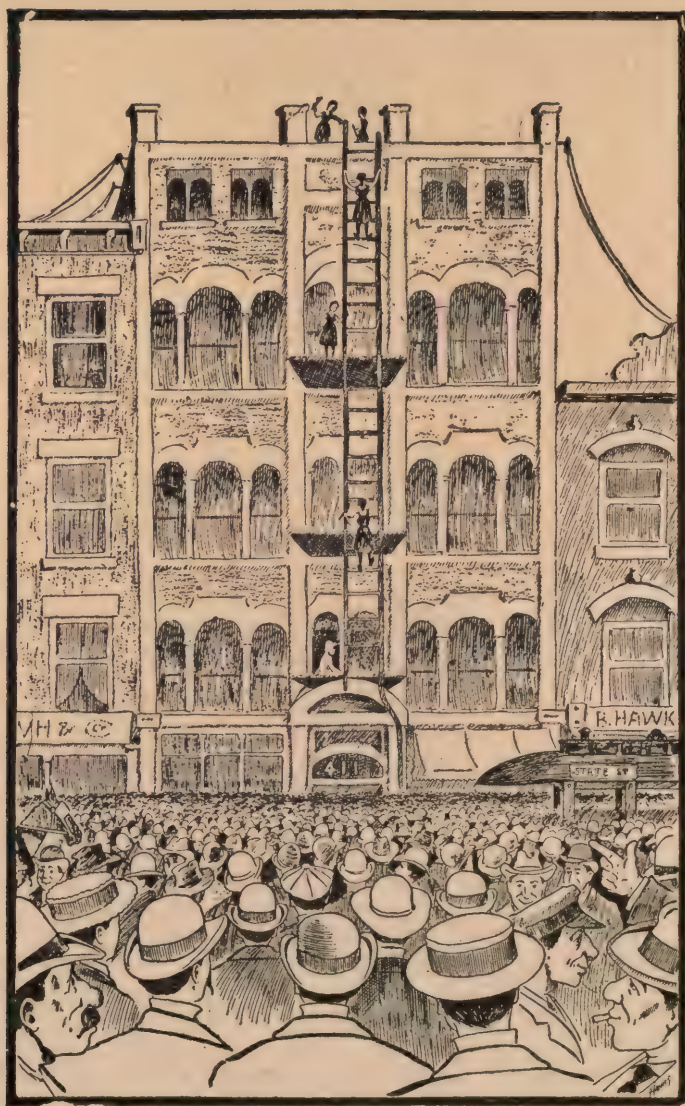
In the latter part of August, 1896, a complaint was made to Captain Charles G. Koch, who was then in command of the Harrison Street Police Station, that Jennie Wells, Dot Delaney and Dot Gordon were conducting an opium joint and panel house at 411 State street.

Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert were detailed to break it up, and, armed with warrants, went to the place. Finding the doors locked and bolted against them, they were compelled to use a battering ram before they could gain admission. A search was made, but only Frank Gordon could be found.

On going to the window on State street the officers were surprised to see some three or four hundred people on the opposite side of the street, whose attention was being attracted by some more than ordinary event.

One of the men was seen to point to the roof, and on looking up the officers were surprised to see Dot Delaney, bareheaded, dressed in short dress and low neck, and red shoes, with an opium pipe in one hand, ascending the fire escape.

A number of the other inmates had preceded her



CLIMBING THE FIRE ESCAPE.

in making their escape. Wooldridge thought that if she could climb the dangerous fire escape he could, and up he went to the roof and brought down four of the inmates and a number of opium pipes and other accessories of an opium joint.

All this time the crowd was increasing, until there were more than a thousand people, who cheered lustily, and even the passengers got off the street cars to see the sport.

Several trips were made before all were brought down. The patrol wagon was called, and the prisoners were taken to the station. The next morning they were arraigned and given heavy fines.

The evildoers and levee characters have about made up their minds that there is no way that they can avoid the sleuth when he goes after them.

They have tried to shoot him. They have tried to whip him. They have taken the railroad trains. They have dug tunnels. They have gone to the house-tops. They have climbed fire escapes. They have tried to bribe him. They have built panels in the walls. They have used their pull with politicians. They have jumped off house-tops.

They have tried to outrun him. They have taken the steamboats. They have tried to feign death. They have tried to hide in trunks. They have tried hot water on him. They have tried red pepper. They have tried intimidation. They have offered \$10,000 to have him removed or discharged. But, somehow, they cannot avoid him, and there is only one way left untried; that is by the balloon route, which will probably be tried next.

RUFFIAN ASSAULTS A CHILD.

**LITTLE GIRL ENTICED INTO A HOTEL BY A NEGRO AND
FORCED TO DO HIS BIDDING.**

In her determination to escape from the clutches of a brutal negro, Fannie Gray, a little thirteen-year-old girl, who had come to Chicago from a country town to get work, leaped from a third-story window of the Diamond Hotel.

She was clad only in a short nightdress, leaving even her shoes and stockings behind in her flight for safety. It was two o'clock in the morning, and Detective Wooldridge saw the fleeing form and at once gave pursuit.

The girl fell from exhaustion after she had run two blocks. Then the detective picked her up tenderly and took her to the police station, where she was well cared for. There she related her story to the detective.

She said she had come to Chicago to get employment, but failing to find it and worn out from walking over the city, sat down on the curbstone at Thirty-fifth street and Michigan avenue to rest. It was then that she realized her condition—in a strange city, without either friends or money, tired and hungry, footsore and weary. And the question came to her with much force, "What am I to do?" It was beginning to grow dark, and a storm was threatening. Tears filled her eyes, and she cried and sobbed as though her heart would break. "Oh," she cried, "if I could only see my dear mother once more and tell her how sorry I am I left her." She promised her-

self that if she could only reach her home she would never leave it again.

While she sat and wept there, a colored woman of the name of Mary Anderson chanced to pass that way, and she was attracted by the strange fact of the girl's sitting on the edge of the walk and being in such



GIRL MAKING HER ESCAPE.

deep distress; so she spoke to her and told her to go to Fannie Wright's, 3507 Dearborn street, several squares distant from where they were. Mary Anderson told Fannie that she might possibly find employment there; if not employment, at any rate, she would

have shelter for the night, which was considerably better than staying out in the cold.

To make sure that she would reach Wright's in safety, the colored woman introduced Fannie to a burly negro, Cobb Jackson, who, she said, would conduct her to her new place. Instead, however, of taking her to this place, he took the girl to several saloons, and at eleven o'clock that night he enticed her to the Diamond Hotel, where, he told her, a position awaited her.

At the several saloons they visited prior to arriving at the Diamond Hotel, which is situated at the southeast corner of Twenty-fourth and State streets, wine and beer had been bought, and the villain was ready for anything. He secured a bed for the night, and after Fannie had retired, this black ruffian, like a lurking serpent, crept to her room, and at the point of a revolver threatened her life if she made an outcry. Fannie fought desperately, but Jackson placed his hand over her mouth, choked her into submission and raped this helpless child.

He then locked the door of the bedroom, and placing the key in his pocket, at 2 a. m. fell asleep. Fannie then slipped out of bed, hoisted the window carefully, and mounting the window sill, leaped over an air shaft some five feet wide, which led up from the first to the third floor, where her room was located. Had she missed her footing she would have fallen and been dashed to instant death. As it was, she went heels over head down the steps to the floor below. The only damage she received in this wonderful passage was a scalp wound in the back of the head.

After the child's clothes had been secured and she

was made comfortable, Detective Wooldridge started out to find and arrest Cobb Jackson, her assailant. He first went to Mrs. Wright's, 3507 Dearborn street, where he found a photograph of Jackson, and together with Officer Fletcher he visited every saloon and resort on State street from Thirty-fifth street, until Van Buren street was reached, and it was while passing the alley between State and Dearborn streets on Van Buren that Jackson was found.

Before he (Jackson) knew where he was or what had struck him a pair of handcuffs had been slipped on his wrists, and he was taken to the Harrison Street Station, where he was confronted with Fannie, who identified him the very moment she laid her eyes on him, and she then repeated the story that she had told Detective Wooldridge before.

Two days later the case was presented to the grand jury, which returned a true bill charging rape, and on June 2, 1897, Jackson was arraigned before Judge Baker, found guilty and sentenced to ten years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

The father and mother of Fannie were present during the trial, and considerable force had to be brought to bear to deter Mr. Gray from doing Jackson bodily harm for the awful injury he had worked on the child.

PURSE SNATCHER IS PUNISHED.

One of the meanest classes of thieves to deal with in large cities is known as "purse snatchers." Their victims are nearly always women. They mix in a crowd of shoppers at a street crossing or corner,

snatch a purse from a woman's hand, dart away and are soon lost in the throng. In August, 1896, while Mrs. C. B. Wilson and her two sisters were crossing the Rock Island tracks on Harrison street, two colored men ran up behind her. One of them held her arms while the other snatched her purse. The three women screamed, and one of the men ran east on Harrison street to Clark. He was pursued by a number of citizens and police officers, but jumped on a south-bound electric car and escaped. The thief's confederate ran north on the Rock Island tracks to Polk street, closely followed by Detective Wooldridge. Just before the officer reached him, the thief threw the purse under a passenger coach, after having taken the money from it. The man, who gave his name as Frank Ford, was arrested and taken back to the scene of the robbery, where he was identified by Mrs. Wilson and her sisters.

At the station Ford was identified as the man who had tried to steal Mrs. Clement's purse, 17 Charles place, half an hour before. He was locked up charged with robbery, and held to the criminal court in bonds of \$2,000, indicted and arraigned for trial September 24, 1897, found guilty and sent to the Pontiac Reformatory.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW.

TRACKS LEAD TO THE DISCOVERY OF A BIG DEN OF THIEVES
AND TWO ARE ARRESTED.

A light fall of snow is sometimes an aid to a detective and is also frequently fatal to a footpad. In one case it gave Detective Wooldridge a clew which led

to the arrest of two men who tried to rob a flat at 1219 State street.

The detective was crossing the Twelfth street viaduct on January 4, 1892, and had reached a point about three hundred yards west of State street when a cry of "Burglars!" "Police!" reached his ears. The call for help came from the corner of Twelfth and State streets.

Upon reaching that point he was informed that two men had tried to effect an entrance to the flat at 1219 State street and had been frightened away, but succeeded in taking a tub of butter with them and escaped down the alley.

There was a light fall of snow, and Wooldridge upon going to the alley found fresh tracks of two men, and upon investigation discovered that one of the men had one very long foot and a very short one. Apparently one of the feet was deformed or a part of it had been amputated at some time.

The tracks of the other man showed that one of his feet was shod in a long narrow-pointed shoe, and the track was directly in a line of the way in which the man was going, while the other foot was turned in almost an opposite direction, and the shoe was not so large. The feet were not the same size, neither were the shoes mates, and the tracks were made by a man who was crippled or deformed.

Wooldridge concluded that he would follow the tracks and try to overtake the men.

The tracks led through the alley to Fourteenth street, then west to the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad tracks until they reached an old coal car on the side track between Taylor and Harri-

son streets. The detective waited and listened several minutes. He could hear numerous voices and shuffling of feet in the car. He decided there were too many for him to tackle single-handed, so he went back to the station for assistance.

Returning with eight men, he surrounded the car and arrested forty men, twenty-six of whom were sent to the House of Correction on \$40 fines. Among them were William Lake and John Murry.

Both of these men had deformed feet, and evidently were the ones who stole the butter and tried to effect an entrance to the flat. Failing to have any one identify them as the men, they were fined the same amount as the others, \$40 each.

A wagon-load of goods was taken from the car, consisting of canned fruit, meat, butter, groceries, shoes and clothing. Anything they could lay their hands on was stolen, and either used by them or sold. This was the breaking up of one of the toughest gangs of petty thieves that had been on the levee for years.

CATCHES THREE BURGLARS.

**DETECTIVE DOES A CLEVER PIECE OF WORK AND RECOVERS
\$1,000 WORTH OF STOLEN PROPERTY.**

On the night of July 21, 1895, while Detective Wooldridge was patrolling his beat in the vicinity of State and Taylor streets, he did a clever piece of work in the capture of three burglars, one of whom made a confession which resulted in the recovery of \$1,000 worth of stolen property. The capture was effected in this way: The officer observed a colored

man enter Carriss' pawnshop at 492 State street with a large bundle in his hands. Becoming suspicious that everything was not right, he followed him into the place, and it afterwards proved to be Henry Kelly, who also discovered the officer. Kelly passed the bundle to one of the clerks, and, giving some instructions, he passed out through the rear into the alley.

Wooldridge demanded to see the contents of the bundle, and when it was shown he was surprised to find it was a handsome sealskin cloak worth \$400. The clerk informed the officer that the colored man was unknown, and as he wanted to effect a loan on the garment and not feeling satisfied as to the ownership, he had sent him to bring the woman to whom it belonged. Wooldridge instructed the clerk to advance no money and to hold the garment until the man who brought it there returned for it.

The detective went to a clothing store close by, changed his helmet for a soft hat, put on a long rain coat that completely covered his uniform, and the disguise was quite appropriate, as it was raining hard, and returned to the pawnshop and secreted himself in a closet where he could see and hear everything that was done.

Here he remained two hours, when a man walked in named Henry Reed with a note from Kelly to the pawnbroker to send him \$25 on the sack. Carriss told him he could do no business with any one except the man who brought it. In a few minutes Kelly, Reed and a man named Franklin came running into the place, thinking Carriss intended to keep the sack without paying any one, as is frequently done, and de-

manded the return of the sack or money, or they would blow his brains out.

Wooldridge came forth from his hiding place, and, covering them with a revolver in each hand, arrested all three, landing them in the station.

While they were there being booked Mary Edilston, of 371 Clark street, entered the station with tears in her eyes, saying that her house at the above number had been robbed of \$1,000 worth of jewelry and clothing. She identified the sealskin sack Kelly was trying to pawn. Kelly made a confession, telling where the rest of the property could be found, and implicated Henry Reed, Will Johnson and Frankie Gregs, who were arrested. The remainder of the goods had been spirited away to Twenty-second street, where they were found and recovered.

Frankie Gregs jumped her bond of \$500 and fled to parts unknown. October 23, 1895, the others were arraigned for trial before Judge J. B. Payne. Will Johnson and Henry Reed were sent to Joliet penitentiary for an indefinite term, and Henry Kelly was sent to the Pontiac Reformatory.

SHOT BY A MANIAC.

OTTO FIEDER AND HENRY BRANG MORTALLY WOUNDED BY
JOSEPH DEVISH, WHO IS ARRESTED.

Cheap whiskey transformed Joseph Devish into a maniac at the junk shop of Otto Fieder, 200 Fifth avenue. When the poison had been thoroughly diffused throughout his brain, he shot Henry Brang in the throat, the bullet passing down into the man's left lung. Then he shot the proprietor, Otto Fieder,

the bullet entering the base of the brain and plowing its way down along the spine. Both men were taken to the hospital, and the doctor said they would die.

After a long search the murderer was found with two loaded guns by his side. He was arrested after a struggle with Detective Wooldridge of the Harrison Street Station and locked up.

After the shooting every one in the neighborhood was in a state of terror. A passing street car loaded with passengers narrowly escaped being transformed into a hearse. The crack of revolvers and the crashing of glass startled the driver and he did not stop lashing the "steeds" until the corner of Harrison street was turned. There a stop was made and several excited persons began to investigate. Henry Brang was seen to emerge from the junk shop. When he reached the corner of the street blood was spurting from the hole in his neck. He staggered from one side of the walk to the other and left behind him a trail of blood. He was conscious and warned every one from entering the junk shop; as Devish was a maniac. His instructions were religiously obeyed. He was helped to the station, where he lost consciousness owing to the great loss of blood.

When the officers reached the scene of the murderous affray the odor of burnt powder still pervaded the place; the upper windows were shattered by pistol balls, and on the floor lay the body of the proprietor weltering in a pool of blood. His hair and beard stuck to the begrimed floor, and it was evident that Fieder was near his end. After the dying man was sent to the hospital a hunt was begun for the murderer.

The store is a deep one and runs from Fifth avenue

to the alley. In the front was a dimly-lighted gas jet, and it was the only light to be found in the place. The floor was covered with debris of all descriptions. Ax helms and wheel spokes were found in different parts of the room stained with blood and gave mute but unmistakable evidence of a battle having been fought. The rear door and windows were securely barred, and it at once dawned upon the officers that the murderer was still in the building.

Piled up as high as the ceiling on either side of the room were bales of rags; in the rear were barrels of iron, and this composed the stock of Otto Fieder. The hunt was begun, however, and the sidewalk was soon vacated by various people. They expected more shooting, but did not wish to figure as targets. Everything was upturned, and at last Detective Wooldrige saw the form of a man hidden behind a bale of goods in the rear of the store. He told the fellow to come out, but only a few guttural sounds escaped him. Then the officers threw themselves on the bundle and Joseph Devish was a prisoner.

When he was brought under the gas light two heavy revolvers with every chamber loaded were found beside him. Why he did not shoot the officers was something left to conjecture.

The sidewalk was again crowded with a mob, all anxious to get sight of the madman. He was hurriedly loaded into a patrol wagon and driven to the Harrison Street Station. There he was searched, and besides the revolvers he had three dangerous looking knives in his trousers pockets. He said he was forty-five years of age, a Pole and a widower. He had two children, a boy of thirteen living on Eighteenth street and a married daughter living at Marengo, Ill.

Fieder had a family living on Division street, and was well known by all junk men throughout the city. He had been in business at 190 Fifth avenue for a number of years, and accumulated considerable money owing to his frugal habits. Devish had been in his employ for eight years, and Brang had been at work but a few days. Devish was intoxicated when he came into the junk shop the afternoon before and requested an advance on his week's wages. Fieder refused to comply with the request, and Devish became enraged. He went to his bunk in the rear of the shop and got the two revolvers, and upon returning he began to upbraid Fieder and Brang, who were sorting rags on stools near the door. No attention was paid to him, and he went to a German saloon next door and took a drink of whiskey. He was in a violent and abusive mood when he again entered the junk shop. The occupants of the rooms upstairs heard loud oaths and the shattering of glasses.

Then the noise of gun shots followed and within five seconds Devish had done his deadly work. He was arraigned for trial February 15, 1893, and on March 28 was given two years in the Joliet penitentiary by Judge J. Hutchinson.

JOKE ON A POLICE JUSTICE

FAILING TO REQUIRE BONDS OF TWO MEN, HE IS COM-
PELLED TO PAY THEIR FINES.

On May 22, 1892, Charles Chapin and Charles Gallagher became involved in a fight on Wabash avenue

and Hubbard court. Detectives Wooldridge and Winahoven were passing and separated them. In a few minutes they again began quarreling, using the most profane and vile language. They were again separated by the detectives, when Chapin turned upon Detective Winahoven and struck him a terrible blow in the face.

Both the men then clinched and went down together with the detective on top, and he gave Chapin a good whipping. While this was going on, a Wabash avenue car came along close by the side of the two men who were on the ground in the combat. Some of the passengers on the car thought the detective was unnecessarily abusing the man with whom he was fighting and got off the car to give assistance to the man. They did not interfere, however, and Wooldridge and Winahoven arrested Chapin and Gallagher, but were followed to the station by the passengers, who wanted to prefer charges against Winahoven. They waited several hours until Justice Lyons appeared and then made a complaint to him about the treatment Chapin had received, and notified the justice that they would be on hand the next morning to testify.

Justice Lyons released the two men on their own recognizance and supposed they would come before him the next morning. After the justice left the station that night Wooldridge had the desk sergeant place the names of Chapin and Gallagher on the court sheet of Justice Glennon, who held court in the adjoining room. Next morning the cases were called early and neither of them were present. After hearing the evidence, Justice Glennon entered a fine of \$25 each and costs against them. It turned out that

both had given assumed names and wrong addresses, and when they discovered they had been fined they left the city.

The court sheets went to the city comptroller with the fines unpaid. After three weeks of investigation and worry, the comptroller charged the amount of the fines to Justice Lyons, who made himself responsible by not requiring a good bond from the prisoners. There was nothing for him to do but settle, and it cost him \$52.

Justice Lyons never knew until he left the bench of the police court how the little matter of shifting the two men into Glennon's court was accomplished. When he was told of the matter he enjoyed a hearty laugh over it.

PREVENTS A SAFE-ROBBERY.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE GETS INFORMATION WHICH
LANDS A ROBBER IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Through information secured from a woman, Detective Wooldridge, in the summer of 1895, prevented the blowing open and robbery of a safe. William O'Neil and Matt Kelly, the murderer, ex-convict and safe-blower, were overheard by this woman entering into an agreement to rob the safe in a cigar store at 423 State street. She hurriedly hunted up Wooldridge, who was on duty in that locality, and discreetly handed him a small card, upon which was written the following message:

"Two men intend to blow up a safe on your post to-night. Follow me, as I cannot be seen in your company on the street."

Wooldridge followed some distance behind the woman, who walked up State street to Hubbard court; then she turned east, and crossing Wabash and Michigan avenues, entered the Lake Front Park, selected a secluded spot near the center of the park, and sat down.

She was soon joined by Wooldridge, and in a hurried manner told him that two men were planning to blow up a safe at the cigar store that night. She did not know the names of the men, but fully described them to the officer, and said that she was quite sure the job was going to come off, as she had heard one of the men say he had gotten his ticket and intended to take the morning train over the Grand Trunk for Canada.

He also said that if he stayed in Chicago any longer the men who signed his bond, which was forfeited, would be looking for him in regard to the Taylor street job, and if they turned him over to the police they would be sure to settle him.

Wooldridge lost no time in notifying Lieutenant Golden, who was on duty at the Harrison Street Station, of his information, and immediate steps were taken to arrest Kelly and O'Neil before they could do the job.

O'Neil was arrested in one of the saloons on State street only a few doors from the place where he intended to blow up the safe. He was taken to the Bureau of Identification next morning, and Lieutenant Evans identified him and produced his picture. O'Neil at first denied that he was the man wanted, but when Lieutenant Evans began to read his measurements and life scars, he weakened and admitted that he was the man wanted.

On his person he had \$290, two gold watches and a ticket for Canada on the Grand Trunk railway. He was cleanly shaved, and when confronted by the two officers who arrested him the first time, they did not know him with his whiskers cut off.

On May 16, 1895, he was arraigned for trial and found guilty by a jury in Judge Neely's court and sentenced to seven years at hard work in Joliet penitentiary.

He in connection with another man unknown held up and robbed a man at the corner of State and Taylor streets in 1894. O'Neil was arrested and indicted. He then wore a full beard. He gave bond and fled to Canada. This was the Taylor street job which the woman heard him talking about. He returned to Chicago May 1, 1895. It was soon after this he and Kelly arranged to blow up the safe, which was stopped through the information received by Detective Woolbridge.

JEALOUSY CAUSES A MURDER.

LOUIS LEONARD KILLS HIS FELLOW-SERVANT BECAUSE
THE LATTER WAS PRAISED BY HIS EMPLOYER.

Praise bestowed upon a new employee at a fashionable boarding-house on Michigan avenue caused Louis Leonard to commit murder September 18, 1895. Benjamin Fenton, a trained nurse from Boston, had called at this house early that morning and asked for something to eat. He was given a breakfast, and after the meal he asked if there was any work about the place he could do for what he had eaten. He was

given permission to clean the yard, and when that was done he was put to work to assist Leonard in washing the windows of the house.

The work of the stranger was praised by the boarding-house mistress, and the remark made that he would be a good man to employ steadily. Leonard had been working there for several weeks, and when this remark was heard by him he feared that he was going to lose his place. From that time until luncheon he directed the work of Fenton, but the latter paid no attention to his commands.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Leonard went to the basement to shave himself. Fenton also went there to get a pail of water. He started upstairs when Leonard called out some other orders and gave directions as to how the work should be done.

Fenton replied, "I'm not taking orders from you." Leonard then started after Fenton, overtaking him on the stairway. He held the razor with which he had been shaving in his hand, and when Fenton turned around to see what was wanted, Leonard quickly drew the blade across Fenton's thigh just below the abdomen, making a gash six inches long and severing the main artery in the leg. Fenton ran up the stairway in the hall and cried out that he was killed and sank to the floor.

Catherine Carroll, the cook, and Dollie Ballard, the dining-room girl, heard the encounter and ran to the scene of the dispute just in time to see the murder committed.

Fenton bled to death before the doctor, who lived only a few doors away, could arrive and stop the flow of blood.

Leonard attempted to hide the razor, when Dollie Ballard seized his arm and screamed, "What are you doing?" Leonard tried to throw her off, but she held to him and secured a hold on the razor, then closed. Catherine Carroll went to her assistance and they took the weapon from Leonard. Detective Wooldridge, who was near by, arrived on the scene, and, placing the murderer under arrest, took him to the Harrison Street Police Station. Fenton was removed to the morgue, where an inquest was held the following day, and Louis Leonard was held to the grand jury for murder without bail.

Upon searching Fenton's clothes letters were found from Dr. Frank Murphy, 622 North Main street, Boston, recommending him very highly as a trained nurse, and also one from Boston giving him the best references as an honest, trustworthy man. It was very evident that he preferred to work rather than beg.

Louis Leonard was arraigned before Judge Payne for murder November 27, 1895, found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years at hard labor in Joliet penitentiary.

USED A HORSE AND TACKLE.

HOW A HEAVY-WEIGHT PRISONER WAS GOTTEN OUT OF
HER HOUSE BY DETECTIVES.

The ingenious detective can always find some way to secure the elusive lawbreakers if he is an earnest, conscientious officer. Detective Wooldridge has encountered a great many obstacles in his secret-service work, but that one which puzzled him most was how

to get a prisoner who weighed 449 pounds up a narrow, rickety flight of stairs, which seemed scarcely strong enough to support him, and he only weighed 158 pounds. He finally got her out, but it was through the back door, and he did it by the use of a horse and tackle.

Susan Winslow was the prisoner who caused him to use this novel method. She was as black as Erebus and lived in a dilapidated two-story wooden shanty at 541 Clark street.

The ceiling was only six feet high, and an average-size man could not stand up without stooping. The house was built many years ago, when Clark street had no viaduct at Twelfth street, and since the approach to the viaduct has been built the sidewalk comes even with the roof of the house. To enter the house one had to go down a flight of rickety stairs. The place contained only a few old discarded pieces of furniture, and daylight could be seen through the sides and roof in many places.

Susan Winslow clung to this little shanty, paying regularly \$40 per month rent, and during the World's Fair \$125. She conducted one of the vilest houses of prostitution that was to be found on the levee.

Susan adopted many novel ways of attracting the attention of the pedestrians who passed along the sidewalk above her on the busy thoroughfare. Among them was an old sheep bell which she would ring. This was supplemented by an old alarm clock.

A long time she and the inmates attracted attention by tapping on the window and hissing with the mouth like a rattlesnake. Finally, she rigged up an electric battery and attached it to the figure of a woman with

a metallic arm and hand, which would strike the window and rebound, making a motion to "come in." This worked charmingly until Wooldridge discovered it one day, broke it up and arrested the inmates and Susan. One case of larceny after another occurred, and the officers could get no information or satisfaction from Susan.

All that she would say was that it was some strange woman whom she did not know and who would keep away from the house until everything had been forgotten and then come back. Warrant after warrant was taken out for her, but when the officers would go there she would complain of sickness, heart trouble, etc. She would make these various excuses, and if this did not work successfully, she would refuse to go, and owing to the narrow stairway and Susan's immense weight and size, each officer in turn would have to leave her and give it up.

This state of things went on from day to day for months, until one day Captain Koch called in Detective Wooldridge and gave him a warrant for Susan's arrest, with instructions to bring her to the station. He found her in the shanty and served the warrant. She offered the heart trouble and sickness as an excuse, but it did not work.

Finally, she sat down and refused to go one step. The patrol wagon was called and every persuasion used to get her to go peaceably, but of no avail. Wooldridge told the wagon men to drive the wagon to Taylor street and come up the alley to the rear of the house. Two oak planks sixteen feet long and twelve inches wide were laid in the door and placed on the rear of the wagon. One horse was unhitched,

a big heavy rope was taken from the wagon, a lasso was placed around Susan's waist, and the other end attached to the horse.

Once more Wooldridge asked if she would go, and she refused. Then he told the driver to start the horse, which was done. Susan was dragged to the door so quickly that she cried, "Oh, stop the horse, I will go."

The rope was taken off and she walked into the wagon sideways without a word or without any assistance.

This was at 1 p. m. She was released on bail at 6 p. m., and sat down on the steps leading to the squadroom and demanded that the wagon take her home again, or she would not move out of the station. This was refused. Wooldridge got an old mattress and placed it on the floor and told her to make herself comfortable until the bus arrived the next day to take the prisoners to the House of Correction. This made her so angry she got up and waddled off to her shanty. After this the police had no more trouble with Susan Winslow.

HIGHWAY ROBBER IS CAUGHT.

COLORED MAN ARRESTED BY THE DETECTIVE WHILE IN
THE ACT OF HOLDING UP A FARMER.

During the World's Fair, when Chicago was full of robbers and thieves, Detective Wooldridge arrested a highway robber after being under fire from a revolver in the hands of the desperate crook.

A farmer named Quigley, who was visiting the Fair, was in the clutches of Charles Sails on the morning of October 25, 1893, when Detectives Wooldridge and Hennessy observed what was going on, and went to the farmer's assistance.

Sails whipped out a revolver and fired two shots at Officer Hennessy, who, in attempting to get out of range of the gun, stumbled and fell. Sails then turned his revolver at Wooldridge and fired two shots at him in rapid succession at a distance of five feet. One of the bullets passed through Wooldridge's coat.

The man then turned and ran down an alley. Wooldridge supposed that Hennessy was shot when he fell, and, reaching into a pocket, he, with a revolver in each hand, opened fire on the fleeing footpad. There was a London fog on at the time, and it was impossible to see more than a few feet ahead, but he thought one of the shots might bring down the would-be murderer, and consequently nine shots were fired down the alley.

Officer Walsh and two more officers came up and also began to fire after the man as he emerged from Plymouth place, half a square away. Wooldridge followed the man and emptied two revolvers shooting at him. When he reached some hundred feet north of Polk street, Sails stumbled and fell, and before he could rise Wooldridge was on his back and hit him with the butt of his revolver just as Sails was in the act of turning his revolver loose at Wooldridge. Both clinched, and Hennessy and Walsh came up and clubbed Sails into submission, and then took him to the Harrison Street Police Station.

The next morning he was bound over to the criminal court in bonds of \$1,000. He was indicted, ar-

raigned before Judge Chetlain, and on January 15, 1894, found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for one year at hard labor.

CLEANS OUT A POOL-ROOM.

WOOLDRIDGE AND A CORPS OF ASSISTANTS MAKE A RAID
ON DERBY DAY AND ARREST 115 SPORTS.

With a detail of eighteen men under his direction, Detective Wooldridge made a raid on a pool-room in 1899 which was so cleverly and thoroughly done that the proprietor of the place afterwards complimented the detective with the remark, "That was the smoothest work I ever saw and I take off my hat to you."

The work required a thorough and comprehensive inspection of every detail, not only in making the raid, but of every door, window, stairway and skylight in the building and surroundings, and all this information was in the possession of Wooldridge before he made the raid.

The place was owned by Frank McWaters and was operated in connection with his saloon at 3846 State street. A pool-room had been running in full blast for some time, and Wooldridge was ordered by Inspector Hartnett to break it up. Then with the assistance of Detective Schubert they went to work in an effort to find out how the place could be entered.

When Wooldridge visited the saloon he found that he was known to all the guards and sentinels on duty at the doors, and consequently he had to resort to strategy. Schubert disguised himself as a milkman,

and even hired a milk wagon, and in this way became acquainted with a German saloonkeeper near the pool-room. He visited this saloon frequently and talked in German to the proprietor and his porter, exhibiting a telegram from New Orleans which was supposed to contain a tip on the winner of a certain race.

The porter in the saloon being known to the pool-room keepers had no difficulty in gaining an entrance and agreed to take Schubert, who was known as a milkman, into the building for the purpose of placing a bet. After that Schubert had no trouble in gaining admission and took a careful survey of the premises and all the surroundings.

He noted the number of doors which must be passed to get into the betting room, which was in a large hall on the second floor of a building two doors north of the saloon. In order to reach the pool-room it was necessary to pass through three different doors, then across a small area, then up a stairway through another door.

Schubert kept the survey of the rooms, doors and passages in his mind, and he and Wooldridge afterwards made a diagram of the interior. Then they visited the locality at night and got a diagram also of the exterior and the yard and alley, as well as of the streets adjacent to the saloon and pool-room.

Following this they made trips on the street cars from the saloon to the Harrison Street Station and timed the cars to see just how long it would take the police and patrol wagons to reach the place. The watches of all the men were compared in order that there should be no mistake in executing the raid.

After all this had been done he reported his work

to Inspector Hartnett, who then called the detail of men who were going to assist Wooldridge. He addressed them and said that every one was under the command of Detective Wooldridge and was expected to obey him as implicitly and faithfully as if they were under the directions of the captain of the precinct, and any one who failed to do so would be liable to charges before the trial board.

At this time not a single member of the detail knew what case they were assigned to and had no idea where they were going or what the work was to be. They marched out of the station under Wooldridge's command and were divided into squads of two, three and four men, and reached the location of the pool-room at the same time. Then these separate squads were told what their duty was. Every exit of the pool-room was guarded by a squad of men and no opportunity was left for any one to escape.

This was on March 23, the day of the Crescent City Derby, and the pool-room was crowded with sportsmen anxious to place a bet on the great New Orleans event.

Schubert in his disguise as a milkman entered the place and took his stand near the betting sheet. Then Wooldridge entered the saloon, with his squad one hundred feet away. When he had gotten inside the proprietor of the place, who recognized him, called a halt, telling the detective he was the owner of the saloon and that he was conducting it lawfully and would permit no one to search the premises unless they had the proper legal documents and authority for that purpose.

Wooldridge informed him that he had warrants

and proceeded at once to serve them. In order to gain time and make as much delay as possible, Mc-Waters said he would admit the detective, but he first would have to find the key to the door leading to the rear.

This consumed more time, and the key not being found quick enough to suit the detective, he broke in the door, followed by his squad. They went through a passage to the end of the building and found another door, which was also locked, and when the demand was made that it be opened, the excuse was again offered that there was no key.

The door opened inward, and not being inclined to wait, Wooldridge kicked out one of the lower panels, and, taking off his coat, crawled through this panel and burst the door open from the other side. He could hear electric bells and alarms going off all over the building, which he knew was a warning being sent to those in the pool-room. This only inspired him to greater speed in reaching the premises where the bets were being made, and he pushed forward, going up a flight of stairs, where his progress was stopped by another locked door.

He secured a piece of timber about four by six inches in dimensions, and using it as a battering ram, soon had all the obstacles to his progress out of the way. Then he, with his squad, rushed into the pool-room, and there followed the greatest excitement that ever prevailed in that place.

When the alarm was first given a man who stood near the betting board started to tear it from the wall, but Schubert, who was already on the inside, drew his revolver and said, "I will take care of that."

Then the cry of "Police" was started and a scramble began for the exits, but to the great surprise of every one in the room it was found that every door, window and skylight was guarded by a squad of officers with drawn revolvers.

Those on the inside then began trying to convince the officers that it was a political meeting, and one who pretended to be a candidate for some office insisted that he was going to make an address to his constituents.

The actions of the inmates of the place were so ludicrous and amusing that the officers had to stop and indulge in hearty laughter.

Twenty patrol wagons stood below, having been summoned from the stations at a given signal and upon a certain time agreed upon before, and then began the work of loading the racehorse players into the wagons and landing them in the station.

A dozen trips were necessary to take all the prisoners to the lock-up, and when the last load was emptied, a count was made and it was discovered that 115 prisoners had been brought from the pool-room. The number did not include several old and feeble pool-room players whom the officers allowed to go to their homes without being arrested.

The raid was talked of for many days afterwards and spoken of by the papers as one of the most sensational and successful coups ever made by the police, and Wooldridge was warmly congratulated for the successful way in which he carried out his orders and planned the capture of the gamblers.

All the prisoners furnished bonds, which were signed by McWaters, for their appearance before the police

judge the next morning. They were then heavily fined by the justice. Following this they were indicted by the grand jury, and it is said the fight they made through the courts cost them many thousands of dollars.

PREACHER GOES TO PRISON.

Preaching and passing worthless checks do not go well together, as was demonstrated when Detective Wooldridge was detailed to investigate the case of Joseph Williams, who had given a piece of paper to a haberdasher which he claimed was worth \$180 in payment for \$50 worth of merchandise, and got a good check in change for \$130.

The check which the haberdasher received was found to be a forgery, and when the detective found Williams he was in a pawn shop trying to borrow money on the other check.

He was forthwith taken into custody, and after a hearing accorded to him by Justice Martin on the 24th day of April, 1899, he was held in \$800 bonds to the criminal court.

The grand jury returned a true bill against him and he was arraigned for trial, and several weeks later he was found guilty, and Judge Stein sentenced him to one year's imprisonment in the House of Correction.

Williams claimed to be a preacher. He said he preached for years in Champlain, Ill., and had preached for some time in Bethel Church.

LANDS A THIEF IN PRISON.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE PUTS A WOMAN IN THE PENITENTIARY AFTER SHE HAD BRIBED AN OFFICER.

There are, or have been, on every police force in the world some men who were dishonest and would shield criminals for a consideration. A case of this character was exposed, and after the facts came to light Detective Wooldridge caught the criminal and sent her to the penitentiary.

Sam Borland, a farmer from one of the interior towns of Illinois, arrived in Chicago in 1893 to visit the World's Fair and buy goods. When his train reached the depot at Twelfth street and Michigan avenue it was one o'clock in the morning.

He expected to meet some friends, but was disappointed and started out to walk to the west side, where he had a brother living. On his way he had to pass along Polk street and had reached the alley between State street and Plymouth place, half a block east of the Polk street depot. This block is known as "Hell's Half Acre," and is between Polk and Taylor streets and State street and Plymouth place. The alley runs south from Polk to Taylor, and is known as "Dead Man's Alley."

At the mouth of this alley Borland was seized by a powerful colored man, who threw his arms around his neck, lifted him bodily off his feet and carried him some two hundred feet in the alley, with his arms pinioned behind him. A bright-skinned colored woman, who afterwards proved to be Minnie Shouse, sprang forward and went through his pockets, taking some \$42 and a revolver that he carried.

Borland shouted, "Help!" "Police!" but they silenced him, separated and fled in different directions. Mr. Borland had a good view of Minnie Shouse, who was in front of him, from a lamp which hung in the rear of Batchelor's restaurant. He pursued her down the alley some two hundred feet and overtook her in the rear of John Jennings' saloon, 462 State street, just as she was entering an opium joint in the basement. She pulled the revolver she had just taken from him, and leveling it at his head, compelled him to beat a hasty retreat. Borland reported the robbery to the Harrison Street Station the next morning and a descriptive warrant was procured, and in company with officers, he went to the opium joint he had seen the woman enter the night of the robbery.

She was arrested, indicted and arraigned before Judge Chetlain some months later. While a jury was being impaneled she made her escape, but was arrested several days after and the case set for trial the following morning. One of the officers who had the case in charge took Borland from the court room to a saloon on Clark street and told him the case was settled by the court, and Minnie Shouse was to return the money she had stolen from him. The officer paid him part of the money and told him he would come to his home the following day and pay him the remaining \$25. When the case was called by the state's attorney, Borland could not be found. He secured tickets and had orders given to the officer to go for Borland.

The officer was gone several days and reported that Borland could not be found, when, in fact, he had never been to his house, and the case was stricken off

with leave to reinstate. Borland waited several weeks for the officer to come down and bring him the \$25, but he failed to do so.

He then placed the matter in the hands of an attorney, who advised him to go to Chicago and see the officer. Upon arriving here he found that the officer had been transferred to the Desplaines Street Station. He reported the matter to Joseph Kipley, who was inspector at the station, and made sworn statements to the facts. An investigation followed, and the officer was discharged from the force.

The case was reinstated and placed in the hands of Detective Wooldridge, and the woman rearrested. On January 21, 1895, the case came up before Judge Chetlain. The woman was found guilty and sentenced to one year in the Joliet penitentiary at hard labor.

Minnie Shouse had been arrested three hundred times and held to the criminal court as many as thirty-six times in a year, but before the cases were called she managed to settle with the victim by refunding the money.

She always employed the best counsel. She was a good thief, and the professional bondsmen were always ready to go her bond for almost any amount. She has been under \$20,000 bonds at one time in various cases, and she had no trouble in furnishing them.

Minnie's old trick was to snatch a man's hat off his head, throw it into a stair or hallway, and if the stranger ever went in after it he was almost sure to lose his money.

FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

DESPERATE ENCOUNTER WITH A BURLY NEGRO WHO ATTEMPTED MURDER.

Detective Wooldridge took a prisoner to the Stanton Avenue Police Station one night, and when they entered the officers present thought both had been dragged through a slaughter house. They were covered with blood from head to foot. Wooldridge had a desperate encounter with the negro, the latter even going so far as to try to murder the detective, and he might have succeeded had a Pinkerton officer not gone to his assistance.

On the evening of August 20, 1891, while traveling a beat at Thirty-first and State streets, Officer Wooldridge was requested to go to a church in course of erection at Thirtieth and Dearborn streets, and stop a fight which had been going on for some time. Although the fight was not occurring in the boundaries of his own post, the intrepid officer went.

Upon arriving there he found Nathan Judd, a colored man, crazy with drink, and engaged in an altercation with one Jim Miller, a colored watchman of the church, who had succeeded Judd as a special police officer.

Wooldridge separated the combatants and succeeded in persuading Judd to go home, and they left the church together.

Some three hundred feet from the place Judd rebelled and broke away, saying he would return and whip Miller, and before Officer Wooldridge succeeded in reaching him, Judd and Miller again clinched, and

Wooldridge again separated them. This so enraged Judd that he threatened to whip Wooldridge, and with this intent struck him a stinging blow full in the face for attempting to interfere.

He also drew a revolver which he had on his person, but the plucky officer was too quick for him, and brought his hickory baton down on Judd's cranium with such force that the hickory was splintered. This, however, only caused Judd to give a little grunt, and both clinched. Judd managed to wrench the splintered baton from the hand of the officer in the scuffle and attempted to strike him.

At this juncture of the proceedings Wooldridge succeeded in drawing his revolver and fired a shot in the air which had the effect of deterring the colored man from striking him.

Judd then threw the baton down and gathered half of a brick and threw it with all his might, the missile barely missing the head of Wooldridge.

Judd then stooped and was raising another half brick, but before he had time to straighten himself out for the blow, he was struck twice more by Officer Wooldridge. Both again clinched and Judd struck the officer a wicked blow with the brick over the left temple, inflicting a wound one and one-quarter inches in length and severing an artery.

Everything turned black to the officer, and he staggered over against the church, and one of his feet went into a hole eighteen inches deep, and before he could extricate himself, Judd had him by the throat. With one of his feet in the hole Wooldridge was at the negro's mercy.

The officer, however, gritty to the last, managed to

fire two shots into Judd which took effect in his leg above the knee. The shots were intended for Judd's stomach, but were warded off by the hand of Judd, who all this time still held Wooldridge by the throat, with his head bent back and his scalp opened, and with one foot in a hole eighteen inches deep.

Judd evidently intended to kill Wooldridge, and would have accomplished his design but for the arrival and timely assistance of a Pinkerton detective named Anderson, together with the watchman Miller.

Before Judd's hold on Wooldridge could be broken, however, both men were thrown to the ground, and Detective Anderson was compelled to pry one finger at a time from around the officer's windpipe. Wooldridge then took the negro to the police station.

The next morning the throat of the plucky detective was swollen out level with his chin. Judd also had his battle scars, he having seven holes in his head, cut through to the bone, and two bullet holes in his leg.

Judd was held in bonds of \$500 to the grand jury and indicted for assault to kill.

He was arraigned for trial before Judge Driggs on December 1, 1892, found guilty and his sentence fixed at two years in the penitentiary, which was later cut down to two months in the House of Correction.

NOTED FEMALE BANDIT.

FLOSSIE MOORE, WHO HELD THE RECORD FOR DARING, IS
CONVICTED AND GIVEN FIVE YEARS.

The most notorious female bandit and footpad that ever operated in Chicago, and unquestionably the

most successful and daring pickpocket in the United States, was in 1893 convicted through the efforts of Detective Wooldridge and sent to prison for five years.

The woman is Flossie Moore. She came to Chicago late in 1889, having fled from her home in Boston, to escape the police who were after her. She first entered Vina Fields' house at 138-140 Custom House place. Madam Fields keeps one of the largest houses in Chicago, and at one time had over forty women in her establishment. The police never had any trouble with this house, and it was never raided. She had her own rules and regulations, which were rigidly enforced, and she never had to call on the police for assistance to carry them out.

Once a week, and sometimes oftener, she held court in her own house, and was both judge and jury. These strict rules and discipline did not suit the high-strung, restless, self-willed Flossie, and one day she packed her things and left. She soon became one of the toughest thugs, footpads and pickpockets in Chicago. She has given the police more trouble than any five women that ever operated in Chicago.

She has been arrested and bailed out as many as ten times in one day. Flossie Moore has stolen upwards of \$100,000 since she came to Chicago, and has paid into the Harrison Street Police Court fines to the amount of \$8,000 or \$10,000. She was held to the criminal court thirty-six times in one year. She cared no more for a hundred-dollar fine than for a one-dollar one.

One morning when she was arraigned before Justice Lyons, in 1892, who fined her \$100 for some of her

depredations, she turned to him and remarked, "You please make it another \$100; I have money to burn." She was accommodated. Reaching into her bosom, she pulled out a big roll of bills and paid the two fines and walked out of court.

Her victims were mostly strangers and traveling men found around the vicinity of the Polk street depot. When she found a man who resided in Chicago or would remain here to prosecute her, she would settle with him by giving him back his money.

She employed the best of counsel and paid one attorney a salary of \$125 a month for simply looking after her cases in the police court. She was a great money getter and a clever thief, paid well for bondsmen and counsel, and could always secure both at any hour of the day or night. Flossie has been under bonds in various cases pending in court aggregating \$30,000 at one time.

One day she would be seen with diamonds worth \$2,000, and the next day they would be in the pawnshop. She would attend colored balls in gowns worth from four to five hundred dollars, and spend as high as \$500 for wine in a night and think nothing of it. She lived with a white man named "Handsome Harry" Gray, who did not work. His allowance was \$25 a day. Flossie would fall out with him, go to the station, procure a warrant and have him arrested. After he had been in jail for an hour or so, she would drive up in a cab with a bondsman and take him out. Everything would be settled, for she never appeared against him in court.

Flossie Moore was arrested for highway robbery by Detective Wooldridge February 17, 1893, on com-

plaint of C. S. Johnson, a man seventy-four years of age, with hair and beard as white as snow. He was a retired merchant and was on his way to the Polk street depot to take a train. He rode down a Clark-street car one block further than he should have done. He started to walk back to Polk street on Custom House place, and, while passing 196, a house kept by Sue Redman, Flossie Moore ran out from the doorway and grabbed his sealskin cap and threw it into the hallway at the above number.

The cold wind tossed his long silver locks to and fro, while the snow was falling on his uncovered head. Mr. Johnson demanded the return of his cap, and was told to go and get it himself. When he stepped into the hall, Flossie Moore sprang on him like a man-eating tigress. She was assisted by Irene Moore, and before the old man knew what was going on they closed the door, pinioned his arms behind him and took \$42 out of his pocket. He fought desperately, and his coat and vest were nearly torn off him.

Irene Moore was arrested a few hours afterwards. Flossie kept out of sight until two days later she was seen on the street and followed by Wooldridge into a thieving dive kept by Lizzie Davenport, 202 Custom House place, which was her headquarters. When she ran into this place she went through to the alley. Wooldridge knew she would return, and hid himself under a bed, where he remained two hours and a half before she returned. Soon the panel workers began to collect. The doors had been barred and locked after a search had been made for Wooldridge, who they supposed had passed through the house into the alley.

They were having a good time; each was telling in triumphant glee of robberies committed in the face of the law, and defying detectives, while they laughed at the discomfiture of their victims. Not a conscience was stricken in that band of thieves and not a pang of regret or a thought of the future marred the gathering.

Flossie had sent a messenger to see if Wooldridge had gone and if the coast was clear. An affirmative answer was sent, and she soon arrived in a cab and was received with much joy by the gang of robbers and footpads. They were still drinking and telling stories when Wooldridge crawled from under the bed in the adjoining room and walked in where they were. They were dumfounded when he entered the room. How he got into the house was a mystery to them; the doors were examined and found still locked; no tracks were found in the snow, and every room had been searched for him before. Wooldridge notified Flossie that he had a state warrant for her arrest. She replied that she had done nothing and would not submit to an arrest, and called on her companions in crime to assist her. Several sprang to their feet and swore that she should not be arrested. There were over a dozen footpads, colored women, thugs and toughs present, and it was an exciting time for a few minutes. It was a guess as to what would occur next, but the plucky little detective backed up in a corner, pulled two revolvers, and with one in each hand told them that the first one that made a move would get his head blown off. He told them that he held a state warrant for Flossie Moore's arrest and that he would take her dead or alive; and that the

first one that would interfere with him, he would kill. No one moved, and with one gun in one hand, he drew out the warrant with the other and read it aloud to her. She first offered him \$25 to let her go until the next morning; then \$75, which was refused. She was taken to the station and booked, and the next morning arraigned for trial. Sadie Jordan, a colored woman who saw the robbery from the hall above, while testifying, was attacked by Flossie Moore with a knife having a blade four inches long.

Had it not been for Wooldridge, she would have killed the witness, he grabbing her arm as she was in the act of driving the blade through the Jordan woman's breast. For his interference Flossie gave Wooldridge a stunning blow in the face.

Justice Lyons held her in bonds of \$3,000 to the criminal court, and in a few days she was indicted for robbery. Sadie Jordan's life was threatened by Flossie Moore, and she appealed to the grand jury and to Wooldridge for protection.

Wooldridge secured a room for her at the rear of a building at Fifth avenue and Sherman street, took up a collection from the inspectors, lieutenants and officers, and paid her expenses until March 10, nearly four weeks. The detective contributed \$20 himself. When the case was placed on call the Jordan woman was taken to the Harrison Street Annex, and at the proper time sent over under police protection in the wagon.

March 6, 1893, Flossie Moore was arraigned before Judge Dunne. She was represented by one of the ablest attorneys in Chicago, and after one of the most exciting trials ever held in the criminal court, the

jury gave her five years at hard labor in the Joliet penitentiary.

One thousand dollars was offered Wooldridge to use his influence in clearing the woman. He was also offered \$500 to tell where Sadie Jordan could be found. It was refused; they picked the wrong man to bribe. They attempted to prove an alibi by Susie Redman and Irene Moore, who were arrested for perjury when they came off the stand. A writ of habeas corpus was gotten out for their release the next morning, but they were ordered remanded to jail. They next tried to prove that Flossie Moore was under age, also that she was arrested while in attendance on the police court, and that the whole prosecution was a persecution.

At the end of the first day excitement ran high, and the court room was filled with notorious levee characters willing to swear to anything. On the second day Wooldridge brought twenty officers, the matrons, lock-up keepers, justice's clerks, court records, arrest books, desk sergeant, warrants on which she was arrested, also the bail bond which released her, and informed the attorney that he was prepared for anything that defense might hatch up. After Wooldridge arrived with his force, all the evidence that the defense had procured and offered crumbled to pieces, and they did not have a leg to stand on. Flossie Moore was said by Jailer Morris to be the most troublesome person that the jail had held for years. She was constantly fighting with some one, and it made but little difference with her whether it was a man or woman.

Some twenty-six colored women were confined in the jail at this time, when a dispute occurred between

Flossie Moore and Minnie Davis, another colored woman, each one of them representing a faction. Flossie Moore picked up a three-legged stool, sailed into them, and scattered them right and left. Several were quite seriously injured. The matron and guards who interfered were roughly handled and put to flight by the infuriated woman. It took the combined efforts of all the guards and deputy sheriffs at the jail to overcome her. Flossie is said to be the hardest woman to handle that ever was confined in the Joliet penitentiary. On two occasions she assaulted the matron, once nearly killing her. She spent over six months in solitary confinement, and at one time they had to place over two hundred pounds' weight on her to keep her down.

Her ill-gotten gains were spent as fast as they came into her possession, and when she was sent to the penitentiary she had nothing.

After serving her term at Joliet, she returned to Chicago and to her old life again. She finally went East and was arrested in Buffalo and given time to leave the city. In November, 1899, she was fined \$25 for some offense in Pittsburg, and later was reported to be on trial in New York with good chance of going to Sing Sing.

CLEANS OUT "COON HOLLOW."

ONE OF THE TOUGHEST LOCALITIES ON EARTH TRANSFORMED BY DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE.

There are many places in this world called "Hell's Half Acre," and according to the teachings of the Bible, there is a place in another world, which, if all

criminals who inhabit these places on earth, visit after their departure, must contain more than half an acre, or there will not be room enough for them.

Chicago once had a "Hell's Half Acre" which had a better right to the title perhaps than any place this side of the hereafter. It was a continual scene of revelry, debauchery, depravity, and every sin and crime in the blood-stained catalogue of vice. Its crimes, sad to relate, were of the lowest and vilest nature. The most defiant and reckless characters that ever menaced society made this place their home. Men and women who openly defied the statutes of both city and state and flaunted their vices in the face of virtue, thronged this mart of wickedness and corruption day and night. It was a hotbed of crime and a cesspool of vice.

In 1893, 1894 and 1895 there was no place in Chicago or in the whole country which could compare with it in depravity. It compassed then that portion of State street between Polk and Taylor streets. Another section of this "Satan's Mile" which began at Taylor street was called "Coon Hollow," on account of the large colored population, permanent and floating, which thrived there. Every house was a saloon or barber shop or a house of ill-fame. Games of every description were conducted openly and in defiance of the law. The famous "crap" game was in full blast, and "stud poker" was played from darkness until dawn. Lottery tickets were sold without hesitation over the bars, and it was the paradise of the "policy" player.

On the sidewalk outside negroes from the west side and from the depots of the neighborhood, the latter



NIGHT SCENES ON THE LEVEE.

Pullman and dining-car employes, stood and commented in loud tones on respectable looking passers-by, told filthy stories in the hearing of all who walked along, and sang ribald songs.

They had things about their own way, both inside and out, and a brawl was of almost daily occurrence.

All night long cabs and hacks drove up to these doors to unload their occupants, and at all hours after dark painted females, half-clad in finery, walked around in company with their low male escorts and held high carnival in the little dens called "private wine rooms."

These long rows of bawdy-houses and saloons, which never closed, were frequented by women of all ages, colors and degrees of depravity. They went from house to house in this awful locality, singing and yelling coarse jests and investing their money in cheap champagne with the idea they were having a good time. The tough saloons in this district did but little business during the daytime, but after dark they reaped their harvest. Their barkeepers, porters and bouncers were equal to any emergency. Even the children here were taught to steal. Barefooted boys would run out and jump on the footbars of the street cars as if to steal rides, and then snatch pocketbooks from women. These places were the resort of the most desperate burglars, thieves and sure-thing gamblers. Midnight thieving raids were planned in the back rooms; the criminal went there for protection, and in the neighborhood were "fences" and pawnshops in which stolen property was disposed of.

There is another place in "Hell's Half Acre" called "Dead Man's Alley." It is about thirty feet wide and runs from Polk to Taylor street.

This alley is frequently selected by footpads, highwaymen, strong-arm women and robbers as a place in which to divide their stolen property, and many an exchange and division has been made there.

It was no unusual thing to see from one to two hundred men, women and children, both black and white, in "Dead Man's Alley" at one time, some engaged in pitching quoits and horseshoes, some in dog fighting, card playing, crap shooting and telling filthy and vulgar stories, while others lay on the garbage boxes or in the old hacks and slept off the effects of a night's dissipation.

Daily complaints were made to the Harrison Street Station of robberies, cutting or shooting affrays which occurred in "Dead Man's Alley," and as sure as a peddler or stranger passed this alley he was held up. Down on the corner of Taylor street and Plymouth place was as tough a gang of colored robbers, highwaymen and murderers as was ever outside of prison walls or escaped the hangman's rope.

The gang was broken up finally by Detective Wooldridge, eight or ten having been sent to the penitentiary and one Henry Foster, alias "Black Bear," having been hanged July 1, 1895, for the murder of Frank Wells, a saloonkeeper.

Wooldridge was specially selected to put a stop to complaints from this quarter and drive out this element of lawbreakers. He went to work on this duty one night at roll-call.

He asked the lieutenant to send fourteen men with him for half an hour, which was done. Dividing them into squads of two, three and four, each squad boarded a State street car, getting off at the various saloons

the saloons to "Dead Man's Alley," which is about between Polk and Taylor streets and passing through the center of "Coon Hollow." The alley was packed with people, at least three hundred being in sight.

Wooldridge was in advance, and some one yelled, "Here comes Wooldridge!" This was enough to start them all on a run, but when an officer emerged from almost every saloon door leading to the alley, it created the wildest confusion, every one trying to find some place to escape. They ran into and over each other. Some lost their coats and hats. Knives, guns and razors and weapons of all kinds were thrown away. They climbed upon each other's back and tried to scale the twelve-foot board fence on the east side of the alley.

They raised a cloud of dust equal to a stampeded herd of wild buffaloes, and that day will long be remembered by the levee inhabitants. When the dust had settled down enough for them to see each other each officer had from one to three prisoners.

Wooldridge then commenced on the strong-arm women and footpads, and by eleven o'clock at night he had nineteen of the toughest characters in "Coon Hollow" under lock and key. Warrants were taken out for every thieving house of prostitution in this block, and several were raided the following day.

Wooldridge concluded to give them another surprise. He had been doing night duty, but on this morning, after getting through his court cases, he took four men and went into Plymouth place. As soon as he was seen, there was another stampede equal to the one of the evening before. Two big, powerful colored men made a rush for the rear en-

trance to John Johnson's saloon at 464 State street, through which they expected to escape. There was a strong storm door at this entrance, and these two men and the many others who were in the rush, carried the door off its hinges and jammed it against the inner door and wall. The big fellows shoved and scrambled and even butted with their heads in their frantic effort to get away. Those in the rear kept pushing, not knowing the way was barred, and many in front were severely hurt.

Seven arrests were made on this trip. Wooldridge repeated the cleaning up of the alley the following day, serving vagrancy warrants on every crook and loafer he could lay his hands on.

A dozen of the highwaymen and robbers on whom Wooldridge was waging a relentless warfare got together on the morning of July 4, 1895, and formed a plot to kill Wooldridge and get him out of the way. They concluded that the night of July 4, when every one was firing off revolvers and celebrating, would afford the best opportunity. They imagined it would be an easy thing to shoot him from one of the windows or from a house-top while he was on duty patrolling his post, and no one would know where the shot came from, as there was shooting from every direction.

An oath of secrecy was taken by all present, and lots drawn to see who was to do the deed. In all probability their plan would have been carried out had it not been for a colored woman, who was watching them and heard the whole plot, and who went with the information to the Harrison Street Station.

Captain Koch and Lieutenant Laughlin were noti-

fied, and upon investigation found the report to be true. They took immediate steps to protect Wooldridge by placing three additional officers in full uniform with him, and also placing six men in citizen's clothes on this post. Every man they met was searched for a gun; every crook, vagrant and thief that they could lay their hands on was placed under lock and key in the station, and by eleven o'clock that night there was no square in the city quieter than the one this officer patrolled, and in two weeks' time "Coon Hollow" and the whole neighborhood for half a mile in every direction had undergone the most remarkable change known to police history, and this change was apparent for a long time thereafter.

WORE A GAINSBOROUGH HAT.

SADIE GOFF DISGUISES HERSELF AND PASSES FOR KATE WILSON AND IS ARRESTED.

By wearing a Gainsborough hat of large proportions and a blonde wig and a sufficient amount of grease paint, Sadie Goff, a notorious pickpocket, succeeded in eluding detection by the police for several months. When she changed her make-up she also changed her name, and instead of Sadie Goff she became Kate Wilson, and thus carried on the little romance of robbing strangers and laughing at the police for a long time.

Frequently the officers had gone out to look for Sadie Goff, and in looking around the vicinity in which they thought Sadie might be found, they would

encounter the Gainsborough hat and the blonde hair. As Sadie was a Creole with jet black tresses which were inclined to be kinky without the use of a curling iron, Kate Wilson was never suspected of concealing the identity of Miss Goff.

Once the auburn-haired Kate was seen coming out of the place where Sadie Goff had lived, and when the



WHITENING HER FACE.

officers questioned her as to Sadie's whereabouts they thought a blizzard had struck them. Kate gave them such a cold stare along with the information that she had nothing to do with such people, that the officers turned up their collars and sought warmer quarters.

Reports of Sadie's robberies and vices would continually reach the officers, and although they knew

she did not leave town, it seemed impossible to locate her.

One day, however, Detective Wooldridge armed himself with a warrant and started out to see if he could unravel the mystery and solve the hidden romance of the blonde head and Gainsborough hat of Miss Wilson. One of Sadie Goff's victims, who said he had contributed under protest \$80 to her, went along with the detective to identify the woman.

They first went to the house at 450 State street, where Sadie was known to have lived last. Nothing could be seen of her there, however, and finally the detective said he was going to get her if he, in doing so, was forced to arrest every one in the house. Then one of the inmates told him Sadie was upstairs.

The detective went into the room designated and saw there the young woman with the blonde hair who posed as Kate Wilson. She was very indignant because the officer had dared to come into her presence without an invitation.

"How dare you?" she demanded, angrily. "Don't you know me?"

"I don't say positively that I know you," answered the detective, "but you and your pink hair and your big hat must go with me to the station and explain how it is that you always happen to be around when we are looking for Sadie Goff."

Miss Wilson, as she called herself, shed a few tears and prepared to go to the station. While she was making preparations for this hazardous visit, Detective Wooldridge caught up a tiny ringlet that hung from her head, and giving it a slight jerk removed a wig, and not much to his surprise revealed the black,

curly head of Sadie Goff. After a short search, the other paraphernalia which was used to make up Kate Wilson was found and went along with Sadie to the police station.

The case was continued ten days, during which time the woman settled with the complaining witness, and he refused to prosecute. The case was then dismissed.

GIVES DETECTIVE A BLACK EYE.

FARMER MISTAKES AN OFFICER FOR A FOOTPAD AND HAS
A "SCRIMMAGE."

A farmer from western Iowa mistook Detective Wooldridge for a hold-up man one night in February, 1896, and undertook to defend his pocketbook, which he thought was going to be taken away from him.

When the trouble was over Wooldridge had a black eye, and the farmer was in the station. When the countryman told how it happened, in the Armory Police Court, the next morning, the crowd roared with laughter.

He said he was talking to a lady when these men came along. The men pointed out were Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert. They wore plain clothes and a broad grin.

"They pushed me into a doorway, and I thought they meant to hold me up," explained the farmer. "I read the papers too much to get caught in such a trap as that, so we had a scrimmage."

The farmer kept on talking for six minutes before he could be stopped, when he was told that if he

would apologize to the officers and pay the costs he could go.

When Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert met the farmer on Wabash avenue, he had just arrived in Chicago from his farm, and had in his possession a large amount of money. Kittie Odell and several other women found him, when Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert saw them, and going up to the stranger gave him warning against going with the women.

He did not know what a detective was, but had read much of highwaymen and robbers, and at once concluded that the officers were going to rob him. He sized both officers, and then suddenly threw himself upon them and succeeded in giving Wooldridge a colored and somewhat swollen eye before he was overpowered.

When the officers explained to him that they saved him from being robbed of all his money, he was very grateful and said he was very sorry he had struck Wooldridge, declaring he did not know what the men were, never having heard of a detective.

CAT UNEARTHES A MURDER.

STRANGE CLEW FURNISHED WHICH CAUSED THE ARREST
OF AN ASSASSIN.

Once in the career of Detective Wooldridge, a cat—a black cat—furnished him a clew and the evidence by which he found, arrested and convicted a murderer

A wealthy old gentleman had been shot and killed,

and his safe robbed of a large sum of money, while his family was in a room only a few feet away.

The victim of the robber had left the parlor, where his son, daughter and wife were sitting, and had gone across to the library to write some letters.

Behind the old man stood the safe, which was opened and which contained the money stolen by the robber. After the victim of the robber had been gone some time, his daughter began to wonder what kept him so silent, as he usually spoke to the members of his family through the doors of the library and parlor.

She asked her mother what she thought of her father's silence. The mother answered that she supposed he was busy writing, but the daughter thought he must have gone to sleep, and resolved to investigate.

When she reached the library, she went to her father's side and told him to wake up, as it was growing late. No answer came, and when she tried to arouse him, she saw that life was extinct.

"My God!" she exclaimed, "he is dead, he is dead!"

The piercing screams of the daughter were heard by the mother and brother, who rushed into the library to find the father a corpse. He had been shot through the heart and his safe robbed while his family sat not thirty feet away, and no one heard a sound.

At the post-mortem examination the physician found in the dead man's body a curious missile partly in the shape of a bullet and partly in the shape of a dart. It was a little more than an inch long. The point was sharp and had three faces or flat sides which ran back towards the body of this instrument of death.

Experts were called in, and it was said that the missile had been thrown by some peculiar force, such as compressed air or electricity.

It was certain that powder could not have been used, or some one of the family would have heard the explosion.

The mysterious murder was a nine days' wonder, and all hope of ever solving the mystery was given up, when Detective Wooldridge was asked to unravel it.

He took the case up, but from the clues furnished there seemed to him little prospect of success. He was told all that was known of the murder, and was given the missile, which sent the robber's victim to his death.

The detective carried this odd-shaped little piece of metal in his pocket for many months. Nothing developed to aid him in his investigation, but he was ever vigilant and did not give up.

Finally, a year after the tragedy, he found a clue, and it was through the strange and incomprehensible actions of a cat.

One night about eleven o'clock the detective was returning to his home, when directly in front of him he saw under a gas lamp a large black cat.

He at first started to cross the street, because he had never felt much affection for cats, especially black cats, but he thought it would probably display a lack of courage, and he changed his mind, thinking he would kick the cat out of his way and go on to his home.

When he came up to the animal, however, it mewed softly and looked up to him with kindly eyes. He

passed on, but when he reached the next corner he looked back and there was the cat slowly following him.

The night was not cold, but the wind was blowing at a lively rate, and as he listened to the creaking of the window-shutters the cold chills ran up and down his back, and all the stories that he had ever read or heard of black cats rushed through his mind and left an uncomfortable impression. When he started to move on, the cat rubbed against his leg and looked beseechingly into his face. Then it put one of its feet on his trousers and fastened its claws into the cloth, as if trying to pull him away. He became interested and loosened the cat's claws. It started away at once, but slowly, and he, through some strange fancy, decided to follow it.

The little beast led him three blocks distant from his home and into a vacant lot; here it began to scratch in the soft earth, and presently seemed to have uncovered something.

The detective became more interested than ever. He thought possibly the cat was disclosing a hidden corpse and an unsolved mystery. He lighted a match and pulled out of the ground something like a gun—not like the ordinary gun, but different from anything in the shape of a gun he had ever seen before. After examining it carefully as he could by the aid of matches, he drew out of his pocket the bullet, or whatever it should be called, which had killed the man more than a year before.

He slipped it into the barrel of his strange-looking gun, and it fitted perfectly.

Here was a clew, he thought, to the murder and

robbery, which had remained a mystery so long. It is sometimes exceedingly strange how links in criminal cases fit into each other and finally form a chain which binds and holds to the courts of justice men who have thought for years they were secure from detection, and so it was in this case.

After finding the peculiar gun, Wooldridge called on the son of the murdered man and was introduced to another man named Melville.

The stranger seemed greatly astonished when he glanced at the gun Wooldridge had taken with him.

"Where did you get that gun? It belongs to me," Melville cried. The detective related the circumstance of his finding it and became interested because he thought he had found the murderer he had so long looked for.

"If this is your gun," the detective replied, "I have perhaps at last found the man who committed a murder more than a year ago in this house."

"No, no," Melville answered, "I mean that I invented the gun. It was my idea. The gun was made for me, and the first one ever made."

"To whom did you sell it?" the officer asked.

"I sold it to Henry Johnson. He took a great fancy to it, and offered me a handsome price for it. I needed the money to push my invention, and I allowed him to take it. I do not know where he lives now. I heard he went West and grew quite wealthy."

"Would you know him if you saw him?" asked Wooldridge.

"Certainly. We were quite friendly. By the way, I have a photograph of him in my rooms."

Wooldridge was in the possession of the photo-

graph and a full description of the man the next morning, and then he began again his search for the murderer.

Two weeks later the detective met the murdered man's son on the street in company with another young man. Wooldridge stopped in front of the stranger, and after eyeing him closely a minute, said:

"Henry Johnson, consider yourself under arrest for the murder of this man's father." The stranger turned pale and started to appeal to his companion, when the latter interrupted him.

"You are mistaken, Wooldridge," he said. "This is Mr. Francis. He is my guest, and to-morrow night will become the husband of my sister."

"Then your sister will become the wife of the assassin of your father," answered Wooldridge, "for this man is Henry Johnson, and here is the missile with which the murder was committed."

The detective had in his hand the strangely shaped bullet, and held it before Johnson's face. The latter wheeled and started to run, but the officer caught him, and in a second a pair of handcuffs were on his wrists. Johnson was fully identified by the man who sold him the gun, and he was indicted for murder.

He was really going to marry the daughter of the man he had murdered. He met her some six months before while she was on a visit to Denver, and as he was prosperous and stood high in the community there was no objection by the girl's brother to the marriage, and everything was arranged. The girl was so shocked upon learning the truth that she became very ill.

The murderer sent for Detective Wooldridge while

he was in jail and to him he made a full confession of the murder, but just as the detective was leaving the prisoner said: "I will never be punished for the crime, however."

The next morning Johnson was found dead in his cell. Wooldridge still has the gun and the black cat.

THIEVES GIVE CLEWS.

COMPANIONS IN CRIME FALL OUT AND HONEST MEN GET THEIR DUES, LIKEWISE THE THIEVES.

The following story shows the truth of the old saying, "When thieves fall out, honest men get their dues." In this case the thieves got their dues also, which were terms in prison.

Cora Martin and Delia Foley had been friends for years. Both were thieving prostitutes and panel-workers. Cora kept a house at 1420 Wabash avenue, and she and Delia became involved in a quarrel on the night of October 26, 1896, when Delia received a severe thrashing from her former friend Cora.

This so angered Delia that she determined to have revenge, and going to a drug store she called up the Harrison Street Station and sent the following message:

"To Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert:—Come to the corner of Thirteenth and Wabash avenue at once. Two ladies will be in waiting for you with important information."

The officers were given the message and lost no time going to the above place. There they found Delia Foley and Maggie Grady, who informed them that Cora Martin was conducting a thieving panel-

house at 1420 Wabash avenue, and named several robberies that had recently taken place, giving the names and addresses of the victims.

The detectives promised to make an investigation of the matter and called on Cora Martin, the following night with an old warrant that had never been served. Cora jumped to the conclusion that Delia Foley had procured the warrant, and, calling Wooldridge aside, unfolded a tale which made his hair stand on end.

She said that Delia Foley and George Mead, the man with whom she was living, were flat workers, burglars and thieves, and had looted a church on the west side, and carried away the silver communion service, and sold it for a mere pittance. She also told him of a number of burglaries they had committed, and gave the names, numbers and streets; she said that while they were stopping with her a large part of the goods was brought to her house and that she had part of them; that they had sold large quantities to various persons, giving their names, and that they still had a large portion with them.

Wooldridge and Schubert hastened to the police station, and found out that the information was correct concerning the burglaries being committed. The next move was to locate Mead and Delia Foley, which was soon done. They had moved to the residence of Mrs. K. Merkin, a widow, 4155 State street, taking several trunks and some household goods.

Owing to the irregular hours they had for retiring, the arrest of both of them at the same time, without making a blunder, was a matter of importance to be considered. Sometimes they remained downtown un-

til late, and sometimes did not go home at all, but slept downtown.

Detective Wooldridge went to the house on State street to watch for them to come on the night of October 27, 1896, while Schubert, his partner, was to remain downtown to look for them there. The night was bitterly cold, and to stand on the street corner would attract attention.

There seemed to be no place where Wooldridge could secrete himself and keep watch on the house. Finally, he stole up into the building, and in the hallway he found a large empty coal box, and into the box he crawled to watch and wait until they returned home. Here he remained until three o'clock the next morning, six hours; it seemed like a week.

When Wooldridge and Schubert parted downtown that night it was agreed to compare notes at 3 a. m., and sooner if necessary.

Crawling out, Wooldridge went to the patrol box, and calling up Harrison Street Station, asked if they had heard from Schubert. He received an answer to come to the station at once, as Schubert was waiting and had some important news.

Delia Foley and George Mead had been seen to enter 1232 Wabash avenue, and were still there. The detectives watched the house until 6 a. m., then entered and found them both still in bed, and arrested them.

In the room was found a quantity of stolen goods and a book agent's sample case containing a fine set of burglar's tools, consisting of braces, bits, chisels, files, saws, a jimmy, hammer, skeleton keys, nippers

to turn the key in doors when locked, sealing wax to take impressions of keys, a candle, acids for testing gold and silver, two pairs of brass knuckles, a forty-caliber revolver and two masks for the face, which were identified as the property of George Mead, having been seen in his possession at a number of places.

The search warrant was then served on Mrs. Merkin, at the house at State street, for the apartments occupied by Mead and the Foley woman. A large amount of stolen goods was found there, which was taken to the Harrison Street Station for identification.

M. H. Barnett, a grocer at 518 Wabash avenue, who resided in the rear of the store, had been robbed of \$700 worth of clothing. Six hundred dollars' worth of the goods was found in their trunks and on their backs. A large part of the goods were ruined by altering to fit the Foley woman, who was much smaller than Mrs. Barnett. One of her \$80 dresses was cut down and made into a petticoat.

Delia Foley when arrested wore a three-quarter plush sack, which several weeks before had been a new, long, plush cloak, with cape, and worth \$75. The cape and fur had been removed and the garment cut down to fit her. This was the property of Jennie Gordon, who lived at 1535 State street a month before, and whose flat had been burglarized and \$125 worth of property taken.

George Mead when confronted by Agnes Cullon, one of the boarders in Mrs. Gordon's house, was recognized as the man who committed the robbery, and was described at the time the burglary was committed and re-

ported. Miss Cullon had a good view of him, and Mead was photographed on her mind. She often said she would know him among a million men.

Another strong link was that Mead and Delia Foley had occupied the rooms on the same floor, and moved the day following the robbery. Mead told Cora Martin that he had committed the crime; besides she had seen the cloak before it had been altered, and the cape and trimmings were found in the trunk.

Mead and the Foley woman had lived at various places, and bought furniture from different houses under the chattel mortgage contract, and had signed various notes and leases under different names. One of their schemes was to buy a bill of furniture, give a mortgage, re-mortgage it, then have it moved to some storage house and sell the warehouse receipt for what they could get.

John M. Smyth & Co., 150 to 166 West Madison street, were heavy losers; also the Standard Furniture Company, 373 State street.

It was several weeks before the property which was scattered all over Chicago was found and turned over to the owners.

George Mead, alias George Wood, and Delia Foley, alias Jennie Whipple, were indicted and arraigned for trial before Judge C. G. Neely, January 9, 1897. Mead was found guilty of burglary and sentenced to an indefinite term in the Joliet penitentiary, on January 21, 1897.

Delia Foley was convicted of receiving stolen property, and sentenced to six months in the Cook county jail.

CLEVER COUNTERFEITERS CAUGHT.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE ARRESTS PARTIES FOR WHOM THE GOVERNMENT HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR MONTHS.

Chicago was flooded during the World's Fair with dangerous counterfeit bills and bills raised from \$10 to \$50. A large number of the leading business houses of the city were victimized by the handlers of this spurious money.

Siegel, Cooper & Co., Congress and State streets; Ed. Partridge, State and Madison streets; John D. Gates, 404 State street; George E. Cave, State and Thirty-ninth streets; M. Silverman, 329 Clark street; Leopold Reiss, 111 Wells street; the Globe Clothing Store, 29 West Madison street; Mrs. Leary, 3645 Cottage Grove avenue, and M. Hofman, 397 Clark street, were among the victims of these counterfeiters. Some of the bills were so skillfully prepared that they passed through many hands before they were detected. One in particular went through the hands of two expert money handlers, then the Hibernian Bank, and was finally detected by accident at Hyman, Berg & Co.'s jewelry store on State street.

Captain Porter, in charge of the United States secret service in Chicago, says they were the most dangerous counterfeiters that ever operated in the west, and gave the secret service more trouble than any case he had contended with. They had passed the bills at different towns all the way from West Virginia to Chicago, and operated as far north as Minnesota. Every available man who could be spared from the service in the west was employed in trying to run them down. Descriptive

circulars were sent out to the police departments, asking them to assist in locating them. One of the circulars fell into the hands of Detective Wooldridge, and soon after Judson S. Freeland was arrested.

The arrest came about in this way: Judson S. Freeland went into Mr. Hofman's store at 397 Clark street, where he bought a cheap suit of clothes, tendering one of the counterfeit bills in payment therefor. Hofman did not have the change, and while trying to get smaller bills he met Wooldridge, showed him the money and asked him if he was a judge of counterfeit money.

Wooldridge carefully examined it, found it was a national note, that the paper and workmanship were good, and was just about to pronounce it O. K., when he held it up between him and the sun, and discovered that it had been tampered with and was a raised note.

Where the figure ten appeared on the bill the paper had been partially cut through and the figure one removed with some sharp instrument, and the figure five, cut from a United States revenue stamp, had been reduced by rubbing with some fine emery paper to the same thickness of the one removed.

With a keen, sharp eye, steady hand, and a pair of fine scissors the figure five was cut and trimmed until it filled the space and place exactly of the one removed. When this was accomplished, it was stuck fast with mucilage.

The new figure and the edges surrounding it were rubbed with anise oil, a bottle of which was later found on Freeland.

Wooldridge went into the store and drew from his pocket a number of bills, with the pretension of making

the change, and in this way he drew Freeland into a conversation.

Freeland stated that he and his wife were visiting the World's Fair. He said that he received the money from the bank that morning, and knew it was good. Wooldridge saw at a glance from the description he had that this was the man the secret service wanted for counterfeiting.

He called Freeland's attention to something on the shelf behind the counter, and as Freeland turned, a pair of handcuffs were slipped from the detective's pocket and clasped on the wrists of the counterfeiter, who was taken to the Harrison Street Police Station. He admitted he had a wife in the city, but refused to tell where she was.

He lost his head and stated that he came to the city that morning and intended to go to West Virginia that night. He also said that he and his wife spent several weeks in Chicago the month previous, and lived at 3705 Vincennes avenue, which seemed probable, as he had some cards in his possession from that number.

Captain Porter, of the United States Secret Service, was telephoned for, and in less than a half hour Freeland was fully identified as the counterfeiter.

Dispatches were sent to all police stations in the city to watch all trains for Belle Freeland, his wife, and arrest her. Wooldridge concluded that most likely the woman would be found at the place where she had been boarding. He procured a Western Union telegraph boy's cap, wrote a message to Mrs. Belle Freeland, 3705 Vincennes avenue, and went to deliver it himself. Captain Porter accompanied him. Wooldridge rang the

door bell and inquired for Mrs. Freeland, and luckily she came to the door herself.

He told her that he had a letter from Judson Freeland with instructions to deliver it to no one but Mrs. Freeland. She soon returned with Mrs. C. H. Miller, the owner of the house, who proved her identity. Mrs. Freeland was placed under arrest by Wooldridge, Captain Porter coming from his hiding place under the steps. They searched her rooms for tools or counterfeit money without success. She was taken to the Harrison Street Police Station and arraigned with her husband the following day before Commissioner Hoyne, and both were held to the federal grand jury in \$2,000 bonds each.

They were tried before Judge Bonn November 20, 1893, and sentenced to three years each in the Chester penitentiary on March 21, 1894. Belle Freeland was in delicate condition at the time, and after some six months in the penitentiary, was pardoned by President Grover Cleveland. She returned to Virginia and became a mother.

Two years after she was again caught raising bills by the government officers. She was a pretty woman, pleasant and agreeable to talk with. She conducted a millinery store at Teralter, West Virginia, and did all the work of raising the bills. Her husband was a carpenter at the same place.

RAN A FAKE POOL-ROOM.

TWENTY-FIVE MEN ARRESTED AND EVERY ONE INDICTED
BY THE GRAND JURY.

The fertile brain of the man who wants to get rich quickly will ever continue to supply schemes for the

purpose of separating the unwary and guileless individual from his money. All kinds of plans are adopted for this purpose, and it is estimated that hundreds of thousands of dollars have been taken from victims in Chicago and other cities. On Sunday morning, June 2, 1901, an advertisement appeared in one of the morning papers, which was as follows:

"WANTED—A party with \$1,000; will handle his own money. Will bear investigation."

A man named Seabrook answered the advertisement, and on the Tuesday following he met the supposed promoter of the scheme. By well guarded talk and much diplomacy, the promoter learned after considerable conversation that Mr. Seabrook was not averse to making money by advance information on race results. The man said his name was Kane, and that he was in a position whereby he could beat the races, and especially those at Gravesend. He said that the operator at the eastern race tracks was in his employ and that all results were sent to a certain poolroom in Chicago, which he afterward told was located at 2918 Cottage Grove avenue, but were held by this operator until he could give a signal to his friends. The tip would then be given to him, and he would have sufficient time to place a number of heavy bets on the winner before the results were sent to the poolroom. The proposition seemed to be a good one, but Mr. Seabrook was not entirely satisfied, and would not at first agree to it. He made other appointments, and finally met Mr. Kane at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

The schemer arranged for a meeting with the Western Union telegraph operator who was supposed to be in charge of the wire from the race track at Gravesend.

Seabrook accompanied Kane to the eighth floor of the Western Union building, where they were met by a man who said he was the operator, and promised to deliver the information just as it had been represented he would do.

Seabrook, however, was suspicious, and finally went to the police department and called at the chief's office. There he unfolded his story to Detective Wooldridge, and after getting all the details, the detective told him to keep the appointment which he had made with Kane and let him believe that he would put up the \$1,000 on a race in which he was assured that he could double his money many times.

Wooldridge was convinced that Seabrook was in the hands of a syndicate of conspirators and fake poolroom operators, and formed a plan to arrest all connected with it. With a corps of assistants, Detective Wooldridge arranged to raid the place. He first went to the office of a police magistrate to obtain warrants, but failed to get them, for the reason that the magistrate was absent, and having arranged to be at the poolroom at a certain hour, he could not wait for the warrants, and proceeded without them.

Seabrook, on the advice of the detective, had gone to the poolroom and had told the promoter of the game that he was ready to put up the \$1,000. When he entered, he saw a dozen or more men clamoring for an opportunity to place their money on a race, while telegraph instruments were clicking and clerks in their shirt sleeves were busily taking down advance tips from every race track in the country. The appearance of the place indicated that a regular poolroom was running in full blast. The names of horses running at the eastern

tracks, and also at the local tracks, with the odds on each, were conspicuously posted on the walls, and the official announcer was calling off the results.

Detective Wooldridge was accompanied by Detectives Dubach, Herts, Breternitz, Sederberg, Walley, Schubert and McGrath. They appeared at the alleged poolroom promptly at the hour previously arranged with Seabrook. They made their way to the interior, and just as Archie Donaldson, who was announcing the results, cried out, "The horses are at the post!" Wooldridge bounded in and said, "Stop a minute! Put \$5,000 on Sidney Lucas."

Instantly there was wild excitement, and every one tried to escape. This was impossible, however, as all the exits were barred by officers who notified the inmates that they were under arrest. Twenty-five men were taken into custody and conveyed to the Harrison Street Station in patrol wagons.

Among those taken in the raid were Frank Dubois, who was well known to the police as a swindler, and who was then under bonds for perpetrating a confidence game on a La Salle street broker, in which he secured \$20,000, it is said, by means of a bogus mining deal. Ed. Dunne, a notorious wire tapper and confidence man, who had been arrested once before on a charge of swindling a woman out of \$1,500, was also among them, as well as George Moore, promoter of the game; Harry Nelson, cashier, and J. E. Murray, alias Eugene Munger.

The twenty-five men were taken to the Harrison Street Station and booked on twelve charges each, making a total of three hundred charges. The police made a thorough examination of the premises, where the alleged poolroom was in operation, and found that the telegraph instruments were not connected with any wires than ran

outside of the building, and that the tickers were operated by hand, showing it to be one of the boldest and most barefaced swindles unearthed in a long time, and that the whole scheme was but a conspiracy to swindle innocent people out of their money.

When the officers reached the Harrison Street Station with the prisoners, there was no court in session and only one desk sergeant on duty, and they were held until the next morning, when formal complaints were made and their names were registered on the arrest book, while the warrant clerk was busily making out the proper papers.

At eleven o'clock the Chief of Police and Detective Wooldridge were served with a notice that a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of the prisoners had been sued out by Attorney Richard Wade, and they were summoned to appear with the men before Judge Brentano at two o'clock. Promptly at the hour all were present, the state being represented by A. J. Barnett of the state's attorney's office. There were also two attorneys present from the city prosecutor's office. Judge Brentano asked what the charges were, and was told that the prisoners were charged with conspiracy to defraud, conducting a confidence game, keeping a poolroom, being inmates of a gaming room, being decoys and runners of a poolroom, keeping a gambling house, vagrancy. These were the state charges. The city charges were as follows: Keepers of a poolroom and being inmates thereof, gaming and keeping gaming devices, visitors of a gaming house, vagrancy and disorderly conduct.

The court then asked for the complaints, and was told that the warrant clerk had not had time to make them out, but that they were being drawn as rapidly as pos-

sible. Then the judge wanted to know whether the men were booked, and was told that they were. The court, who was seeking this information from Detective Wooldrige, then told the officer that he would give him three minutes to get the arrest book from the Harrison Street Station. He increased the time to five minutes, and then to ten minutes, but being told that the book probably was in use in some other court, the judge then said he would give the officer until three o'clock to produce it.

At that hour the book was brought into court by Desk Sergeant Primm, who testified to the booking of the men. Judge Brentano became irate when he heard that the men were not booked the evening before, and scored the police severely, declaring they had no right to lock up and keep all night respectable citizens whose families were worrying over their absence. The officer and the State's Attorney attempted to explain to the court that the men were caught in the act of conducting a conspiracy and swindling game, and that many of them were well known to the police as crooks, some being ex-convicts and others swindlers who were then under bonds to the criminal court, and that their arrest was considered by the police officials to be one of the most important captures of a gang of thieves and swindlers that had been made in a long time.

This, however, would not appease the court, and he refused to hear any more explanations on the subject. The State's Attorney tried to explain that the court was sitting as an examining magistrate and that the only question was as to the legality of the arrest. The judge refused to listen any further, and ordered the men released on their own recognizance under bonds of \$100

each to appear in court the following Tuesday at 2 p. m. He also ordered that \$64 in currency, which had been seized in the fake poolroom and taken from Harry Nelson, the cashier, to be held as part of the evidence against the men, be returned.

Sunday intervened, and on Monday at eleven o'clock none of the prisoners appeared at the Harrison Street Station; and consequently no action could be taken against them. On the next day at two o'clock all the men were present in Judge Brentano's court again. In the meantime the judge had become more conversant with the facts, and decided, after hearing the charges made by Detective Wooldridge and the other officers, to hold the men under bonds to appear in the Harrison Street Police Court, June 20. In order to be sure that they would appear on that day before the police justice, he caused them to give bonds to him to appear in his court on June 21.

In the meantime the officers went before the grand jury with the evidence they had in their possession and secured indictments against all the men they had arrested, on charges of conducting a poolroom and keeping a common gaming house.

When the men again appeared in Judge Brentano's court, deputy sheriffs with capiases invaded the court room and arrested every one of them. They all gave bond for their appearance, and on July 13, they were arraigned in Judge Tuley's court for trial.

They were represented by four able attorneys. After an hour spent in wrangling over an effort to quash the indictments, the cases were submitted to the court, and four of the promoters and leaders were adjudged guilty, and they were fined \$100 each. These were:

Archibald Donaldson, John J. Sheehan, George Moore and Harry Nelson.

This disposed of the charges of keeping a common gaming house under which the twenty-five men were indicted. There still remained to be tried George Moore and five others on charges of conspiracy to defraud, which, under the Illinois statutes, is a penitentiary offense.

This case will go down in history as one of the most unique and remarkable in police and criminal annals. Here were twenty-five men arrested and held under three hundred charges, and every one indicted, something unknown before in Chicago. It had the effect of breaking up one of the boldest gangs of swindlers that ever infested the city.

LAKE FRONT PARK RAIDED.

**BIG GANG OF VAGRANTS AND FOOTPADS CAUGHT IN A RAID
BY THE POLICE.**

While the World's Fair was in progress many complaints were made to the police of robberies and depredations in the Lake Front Park. This park is situated east of Michigan avenue and extends from Randolph street to Park Row, near Twelfth street. It is bounded on the east by Lake Michigan, and the green grass and cool, refreshing breezes from the lake offered many inducements to men who had been at work all day, cooped up in shops, attics, basements and hotels, to go there and lie down for a few hours of rest.

Chicago was then filled with thousands of strangers of all nationalities. Many of them came to see the

sights, while others came to seek employment, and after traveling many miles on foot and in box cars were sleepy and worn out. Here they could rest with Mother Earth for their pillow and the blue sky above as a canopy. Others went there frequently with a "jag" on to lay down and sleep it off. It was not an unusual thing during the hot, sultry nights to find from three to five thousand persons stretched out on the grass in this park enjoying rest and many of them asleep.

But these were not the only ones going to the park. A well organized gang of crooks and thieves, both black and white, numbering from twenty-five to forty men and boys, visited this park night after night, and would crawl along on their knees until they found some poor unfortunate asleep, then like a snake in the grass, would lie down by his side, and with his nimble fingers go through the sleeper's pockets and relieve him of everything of value he possessed. Frequently the robbers would take away the victim's shoes or coat, or a package which he would have in his hand, and sometimes they would strip him of everything to which they took a fancy, leaving him penniless in a strange city many miles from home, friends or assistance.

Captain Hartnett, who was then in charge of the Harrison Street Station, detailed men in uniform to look after these tough characters who infested the park and Michigan avenue, with instructions to drive them away. A number of them were arrested and fined, but this did not lessen the crimes or complaints, and, apparently, for every one that was arrested and taken away two would take his place. Several of the officers who were detailed on this work had some exciting times, as a mob would often interfere and take the prisoners away. On one

occasion an officer was badly injured by a knife which was run through his arm.

At last Detective Wooldridge was detailed to break up this gang of thieves and highwaymen. On August 10, he went to the station at one o'clock in the afternoon and called for assistance. Some twenty men were sent with him. Wooldridge sent six of the men to Park Row and six to Van Buren street, while eight were stationed along Michigan avenue. The robbers and vagrants who were in the park were then aroused and sent to the center by the officers on the north and south, and before they knew what was wanted, they were all surrounded. Three patrol wagons were called, and ninety-seven prisoners were sent to the Harrison Street Station and booked for disorderly conduct. Forty-two of them were fined \$20 each, and ten \$10 each, and all sent to the Bridewell. The total amount of fines assessed was \$940. This system of raiding was continued for several nights until the gang was completely broken up and the Lake Front Park restored to its former peace and quietude.

RECOVERS STOLEN PASSES.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF TRANSPORTATION
RECOVERED BY DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE.

Ten thousand dollars' worth of railroad passes were stolen one night on the levee from a general freight agent of one of the eastern trunk lines, with headquarters in Detroit. They were taken from the pockets of their owner after a fierce struggle between him and two women. The case was put in the hands of Detective Wooldridge, and in a few hours the railroad man had

his passes and was riding on one of the limited express trains for the east.

This was a case which required a great deal of diplomacy, and it was accomplished without making a single arrest.

The railroad man was visiting Chicago at the time, and was a guest of the Great Northern Hotel. It was on December 23, 1893, that he was called in the evening to go to the Polk street depot on some business, and on his return he passed through Custom House place.

When he reached the panel house at 137, conducted by Jessie Williams, his hat was snatched from his head and thrown into a hallway by a colored woman. When he demanded the hat, he was told to go in and get it, which he finally did, and was intercepted by two colored women who picked his pockets and secured a pocket-book containing money amounting to some \$12, some contracts and 125 annual railroad passes over the principal roads in the United States. The passes were valued at \$10,000.

The victim reported the matter to the Harrison Street Station, and Detective Wooldridge was detailed to get the property. The railroad man called the detective aside and asked him if there was any prospect or hope of recovering the passes. The perspiration rolled off of him in a stream. Wooldridge told him that he would have his money and passes inside of three hours. He heaved a heavy sigh of relief and grasped the detective's hand and nearly shook it off. He inquired if the detective wanted him to accompany him, and when told "no," he could not understand how he was going to get back those passes. Wooldridge would not even allow the victim to go along and point out the thief. This puzzled

the railroad man very much. He understood how to trace and find a package of freight which had been lost in transit, but he could not understand how a man with no clew could recover a lot of stolen railroad tickets.

After reassuring him again, Wooldridge started out to locate the stolen property. The first place he visited was the Park Theater, at 354 State street, where he procured some prepared blackening for making up as a negro, also a silk hat, white vest, and a large walking stick. The disguise of a colored man was good, and no one would have recognized him. Back to Custom House place he went, taking in all the saloons, bawdy houses and opium joints.

Finally he found Jessie Williams, the woman who conducted the house at 137 Custom House place, and calling her into one of the stalls, spoke to her about the robbery of the railroad man. He told her the victim was the brother of the Chief of Police; that he had already sent to his house for him, and he was on his way down to the Harrison Street Station, and would use every police officer on the force to arrest the woman and secure the railroad passes.

He further stated that the district was already surrounded by officers, and that no colored woman would be allowed to leave it until the guilty one was arrested and the property recovered. He told her that the passes were no good to them, and if they did not at once surrender them they would be caught and sent to the penitentiary. In a few minutes she was sweltering as if it were a hot summer day. Finally, she jumped up and told Wooldridge to wait fifteen minutes and she would go and find the woman and get the passes and bring them to him. In a short time she returned, bringing

about \$4,000 worth of the passes, and informed him that they had been divided between two colored women, and the other one had gone out to Twentieth street and Armour avenue, where she roomed, and inside of two hours she would have the passes.

He was to stop all further proceedings and notify the man that his property would be returned to him. The woman kept her word. The railroad officer got his property back and seemed a very grateful man for the good work done by Wooldridge. He then shook the Chicago dust from his feet, taking the train for the east a much wiser man.

WOMAN ROBS A SOLDIER.

CAUGHT BY DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE, WHO RECOVERS PART OF THE STOLEN MONEY.

While Detective Wooldridge was going east to Wabash avenue, over the Twelfth-street viaduct, he heard some one shouting below, "Police!" "Thief!" and another voice crying, "Run, nigger; run, the white man will catch you." Then he saw Laura Johnson, a notorious colored footpad, run up on the viaduct by a stairway from State street.

The detective caught the woman, and found clinched in her hands \$420, which she gave up without resistance. She was followed up the stairway by John Dayton, a United States soldier, who was stationed at a western garrison in charge of the hospital. He had secured a furlough and had come to Chicago to take a course in pharmacy in order to enable him to discharge his duties more efficiently. He had been robbed by the woman of

\$950, and when he approached and found only \$420 of the money, he ordered the woman to give up the remainder.

Then the woman broke away and sprang down the steps, with Wooldridge in pursuit and Dayton close behind him. The detective stepped on a banana peel and fell, and before he could get on his feet again, the footpad had gotten some distance away and was flying down through the Western Indiana railroad tracks like a greyhound, with Dayton at her heels.

Several colored men joined the woman, and learning she had stolen considerable money, tried to prevent Dayton from following her. One of them drew a razor and another a revolver. This deterred the soldier, and the woman ran into the rear of 510 State street, where she had formerly roomed and was known to the inmates.

When Wooldridge gained his feet he bounced on a State-street car that was passing with the intention of intercepting the woman at Taylor street. When he reached the building into which the woman had gone, those who had intimidated the soldier recognized the officer and fled.

Wooldridge proceeded to search the building for the Johnson woman. Dayton went into the place with him, and was left in the hall to guard the escape, while Wooldridge made a search in the rooms.

Dayton was set upon by a number of colored men, who demanded that he leave the building, or they would throw him out of the window.

The quarrel brought the officer to the hall just in time, as they had seized Dayton and were about to put their threat into execution. Wooldridge told them that the first one who placed his hand on the soldier would

be killed. He handed Dayton one of his revolvers, and told him to station himself in the corner of the hall against the wall and look out for the woman, and told him also to kill the first man who laid his hand on him.

Wooldridge was joined by two other officers, and they proceeded to search the building and found Laura Johnson stowed away under one of the beds in a back room. She had hidden the money somewhere in the building and it was not recovered, but she was taken to the Harrison Street Station and booked for robbery.

During the night she sent a note to Jerry Carmichael, a colored man, and it was supposed that he went to the building and secured the money.

A warrant was procured for this man's arrest, and Detective Wooldridge went to 488 State street next morning about daylight and found him in his room. When aroused the negro climbed over the transom into the adjoining room, and when the door was forced no one was there. The adjoining door was also opened and Jerry Carmichael bounded out and clinched the little detective, and both went to the floor with Jerry on top. But he was quickly turned under by Wooldridge, who demonstrated the fact that he too had learned something about wrestling.

Wooldridge secured a good hold upon the fellow's throat and Carmichael reached for his knife, but was detected before he could open it, and by a quick move Wooldridge knocked the knife from his hand. He then choked him into submission, slipped the "come-alongs" on his wrists, and landed him behind the bars in the Harrison Street Station. No money was found on him, but he was fined for vagrancy and sent to the workhouse.

On April 9, 1895, Laura Johnson was held to the

criminal court in bonds of \$1,000 by Justice Bradwell. The case came up before the grand jury which heard the evidence and failed to act on it. The case was passed until the next grand jury. In the meantime Dayton was called back to his post, and would not return to Chicago again, and Laura Johnson was turned loose.

Laura robbed Dayton by inviting him to go with her to 1231 State street to see fifty or sixty people smoke opium. She told him it was one of the sights of the city, and he should not miss it. He accompanied her, and while there she picked his pocket of \$950 and ran out the back way.

Later Laura Johnson became involved in a quarrel with Irene Moore over the affection of Jerry Carmichael, to whom both took a fancy. Irene was carved up with a dirk. Her forearm was almost severed, blood poison set in and she came near dying. Laura left and did not return to Chicago until July, 1896, and on July 25, she was arrested and bound over in bonds of \$500 to the criminal court. She was indicted and arraigned for trial on August 25, 1896, on a charge of assault to do bodily harm and was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction by Judge Baker.

She told Judge Baker she stole the knife for luck and made use of it at the first chance she had.

RESCUES A STRANGER.

In October, 1893, Detective Wooldridge was detailed to break up a dangerous gang of colored highwaymen who operated on State street between Taylor and Polk streets. As he was passing down the east side of State

street one day his attention was attracted by a faint cry of "Help" on the opposite side of the street. He rescued Charles Cannon, a livery man who lived in a small town in the interior of the state. Cannon had arrived in the city on an early morning train and was walking along the street in search of a hotel. He went into a saloon at 480 State street, known as the "Bucket of Blood."

Several loungers who were thieves and pickpockets stood around the bar, and when Cannon entered they observed him closely. The stranger called for a drink and presented a \$5 bill in payment for it. He took the change and left the place, but was followed by a number of the inmates, and when he reached the sidewalk five of them seized him and gave him the strong arm, and pounded and beat him over the head. They took what change he had, tore off his watch chain and caught hold of his watch, but dropped it on the sidewalk.

When Wooldridge approached, some one called out, "Look out for Wooldridge," and the crowd scattered immediately. The robbers ran into the saloon, and two of them, Ben Franklin and William Payne, were captured, fined \$100 each, and sent to the House of Correction.

MAKES A HIGH DIVE.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE JUMPS FROM A HOUSE-TOP INTO
A PILE OF REFUSE.

Once while chasing some fleeing women from a second-story window across several house-tops, Detective Wooldridge took a plunge head foremost, which almost buried him in a pile of refuse. Those who saw the feat

said it excelled that of the man who dives from the top of the circus tent into a tank of water below. Wooldridge sank so deep in the refuse that he might have suffocated had not his fellow officers rescued him.

It was on November 20, 1896. Lieutenant Cudmore, accompanied by Detective Wooldridge and several other officers, went to 1237 State street for the purpose of raiding the house there. The place was surrounded and several of the detectives ran up to the second floor. Hearing a commotion in a room at the head of the stairs, they went in just in time to see Fannie Clark and Mary Nelson getting out of the window.

A low roof was near, and gathering up their skirts the women ran across it and on that of a neighboring house. Lieutenant Cudmore and Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert followed, and then the chase began in earnest.

Notwithstanding the encumbrance of their gowns, the women kept well ahead of their pursuers. A number of low sheds almost touching each other gave them an opportunity to prolong the race until they arrived at one from which there was no escape except in a leap. They did not hesitate, but jumped, landing knee-deep in a garbage pile. Before they could extricate themselves Detective Wooldridge followed.

His body made a half-revolution as it went through the air, and his head struck the soft mass of refuse. In he went up to his shoulders, and as he passed by the women it so happened that he was able to catch each of them by the dress. Before they could get away, Cudmore and Schubert had arrived from above just in time to save their companion from what Yum-Yum would have called a "stuffy death."

Wooldridge retained his hold on the two women until he was carefully pulled up by his legs. The captives were booked at the Harrison Street Station on a charge of being inmates of a disorderly house. Ellen Osborne, who was taken at the house, was booked for the same offense, and all were fined.

HARRISON STREET STATION.

HISTORY OF ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS MUNICIPAL PRISONS IN THE WORLD.

The most famous institution connected with the police history of Chicago is the Harrison Street Police Station. If the cells and walls of that building could talk they could tell stories of startling criminal facts that would stagger the world and be more interesting than the wildest fiction ever printed by the writers of western history. It has held within its walls more criminals and more desperate characters than any other police station in Chicago. It is doubtful if the Cook County jail has held as many desperate and daring men within its walls as this police station.

It has been under command of more different officers of high grade than any other station in the police department. Some of the best and ablest officers in the department to-day graduated and took their higher rank from this station. Being in the very heart of the city and in the center of the famous levee district, it naturally became the station to which all criminal characters arrested there should be taken. It has not only held within its walls offenders against the city ordinances and state laws, but has housed criminals against the laws of

the United States, and men even who have been wanted in the foreign countries for extraordinary crimes.

On account of the fact that it occupied this position geographically in Chicago territory, it was necessary for the police department to place its best men in charge of it, its most efficient detectives and its most active and reliable patrolmen. The Harrison Street Station was erected just after the great fire of 1871. The county jail at that time was located at the corner of Randolph and Clark streets, and M. C. Hickey, who was then captain at the old armory at Adams and Franklin streets, seeing his station melting away in that great conflagration, rushed through smoke and flame and released the prisoners in the jail just in time to save them from cremation.

The police force at that time consisted of only a few hundred men, and when the armory was consumed Captain Hickey gathered his men and housed them temporarily in an old frame school building which had escaped the fury of the flames. Then for a short time, Simon O'Donnell, of what was then known as the West Twelfth street terror district, was put in command. When the smoke had cleared away and Joseph E. Medill had been elected Mayor on the fireproof ticket, Griswold street was changed to Pacific avenue, and there were many other changes made in the rebuilding of the city.

Among the many captains who have commanded at the Harrison Street Station are William Buckley, who many years ago was nearly mobbed one Sunday while returning from church with his wife and was nearly killed a short time ago by a street car conductor.

Another was Ed. Laughlin, who once had a desperate fight while unarmed with a maniac at the Polk street

depot. Others were Wheeler Bartram, formerly chief of police of Evanston; E. E. Lloyd, Thomas Simmons, J. L. Revere, Francis P. Barcal, Charles G. Koch, Walter Jenkins, George Shippy, Francis O'Neill, the present chief of police; Martin Hayes and John J. Hartnett, who is at present inspector at this station.

Among the patrolmen and detectives who worked from the Harrison Street Station are many who are to-day high up in the ranks of the department. It has always been considered one of the most important and dangerous and at the same time desirable posts from which the officers could work. The duties required of the officers traveling from that station very often threw them in contact with desperate characters, and it was said that a man who patrolled a beat on the levee took his life into his own hands.

The importance of the Harrison Street Station is shown in the fact that it is the headquarters of the local Bureau of Identification. Captain Michael P. Evans, who is the superintendent of the bureau, has his office at this station.

Captain Evans is called the "Nemesis of the Crooks," and presides at the "rogue's gallery." He is a quiet little gray-haired man with a remarkable memory. For seventeen years he has been busy identifying criminals brought into his office, and all this has added fame to the Harrison Street Station. He can frequently identify a man at sight. Many persons suspected of crime are taken to the Harrison Street Station, and when brought before Captain Evans are at once identified. This is especially the case if they have ever figured in the criminal history of Chicago or any other large city.

The office of the Bureau of Identification at this sta-

tion is located in a long, narrow room, and the walls and cabinets in this room contain 40,000 pictures. This does not include duplicates. The superintendent frequently remembers the face of a man the instant he sees it, and can tell him his record of crime. He makes a study of faces. He is at all times in correspondence with the police departments of other cities and wardens of the penitentiaries in this country and Europe, and knows just when a certain criminal who is serving time will be released.

According to Professor Nichols, of the British Journal of Photography, Chicago was the first city in the world to make photography a branch and a part of its police department. This plan of identifying criminals was begun in Chicago in 1884. Chicago was also the first city in this country to adopt the Bertillon system of identification.

The system of photographing criminals was originated in Chicago by Austin J. Doyle and Captain Evans. Before that time police officers took their criminals to a public photograph gallery to have their pictures made, but, of course, the system was not a perfect one, as in those cases the prisoners were not measured. Thus, when a picture of a criminal was wanted a search through the old album of thousands of pictures was necessary.

At that time Evans was simply a clerk in the police department. His duties consisted of getting up reports of the Secret Service Bureau, which brought him face to face with many photographs of criminals. It was at this time that he became interested in the study of criminal faces, and it was at his suggestion that Chief of Police Doyle decided that the department should do its own photographing.

Evans was placed in charge of the bureau and at once began to take lessons at a gallery in the art of photography. Soon after this a room was fitted up in the old Rookery building, where the city hall was at that time located, and in June, 1884, the first picture was made in the photograph bureau of the Chicago police department.

This picture was made of a servant girl who was charged with shoplifting, and she was fined \$10. Evans made the picture, but he has never seen nor heard of the girl since. This little picture is still in the gallery of rogues along with the 40,000 others in that institution.

From the small beginning made at that time the Identification Bureau in the Harrison Street Station has grown to be the largest in the world, with the exception of the bureau in Paris, France, where the Bertillon system originated. More than one thousand pictures a year are received at the Harrison Street Station from all parts of the world, asking for the identification of suspects, and, remarkable as it may seem, from forty to fifty per cent of the inquiries are satisfactorily answered.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory condition of the bureau to-day, from September, 1887, to 1890, it was a rather useless adjunct to the department, for the reason that the change in the city administration threw Captain Evans out, and in September, 1890, Chief of Police Marsh closed the office because he had no one who could run it satisfactorily.

In November of that year he restored Evans to his old position, and it was found that three weeks' constant work was necessary before a report could be made. No records had been kept for nearly three years, plates had

been exposed and not developed, and everything in the office was neglected to such an extent that a great deal of labor was required to restore the bureau to its old efficiency.

The Bertillon system was introduced about this time, and the bureau at the present time has four Bertillon cases, containing eighty-one boxes in each case, making a total of 324 boxes. These contain all the Bertillon photographs, filed according to their respective measurements.

Going back to October, 1871, it is recalled that when the new Harrison Street Station was built it was called the First Precinct Station. It is now known as the Second Precinct Station, the change having been made in 1891, while R. W. McClaughry was superintendent of police.

W. W. Kennedy was general superintendent of police in 1871. There were three precinct stations in the city at that time, and each of these three stations had attached to it three sub-stations, making a total of twelve stations covering the entire city. From April 1, 1871, to March 31, 1872, 21,931 arrests were made, and by pro-rating these numbers equally among the stations, Harrison Street Station was entitled to 1,827.

The next superintendent of police was Elmer Washburn, who made monthly reports to the Board of Police Commissioners, but omitted giving certain statistical information concerning the number of arrests.

Jacob Rehm followed him as general superintendent, and during his term of service 27,995 arrests were made and credited to the different stations, Harrison Street Station being entitled to the greater part. In 1875 the

number of arrests under Superintendent Rehm was 24,899.

The next general superintendent of police was M. C. Hickey, who was appointed October 7, 1875. During the first year of his service the total arrests were 19,206. In 1876 there were 27,291 arrests. In 1877 there were 28,035 arrests, and in 1878 the number fell off to 27,208.

V. A. Seavey was the next chief of police. He did not serve his time out, however, as he died in September of that year. Following him, Captain Simon O'Donnell was promoted to general superintendent of police, and Captain William Buckley was put in command at the Harrison Street Station, and during the year 1880 there were 28,480 arrests made in the precinct.

About this time the police telegraph system was introduced into the department. It was invented by Austin J. Doyle, then secretary of the department, and perfected by Professor Barrett. By means of this service a patrolman who is miles away from this station can easily communicate with his superior officer.

William J. McGarigle followed O'Donnell as general superintendent. He was appointed the latter part of the year 1880. During the first year of Chief McGarigle's service the total number of arrests for the entire department was 31,713, Harrison Street Station being credited with 3,643.

The following year, 1882, Austin J. Doyle assumed control of the department as general superintendent, and his first report showed that during the year the total number of arrests amounted to 32,800, of which Harrison Street Station was credited with 3,733. In 1883, the second year of Chief Doyle's service, the population

of the city was estimated at 675,000. The total number of arrests this year was 37,187.

Frederick Ebersold was the next general superintendent of police, and during the first year of his service in 1886 the police department was confronted with one of the most gigantic and fearful crimes ever committed and one which will be remembered when the present force has passed away forever. This was the great Haymarket riot, which took place in Haymarket Square, near the corner of Desplaines and Randolph streets, on the night of May 4.

By the explosion of a dynamite bomb, thrown into the ranks of the policemen on duty there, one officer was killed instantly, six fatally wounded and sixty others more or less seriously injured, many of them being maimed or crippled for life. The story of that riot has been written often and is too well known to be repeated here.

George W. Hubbard assumed command of the department in 1888, and his report at the end of his first term of service showed that there was a total of 50,432 arrests in the entire department, Harrison Street Station being credited with 3,522.

On January 1, 1890, Frederick H. Marsh was made general superintendent of police, and the total number of arrests for his term increased very largely from that of the previous year until it had reached a total of 62,230.

R. W. McClaughry succeeded to the office of general superintendent of police May 18, 1891.

Michael Brennen was appointed successor to McClaughry. This was in the year 1893, during the World's Fair, and when the number of arrests made in the entire

department reached the enormous figure of 96,976, more than 30,000 greater than two years before. Harrison Street Station was credited with 6,633 of these arrests.

In the following year the total number of arrests fell off about 8,000. In the year 1895, when J. J. Badenoch was general superintendent, the total number of arrests dropped to 83,464.

Joseph Kipley was the next general superintendent of police, being appointed April 16, 1897, by Mayor Carter H. Harrison. The total number of arrests during his first term amounted to 83,680. Of this number, 4,695 went to the Harrison Street Station. In 1898 there were 77,441 arrests in the entire department, Harrison Street Station being given 4,347. Chief Kipley was reappointed in 1899, and during that year the grand total of arrests reached 71,349. Of this number, 4,917 were credited to the Harrison Street Station. Of a total of 70,438 arrests made in 1900, Harrison Street Station was credited with 4,763. Chief Kipley resigned at the expiration of his term.

In 1901 Mayor Harrison appointed Francis O'Neill as general superintendent of police, which office he is holding at the present time.

By figuring up total arrests made by the police department from 1871 to the close of the official year 1900, it is seen that there were 422,345 arrests, and of this amount a fair calculation gives to the Harrison Street Station a credit of 111,983.

This is a brief history of the old Harrison Street Station to date, yet the half of it has not been told. More space would be required than is consumed in this entire volume to tell of all that has taken place within its walls. The police justices who have presided there

could add much to that which is told by the detectives. The desk sergeant and the cell-keeper, the matron and the patrol-driver, all could figure in the record of this old landmark of police history.

But it will soon be only a memory. The march of progress is not only consigning this station to the dead past, but is driving the levee out of existence. Business men, promoting gigantic commercial enterprises, need the space occupied by the station and that used by disreputable houses adjacent to it, for advancement of trade, and in a few years this territory of depravity, immorality and crime will disappear from the map of Chicago.

Tough saloon-keepers and the proprietors of thieving resorts will be compelled to seek other localities. The advance of civilization and industry is too strong in the twentieth century to be obstructed by the cohorts of the world of crime.

It has often been said that the world is daily growing more wicked, but the fact that morality will soon pervade one of the most sinful spots that has ever thrived on the face of the earth disproves this assertion. While this work is being compiled, two of the most notorious and vicious resorts on Custom House place have closed their doors under the crusade that is being made by Chief of Police O'Neill. "Tom" Gaynor and his brother John, who, with all their political "pull" and other influence, could not stop the onward tread of virtue and commerce, have decided to go out of business.

Nearly all the criminal history of the levee and Harrison Street Station is contained in the different stories within the covers of this book; the other material facts concerning the station are given in this sketch. While the author stands aloof and watches the scenes of so

many of his dangerous experiences melting away, he has no regrets, but is able to point with pride to the part he has taken in wiping out of existence one of the greatest pest-holes of crime in the world.

LOTTERY COMPANIES RAIDED.

FRAUDULENT CONCERNS WITH HIGH-SOUNDING TITLES
ARE DRIVEN OUT OF BUSINESS.

Companies with high-sounding names and alleged gigantic capital stock flourished in Chicago for many years by conducting what was in reality nothing more or less than lotteries. They were patronized almost as extensively as the old Louisiana lottery, but it is doubtful if their business was nearly as honest and square as that of the old concern.

Many complaints were sent to the police department of Chicago by persons who claimed to have been swindled by these concerns. This started an investigation that resulted in the arrest of the agents of two of them and their subsequent indictment. The complaints were placed in the hands of Detective Wooldridge and two assistants, who collected enough evidence to warrant them to make the arrests.

On April 5, 1900, the first man was taken into custody. He was D. H. Jones, who was the local manager of the Guaranty Loan and Trust Company of San Francisco, with offices in the Masonic Temple. There the detective took possession of 40,000 tickets and much printed matter, including a circular letter of warning to the company's patrons, who, judging from the correspondence and books found in the office, numbered many thousands.

The plan of this concern comprehended, according to its literature, a system of loans. It claimed that by paying from 50 cents to \$2 for a certificate of membership in the company, the patron was enabled to borrow sums of money ranging from \$25 to \$25,000, without having to furnish security, providing that the list of drawing certificates which was issued contained a number corresponding to that on the alleged certificate held by the customer.

An advertisement inserted in the morning paper by a man who claimed he had been swindled in this way gave the police the first intimation they had that a lottery was being conducted. This with other evidence was deemed sufficient to sustain the charges of conducting and promoting a lottery. When Detective Wooldridge entered Jones' office and asked if he was in, he replied:

"Yes, that is my name. I suppose you wish to negotiate a loan."

"Of your time only," answered Detective Wooldridge, as he announced to the manager that he was under arrest.

This started a wild confusion in the office. Stenographers attempted to escape by a side door, and overturned typewriters, tables, chairs and waste paper baskets in their flight, but all were taken into custody before they reached the elevator. These employes, however, were not held by the police, who only took their names and addresses for the purpose of using them as witnesses.

When arrested, Jones was writing a letter in which he outlined precautions that should be taken on account of attempts which he thought would be made by the

officials to apply a lottery law to this company. Jones was taken to the Harrison Street Police Station when arrested. The next morning he was held on \$1,300 bail, in default of which he was taken to jail.

The list of bonds published by the company, it was found out, were merely announcements of the prizes that had been drawn. Some persons who owned tickets did not receive loans. Jones said this was because the collateral was no good. It was found that he conducted business through the express companies instead of through the mails, but he refused to give his reason for doing this. The company, according to the circular letter which was found, had three correspondents, namely, Lathrop & Company, 123 Market street, San Francisco, for the Pacific states; D. F. Platt, 96 Fifth avenue, New York, for the eastern states and Charles H. Kissam, 125 Dearborn street, Chicago, for the middle and western states. Among the letters found was one addressed to Kissam which read as follows:

"Please send me some printed matter and rules in regard to the Guaranty Loan and Trust Company, as I think I can handle some tickets. I have certificate No. 80611 for January, 1900. I have not seen the list yet, but hope it's a winner."

Jones was indicted and held to the criminal court.

A few days after the arrest of Jones, Detective Woolbridge raided the office of John J. Jacobs, who was the manager of the Montana Mining and Investment Company, located in Temple Court building, at the corner of Quincy and Dearborn streets. The same charge was made against him that was made against Jones: that of conducting a lottery. In this place the detective seized certificates, which very closely resembled lottery tickets, to the face value of \$70,000. Jacobs' plan was similar

to that used by Jones. Customers were given certificates, whose value ran from 25 cents to \$1, and the buyer of each certificate had the right under the stipulations made in the circulars to borrow money without security at any time, but he only could get his money when the number on the certificate corresponded to a number on the monthly list. This in the language of the literature of the company made him an "eligible applicant for a loan." The police were of the opinion that the list contained few "eligibles." A letter found in Jacobs' office showed that their construction of the game was correct. The letter was from an agent in Philadelphia, and was as follows:

Dear Sir:—Inclosed find November returns, also the amount of which I was short in my October account. Some time ago I intimated to Mr. Haupt that a "principal loan" to Philadelphia would swell my sales of certificates.

The \$7,500 coming here last month has done the trick, and I worked it for all it was worth, too, as far as my stock of certificates lasted. A friend—financially so situated as to enable him to do so—cheerfully corroborated the statement of receiving the money, with the result that I was completely sold out of certificates several days ago. But for some dilatory collections of my sub-agents, I believe I could have sold at least one hundred more; did not send for them for the reason that I probably would not receive them on time.

Were I sole agent here I would know how to derive all the benefit possible out of all the "principal loans" you could consistently send this way without causing any ugly conflictions or unsavory details.

The result of such tactics would be to knock out the old Louisiana, as the money that came to my friend has converted no less than fifty Louisiana cranks into the Montana belief.

One of the principal loans sent here occasionally will do the businesss.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) LEW LEITENBURG.

It was evident that \$7,500 was not distributed by the company. A statement to that effect, however, was circulated by the Philadelphia agent, and he induced his

friend, who had enough money to convince inquirers that he had drawn a prize, to uphold him in this statement. A "principal loan" was supposed to have been made in Philadelphia, and then there was a rush for tickets and certificates.

Jacobs and a bookkeeper, who was also taken into custody, were taken to the Harrison Street Station. The former did not appear to be greatly disconcerted by his arrest, notwithstanding the damaging evidence found against him by Wooldridge. He declared he had been engaged in selling mining stocks on the same plan in Chicago since 1892, and no efforts had ever been made before to interrupt his business. No attempt had been made by him, he said, to use the United States mails to promote his plan of selling certificates.

Abundant evidence was found in his office, however, to disprove this statement. There was a large number of envelopes containing letters and printed matter giving details of his scheme, many of which were from customers who had sent money orders, checks and cash, amounting to a large sum, and some making inquiries as to when the next drawing would take place. These letters were from every section of the country and were written by persons in every degree of life.

In the safe, which was opened by the police, was found several hundred tickets and certificates ranging from 25 cents to \$1. A letter from an agent in Omaha was found which indicated that the company had been doing an extensive business there. It was from a brother of Davis, and was as follows:

"Send me \$25 worth of February goods at 25 cents for H. P. Hansen, 724 South Thirteenth street, Omaha. Rush 'em out to the Swedish agent. I have more business here than a school boy, and am billing the city properly."

Other letters were found which referred to "drawings," and some spoke of lucky numbers and mentioned the names of some of the winners.

Three charges were made against Jacobs, that of conducting a lottery, promoting a lottery scheme and selling lottery tickets.

He was held to the grand jury in bonds of \$1,500 and later indicted.

Both these cases were put on the court calendar for trial, but have not been disposed of at this writing. Since then there have been no fraudulent schemes of this kind in Chicago, or at least no complaints have been made to the police.

MOB FOLLOWS A PRISONER.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE ARRESTS A MAN AND IS COMPELLED TO DEFEND HIM AGAINST LYNCHERS.

After a dangerous encounter, Detective Wooldridge arrested a colored footpad, Charles Smith, by chasing him several blocks and had to threaten to shoot the leaders of the mob to prevent the prisoner from being lynched.

Wooldridge was concealed in an alley near Polk street on the night of June 26, 1894, for the purpose of arresting some hold-up men who had infested the locality for some time. He had not been there long when an old gentleman stepped into the alley from Polk street. Instantly two colored men seized him. One held his throat while the other, after dealing a vicious blow with a slung shot, began to go through his pockets.

Wooldridge saw both of the men when they ran into

the alley and seized the stranger, and with one bound was at their side. Covering both robbers with his revolver, he commanded them to surrender. They had not noticed Wooldridge up to this time, so bent were they on getting all the change which their victim might have had in his pockets.

Both men released their victim and faced the officer. The one with the slung shot made a vicious blow at Wooldridge, which, had it taken effect, would have crushed his skull, but the little detective was not to be caught napping while he had two desperate robbers facing him. He jumped aside and fired at the man, the shot taking effect in his hip, and clasping the wound with his hands the robber fell to the ground.

The officer next seized Charles Smith by the coat tail, but the cloth parted, and leaving part of his coat in Wooldridge's hands Smith started on a full run west on Polk street to Pacific avenue. There were hundreds of people on the street, and Wooldridge did not dare shoot at Smith for fear of hitting an innocent person, but he fired three shots in the air and blew his whistle, which attracted two special officers and a flagman for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern railroad at the corner of Taylor street and Pacific avenue, who intercepted Smith in his flight for liberty.

He was placed under arrest and a start made for the station, but before going half a block more than five hundred men and children surrounded the officer and his prisoner, and cried, "Hang the robber!" "Hang him!"

Wooldridge drew his revolver, and threatened to kill the first man who laid a hand on his prisoner. There

were five or six men in the crowd whom Wooldridge knew personally, and he called on them for assistance.

Smith was finally landed behind the bars at the Harrison Street Station. Several men were sent with the patrol wagon to Polk street to bring in the wounded robber, but he had made his escape and could not be found, though a thorough search was made.

Charles Smith was arraigned the following morning, fined \$100 and sent to the House of Correction. He would have been bound over to the criminal court, but his victim could not stay in the city to prosecute him.

WOMAN MURDERS COMPANION.

ELLA SHERWOOD, A NOTORIOUS LEVEE CHARACTER, SHOOTS
ANOTHER WOMAN TO DEATH.

On the night of June 5, 1894, two colored women, Ella Sherwood and Mattie Moore, were drinking in a saloon at the corner of Polk street and Pacific avenue. They became engaged in a quarrel, when the Sherwood woman drew a revolver and shot her companion, who fell to the floor dead. The murderess then ran out of the saloon and fled east on Polk street.

Detective Wooldridge was passing along Clark street, and hearing the shot, started to the saloon to see what caused the shooting. He met Ella Sherwood, and thinking her actions suspicious, placed her under arrest. Just then another officer came running up and Wooldridge turned his prisoner over to him until he could make an investigation. Entering the saloon he found that the Sherwood woman did the shooting. He then asked the

officer, who was guarding his prisoner, to call the wagon and send her to the station, while he secured the witnesses.

This officer, finding it was a murder and a good catch, took the woman to the station and booked her to himself and another officer, which, under the circumstances, was, to say the least of it, very unfair on his part. It would not have been so bad if he had only claimed a share of the honors with Wooldridge, who made the arrest.

Wooldridge gathered five or six witnesses and took them to the station, and made a report of the shooting to the Chief of Police, not knowing that the arrest of the Sherwood woman was credited to any one except to himself.

The case was allowed to stand, the credit of the arrest going to the two officers, and Wooldridge was ordered to assist them on the case. They refused all assistance and neglected to bring the witnesses into court or have them before the grand jury. They were only accustomed to handling drunk and disorderly cases, which would take care of themselves.

When the case was called for trial before the criminal court, they knew nothing, had no witnesses and no evidence prepared for the state, consequently Ella Sherwood was discharged, when she should have been hanged.

Few of the notorious footpads who frequented the levee had a greater criminal record than Ella Sherwood. She was one of the most daring strong-arm habitues of this district. She was an opium fiend, and one of the most vicious colored women that ever roamed the street. When her temper was aroused she would fight like an infuriated tigress, and was always armed with a revolver

and dirk. She has been connected with a number of shooting and cutting affrays.

Some months prior to the shooting, Ella Sherwood robbed a ranchman from Kansas of \$375, which she gave to a saloon man to keep until the robbery had blown over and the ranchman had left town. She then went to him and asked for the money. He only gave her the laugh, told her he was going to keep it, and wanted to know what she was going to do about it.

Ella soon convinced him what she was going to do. She armed herself with a revolver and a baseball bat. With the bat she knocked the front windows out, then whipped out her revolver and riddled the saloon, almost every bottle in the place being shot into pieces. She was arrested, and the saloon man lost no time in turning over the money, and even refused to prosecute her.

After this a white man with whom she had been living deserted her for another woman, who was also a notorious footpad. This so aroused the jealousy of Ella Sherwood that she went after the other woman and came near killing her. One of the cuts she inflicted commenced from the lower part of the eye and extended to the lower part of her face, down to the bone. The whole jaw was almost severed, and she was marked for life.

Ella fled to Kansas City, where she was arrested by Officers Jones and Reed, brought back, and bound over to the grand jury, but when her victim was wanted as a witness, she could not be found.

Ella Sherwood went to Springfield once in company with her lawyer for the purpose of getting a negro named Louis Baker pardoned. Baker was serving an indefinite time in Joliet penitentiary for larceny. It is not known what representation was made to Governor

Altgeld for clemency, but the chief executive of Illinois promised to look into the case. Baker was among the batch of convicts pardoned the day before Thanksgiving that year, and the Sherwood woman was at the gates to meet him.

She was locked up later at the Harrison Street Station charged with assault. While standing in her cell with her hands clutching the bars of the door, she paid this extravagant tribute to Governor Altgeld:

"Mista Altgeld, he's jes' de nices' man in de whole state of Illinois. He pahdoned out my fellow, Looey Baker, afta he'd been in Joliet jes' twenty-seven days. It costs me fo' hundred dollahs to get him out. Yes, indeed, fo' hundred cool plunks. I tole Mistah Anderson if he get Looey out I'd give him fo' hundred, and I did jes as shoo as I'm standin' heah. When me and Mr. Anderson went down to Springfield to see the gov-nah, he was jes' as nice as pie to us. Mistah Altgeld is jes' a perfec' gem'en. It cuts no ice with him, white or black. We talked about what a nice good boy Looey was, an' de ole pair o' pants he stole wa'n't no good. When we come home I tole de govnah I'd die fer him if he'd pahdon Looey, an' I would, too. But it cost me fo' hundred, jes' de same."



CLEVER TOOL THIEF CAUGHT.

DISGUISED AS A PLUMBER, HE SYSTEMATICALLY ROBBED THEM AND IS FINALLY SENT TO PRISON.

Detective Wooldridge in September, 1895, made a clever capture of a man who made an exclusive business of stealing plumbers' tools. He had become so perfect in his methods that his victims had almost despaired of ever catching him. Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case, and after an investigation of the complaints and informing himself of the man's plan of operation, arrested him in two hours.

For several months complaints were made at the Harrison Street Station by the owners of plumbers' shops that they were being plundered regularly of tools, lead pipes, etc.

The detective discovered that a man of the name of John McCabe was selling a quantity of tools and pipe at a second-hand store on Harrison street near Custom House place, and that he was a daily visitor there. Wooldridge secreted himself in the second-hand store on September 19, 1895, and after waiting two hours, was rewarded for his trouble.

Mr. McCabe, dressed as a machinist, with a suit of overalls on, a pencil behind his ear, and a book in his hand, walked in. In this guise he would visit a plumbing shop, and if he found no one there, which he frequently did, he would use his bunch of keys, unlock the door, or in case the keys did not fit he would use a jimmy, and get in any way, taking away the most salable articles.

He had been seen many times by the neighbors of some of the plumbers, when he came or went to the

places, and on several occasions was stopped and questioned, but in the garb of a machinist, with book and pencil, and a list of what he had, he would tell them that the owner of the shop had sent him, and those who made the inquiry would suppose it was one of the workmen.

On one occasion, when McCabe could not gain an entrance by keys and was forcing his way, the man who lived next door to the plumbing shop, when told that the plumber had sent him in great haste after some tools, even assisted him in forcing the door, thinking he was doing his neighbor a good turn.

When arrested, McCabe had his arms full of tools. He was taken to the Harrison Street Station and held for a further investigation. Several hours later John Pickett, of 344 Clark street, reported that his place had been broken into. He was shown the tools, which he identified, and also recognized McCabe as the man who was hanging around the shop when he left it.

Ten cases were made out against McCabe and he confessed. He was held to the criminal court, indicted, and when arraigned for trial was sentenced October 10, to an indefinite time in the Joliet penitentiary by Judge Sears. He had served one term there before for the same offense.

BIRDS GIVE ALARM.

ONE CAUSES ARREST OF A THIEF AND ANOTHER SAVES A
HOUSE FROM BURNING.

Two birds figured as the heroes in incidents in the career of Detective Wooldridge. The sagacity of one

caused the arrest of a thief, and the other saved a house from destruction by fire.

In 1894, Siegel, Cooper & Co., proprietors of the largest department store in the world, discovered that some one had been stealing birds from them. Nearly every day one of the songsters was missed. One man, who had been frequenting the bird department daily and buying a small quantity of bird seed, was suspected of the thefts. He came in as usual one day, and just as he started to leave a small boy saw him reach into a cage and take a mocking bird out. The boy gave the alarm and a clerk went in pursuit of the thief. When the latter reached the door, Detective Wooldridge entered and heard the clerk accuse the man. Both his hands were buried in his pockets. Wooldridge inquired what he had in his pockets.

"Nothing," he replied, but just then the imprisoned mocking bird began to sing, "Going to Leave My Happy Home." The thief then gave up the bird, and it was returned to its cage.

The bird thief, who gave his name as Charles Huber, was taken to the station, where he confessed stealing other birds and selling them. He was sent to the House of Correction.

In 1897, a fire started in the closet in the flat of Mrs. Ritter, on Wabash avenue. Mrs. Ritter owned an intelligent parrot, which, on seeing the flames burst out, began to scream, "Fire!" as loudly as it could. At the same time some one in the adjoining room discovered the blaze and began to fire a pistol to attract attention. Detective Wooldridge was passing by, and after turning in an alarm ran up to the flat in which the fire had

been discovered. The flames were bursting out of the closet and had just reached a handsome piano cover.

Wooldridge caught the piano cover, and throwing it into the closet closed the door and kept the blaze from spreading. The fire department soon arrived and extinguished the fire, which caused very little damage.

The parrot continued to scream "Fire!" "Fire!" until the firemen left the house. It afforded a great deal of amusement to every one.

THE NEGRO AND HIS RAZOR.

HOW A PRISONER TRIED TO "CARVE" HIS WAY TO LIBERTY
AND WAS DEFEATED.

The negro and his razor have always cut a large figure in police and detective work. There seems to be an affinity between a colored man and a razor.

Here is a story which shows how the detective was adroit enough to prevent the use of one of these dangerous and deadly weapons on him.

While patrolling his post at the Stanton Avenue Police Station on the night of May 27, 1891, Officer C. R. Wooldridge discovered two men on the opposite side of the street, coming out of a side window from H. Woolmen's residence, which was in the rear of his tailor shop, 3111 Prairie avenue. Officer Wooldridge gave chase and caught one of the two, Harry Anderson, who, after he was placed under arrest, stooped down, presumably for the purpose of lacing his shoe, when all at once he reached for a razor he had concealed on the inside of his sock.

It was very evident that Anderson intended carving his way to liberty and life, but both movement and mo-

tive were discovered before he had time to put them into execution.

Wooldridge, with one blow from his heavy oak baton, delivered under the ear, knocked his prisoner out, and before he came to his senses, the detective had secured the razor and had the handcuffs, or, as they are called in police parlance, "come-alongs," on his wrists, and at the point of the revolver took him to the patrol box, called for the wagon and landed him behind the bars. The other fellow, who had been with him, made his escape.

It appears that this man had effected an entrance into the residence by raising up a window, and had with his partner collected several hundred dollars' worth of goods, which they were tying up when they were discovered by a daughter of Mr. Woolmen, who instantly gave the alarm, and the two ruffians fled, leaving their booty behind.

Anderson was taken to the Bureau of Identification at the Harrison Street Police Station, and was identified as an ex-convict who had recently come from the Joliet penitentiary, where he had just served a term for the same offense.

He was held to the grand jury, but was discharged because they got the little girl witness so confused on the witness stand, she lost her head completely, which weakened the evidence.

PREVENTS A BURGLARY.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE HAS A DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND
STRUGGLE WITH THREE ROBBERS.

In the early days of Detective Wooldridge's service in the Chicago police department and while he was trav-

eling a post from the Warren Avenue Station, he prevented a burglary, which three men were intent upon, and captured one of the robbers and wounded another. This was accomplished, however, after one of the most desperate hand-to-hand struggles he ever engaged in, and when it was over, Wooldridge and the captured man were both badly used up.

On the night of June 4, 1889, Wooldridge saw three men near the residence of Edward Shawcross, 931 Jackson boulevard. Rain had been falling in torrents and the officer was nearly as wet as if he had taken a plunge into the lake. A heavy fog had settled over the city which enabled Wooldridge to get close to the burglars without being detected.

He hid behind a small tree, and the men came to within a few feet of him and turned into the alley in the rear of the residence and soon began to bore holes in the rear door of the house. Wooldridge stepped out and called to them to surrender.

Instead of this they turned on the officer and knocked him down three times, inflicting a scalp wound in the back of the head. While they had him down he managed to draw his revolver and fired. One of his assailants fell with a bullet in his thigh and begged for his life. At the same time he caught hold of the leg of another and they came up together. When they went down again Wooldridge was on top. He held fast to his man and finally clubbed him with the butt of his revolver into submission. In the meantime the wounded man had gotten up and ran away. Wooldridge saw the third scaling a fence and fired at him, but he also escaped.

The shots brought two other officers to his assistance,

who searched the neighborhood for the two burglars who had gotten away, but they could not be found.

The prisoner was taken to the station and proved to be Frank Kelly, a notorious sneak thief and room worker, and who had served a term in the penitentiary. He had also just gotten out of the House of Correction, where he served a year for larceny.

When the case was taken before the grand jury, Shawcross and his wife requested that body not to return an indictment, as they did not want to appear as prosecutors, and consequently Kelly was discharged.

MOB CLAMORS FOR A THIEF.

A pickpocket came near being mobbed in February, 1894, for trying to steal a purse from Mrs. George D. Potter at 320 Dearborn street. Mrs. Potter and a lady friend were standing in a doorway at that number, when she felt a tugging at her coat pocket, and turning, saw a young man with her pocketbook in his hand. She struggled with the thief, but the fellow broke away and ran, with hundreds of pedestrians in pursuit. At Custom House place and Harrison street Detective Wooldridge joined in the chase. Wooldridge overtook the fugitive and recognized him as John Burns. The officer had a hard time in getting the prisoner to the station. The crowd which followed seemed determined to wreak severe punishment on the thief, but another officer appeared and kept the enraged mob back, and the man was landed safely behind the bars at the station, charged with highway robbery. Dr. Wise of 324 Dearborn street testified that he saw Burns throw the pocketbook

away, which contained \$7, and that he, the doctor, picked it up and gave it to the officer. Burns was arraigned for trial May 16, 1894, before Judge Payne and given sixty days in the House of Correction.

FOUR WELL-KNOWN OFFICERS.

SHORT SKETCHES OF A GROUP OF MEN WHO FIGURED IN
CHICAGO POLICE HISTORY.

This work would scarcely be complete without a reference to four men who figured largely in the police history—Michael J. Schaack, the big inspector, whose earthly career ended while still in service at the East Chicago Avenue Station; John R. Bonfield, one of the old-time inspectors; Charles G. Koch and Ed. Laughlin.

Michael J. Schaack was born in Germany in 1843, and came to America with his family in 1853. He came to Chicago with his father and mother, and entered the regular police force as patrolman June 15, 1869, being assigned to duty at the old armory station.

He was promoted successively as sergeant, detective and lieutenant. August 17, 1885, he was made captain and placed in charge of the old Fifth precinct, where he remained until a short time after the Haymarket riot, when he was transferred to the Desplaines Street Station, where he remained until September, 1887.

He was then sent back to his former station, and later was made inspector of police at the East Chicago Avenue Station by Mayor Harrison. He remained on duty there until his death in May, 1898.

John R. Bonfield was born in County Clare, Ireland,

April, 1836. The family came to America in 1842. In the summer of 1844 settled in Chicago. In the spring of 1877 he began his first duty in the police department as patrolman and was assigned to the Twenty-second Street Station.

After two years he was taken to the Central Station and placed on the detective force. After this he was promoted as lieutenant and given command of the Twenty-second Street District. Soon after the first election of Mayor Harrison, senior, he was transferred to Desplaines street, and a year later was ordered to West Twelfth street, then known as the terror district.

Following this, six months later, he was made captain with headquarters at Central Station. When Captain Ebersold was promoted to the inspectorship, he was placed in command of the Third Precinct, and when Ebersold was made superintendent Bonfield was selected to supersede him as inspector. He is at present lieutenant in charge of the Seventh Precinct.

Charles G. Koch, who is at present on the retired list of captains, was born at Hessen, Germany, in 1847. He came to Chicago in 1865 and joined the police force in 1872. While acting as patrolman he was seriously wounded in a fight with a half-dozen tough characters at Halsted and Thirty-seventh streets.

He shot three of them, two of them dying the next day. He was promoted gradually until he reached the position of captain, and remained in the service in this capacity until he was made inspector and assigned to the Harrison Street Station. He made an enviable record as a police officer.

Ed. Laughlin was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in 1843. He came to Chicago in 1862 and entered the

police force in 1872 as a patrolman. He was promoted rapidly as a reward for meritorious service, and became lieutenant of police of the Harrison Street Station.

Later he was made inspector of police, and has a long and creditable record as a police officer. He has always borne himself bravely and stands high in the estimation of his superiors and brother officers.

HISTORY OF THE STATE STREET TERROR.

CAREER OF KITTY ADAMS, THE FAMOUS FEMALE FOOTPAD
WHO SECURED A PARDON FROM GOVERNOR ALTGELD.

One of the most famous white female footpads of the levee, and one who has given the police as much trouble as dozens of others combined and terrorized the district for more than ten years, was Kitty Adams. She was known to be a dangerous woman in all the practices in which the characters of that locality indulged, and though once convicted and sentenced to a term in prison, secured her release by strategy and returned to her old life.

Kitty Adams was the wife of a pickpocket named George Shine, whose picture is in the rogues' gallery and who is known to the police as a "good man," which means to the outsider that he is a very bad man. Years ago this woman lived in a house in the lower section of Clark street and was famous among the police for always carrying a razor. Whenever it became necessary to arrest her, the officers who were assigned to the duty always kept an eye open for the appearance of that deadly weapon. One night her house was raided and she jumped from a third-story window. She was pur-

sued by two officers and ran down Clark street to Polk street, where she fell over a curbing and broke one of her collar bones.

At another time she had some trouble with the driver of a scavenger wagon in an alley west of Clark street, and drawing out her ever-ready razor she cut a gash six inches long in the side of one of the horses. About this time she became famous as one of the band of the strong-arm women which had so long defied the police and which had been such a terror to strangers in Chicago.

Finally, however, she was arrested and convicted of highway robbery and sent to the penitentiary at Joliet. In a few months her friends secured a petition which was signed by a great many sympathetic people, declaring that she was dying of consumption and requesting the governor to pardon her. An investigation followed, and when Kitty Adams was brought before the committee on pardons, she convinced the members of that committee that she was suffering from hemorrhages. She did this by puncturing her gums with a toothpick until they bled freely. While she was before them, she coughed in imitation of a consumptive and expectorated the blood from the bleeding gums. This clever scheme readily convinced the committee that she was going to die in a week, and when they reported her condition to the governor she was at once pardoned. She returned to Chicago and went back to her old haunts, and week after week she was arrested on disorderly charges, but was usually discharged after paying a small fine. On August 15, 1896, she and Jennie Clark attacked and robbed an old and respectable business man while he was walking to his home opposite Hop-

kins' Theater on State street. Kitty at once said to her companion:

"There's a guy with rocks. Let's get him."

In a moment they overtook him and without any formalities Kitty threw her arm around his neck and held his head back, while her partner in crime went through his pockets and relieved him of all the money he had, which was only \$5. This case was made famous on account of the fact that when the two women were arrested and arraigned for trial, the late Judge Goggin, who was then presiding in one of the branches of the criminal court, practically endorsed robbery of this character and reprimanded the victim of these two women. Before this both women were sent to jail, but the Adams woman gave bond and did not appear for trial when the case was called. Jennie Clark, however, was in court face to face with her victim. After hearing but little of the evidence, Judge Goggin stopped the proceedings and said to the prosecutor, who had just related the facts in the robbery:

"It serves you right, sir. You ought to have known better. You are an old man and look as though you might be a Sunday-school teacher. Probably you are a Sunday-school teacher, and have been doing like many others when they want to have a good time. What business had you out at that time is what I'd like to know. Let the prisoner be discharged."

While the victim of these two women was in their clutches he shouted for help. At that moment Detective Wooldridge turned the corner of Congress street about twenty feet away and heard the cry. Before the robbers had found their hiding places they were caught by the

detective and identified by a number of people who saw the hold-up.

In 1898 Kitty Adams was again arrested for larceny. She was held to the grand jury, but gave bonds and then ran away, going to some small town in Illinois. Later she was arrested there as a fugitive from justice and taken back to Chicago, where, on June 6, she was tried and sentenced to Joliet penitentiary for an indefinite term, and it is not likely she will get out on the same pretense which liberated her before.

HE SAVED HIS STAR.

Detective Wooldridge probably saved his star once by preventing the escape of a prisoner whom he had arrested for robbery. On October 6, 1895, Monroe Thompson, alias Chick Monroe, a colored highwayman, held up an aged soldier at Polk and State streets, robbed him of \$36 and got away with the money. He was arrested the next day by Detective Wooldridge and taken before Justice Underwood for trial. The detective turned away for a minute in the court room, and the negro made a dash for liberty. Wooldridge wheeled in time to see his prisoner trying to escape, and started in pursuit. The fugitive and detective rushed through the crowd in the court room, and a number of persons in attendance were roughly handled by both, but Wooldridge was determined to recapture his man. One woman was tumbled over into a crowd of Chinamen who were present and her screams aroused the whole room. Thompson was caught by Wooldridge just as he reached the door, and was brought back and held to the grand

jury under bonds of \$800, after taking a change of venue from Justice Underwood to Justice Richardson. When the case reached the grand jury, however, it was thrown out because the victim of the robbery refused to return and prosecute.

COULD NOT STOP A WEDDING.

PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM ROBBED BY A THIEF, WHICH
REVEALS A ROMANCE.

The work of a detective often reveals some strange stories, some of which are filled with romance and others with misfortunes, sorrows and distress. The one related below discloses a romance and acquaints us with a hero who would not permit a footpad to interrupt his wedding.

He was smiling in spite of two heavy valises, when he passed through the gate and took a seat in the forward end of one of the coaches of the three-o'clock east-bound train. The train left on time.

Before it had proceeded to Sixteenth street some mysterious hand had pulled the bell cord. While passengers and train crew looked about to see why the train had stopped so suddenly, John Johnson, a farmer of Calloway, Custer county, Neb., was pursuing a Chicago robber up Clark street. The highwayman had \$120 of Mr. Johnson's money.

The thief ran down the street and turned into an alley, soon distancing Johnson. The latter was directed to the Harrison Street Police Station to report the robbery.

It was on a Sunday, about 3 p. m., when he came rushing into the station, hat in one hand, two valises in the

other, and the perspiration streaming down his face. He certainly bore the most forlorn and distressed face ever seen, and in a loud voice asked "if that," meaning the police station, "was the Mayor's office, and where the Chief of Police was, for he wanted to see him right away on d—d important business."

Thinking him some eccentric or a crazy person, the desk sergeant and several others standing by thought to have a little fun at his expense, and pointed out Detective Wooldridge, who just then entered the room, as the chief, to whom he narrated his troubles with tears in his eyes.

He shook like a man with palsy. He said his name was John Johnson, from Calloway, Custer county, Neb., and that he was on his way east to be married, and that he was due in Cleveland December 3, as he was to be married that night; that as he boarded the train a thief had snatched his pocketbook and fled.

Wooldridge secured a description of the man and told him every stone should be turned that could be, and that he would put out twenty of the best detectives on the force and have the man inside of a few hours, or any way by morning, if he would wait over.

To that, however, he said "No" most emphatically, declaring that he did not intend to remain over one minute longer than the next train, which left at 8 p. m., as he did not propose to disappoint that "gal," who had waited for him fifteen years.

"I will be there in time for the wedding," was the telegram John Johnson sent from the Lake Shore station to Miss Isabella Martha Rust at 3272 Spadford avenue, Cleveland.

The robbery of John Johnson brought to light a little

romance which had been running its course for fifteen years. John Johnson and Martha Isabella Rust were playmates together in South Victoria, Canada. Their parents lived near each other, on the same street of the little Canadian town, and in the morning when Martha Isabella Rust started for school, she found John Johnson waiting on the curb to carry her lunch, and hand-in-hand they tripped along to the school-house.

"When we get big like papa and mamma," said John, "we will get married. I will be your husband and you will be my wife."

Martha Isabella agreed to the proposal every day or two, and so the children grew to manhood and womanhood. But when they did get old enough to think about marriage and a word of their intentions was whispered to their parents, a prohibitory command was issued. Then John secretly plighted troth with his young fiancée and left Canada to win his fortune.

"When I am rich," he told her, "I will return and we will be married anyway."

Johnson crossed to Rochester, N. Y., and there heard of the opportunities for young men in the far west. He took a train for the cattle ranges of Nebraska. Several years were spent in the saddle, and saving the money that he earned. Finally he had enough money in the bank to buy a piece of land and stock it. This was two miles from Calloway, in Custer county. Everything prospered and soon more land and more cattle were purchased.

By the heat of buffalo-chip fire John fried his own steak and made his own coffee until he thought he could support a wife. He wrote to Martha Isabella Rust, who had moved to Cleveland. She was of the "old opinion

still," and John made her a visit. The day set for the wedding was December 3. He returned to his home to await the day.

Meanwhile he sold some cattle, procured a wedding suit, and with \$200 in his pocket started for Cleveland. He reached Chicago and went to the Garden City Hotel for the night. He was so pleased over the outcome of the long courtship that he told all of the guests of the hotel about it and about the money in his pocket.

When he went to the depot and sat down, a stranger paced back and forth before him. When Johnson boarded the train this same man came through the car.

"Will you give me a match?" he asked. Johnson accommodated him, and the man went into the smoker. After the train had started the man returned and asked Johnson to give him two \$10 bills for four \$5 bills. Johnson drew his roll of money out and searched for the bills. The man seized a handful and rushed to the door. Johnson caught him, but was knocked down. Then Johnson pulled the bell cord and brought the train to a stop. He seized his two valises and pursued the fugitive. The man escaped, and Johnson applied to the Harrison Street Police Station.

Detective Wooldridge was detailed to search for the robber. The chief of detectives of the Lake Shore road also offered assistance, and he requested Johnson to stay a few days until a search could be made.

"Not a day," said Johnson. "I have waited fifteen years and I have said that it shall come off Wednesday. I will be there if I am robbed a hundred times, and I have telegraphed home for more money. Do you think I will permit a Chicago footpad to prevent what my parents fought against in vain for fifteen years?"

When Johnson returned to Chicago with his bride, Detective Wooldridge had the thief under bond, but the young wife persuaded her husband to proceed to their western home. She declared they could do without the money that had been stolen, and did not want her husband to have to return to Chicago to attend the trial. The case was therefore dismissed for want of prosecution.

MURDER WILL OUT.

THIS IS DEMONSTRATED, ESPECIALLY WHEN GOOD DETECTIVE WORK IS DONE.

Police officers have been connected with many cases in which the truth of the saying that "murder will out" was demonstrated. One of these cases came up in the work of Detective Wooldridge.

On October 6, 1893, David Connors, alias "Daddy" Connors, and James Lamon, a brakeman, gambler and confidence man, went to Charles Patterson's saloon, 1441 State street, and engaged in a game of dice. Lamon and Connors became involved in a quarrel and blows were passed between them. They were separated by the proprietor and Lamon was advised to go home.

He started, and had just got out on the sidewalk and on the way to his boarding-house, when Connors started after him. Patterson and a man named Bauer tried to stop him, and discovered that he had a knife in his hand. Breaking away, he again started on a run after Lamon.

Bauer called to Lamon to look out for Connors, as he had a knife. At the warning Lamon turned around, and as he did so Connors slashed the knife across the abdomen, inflicting a wound which disemboweled him.

Bauer ran up and grabbed Connors and attempted to hold him until the arrival of the police, but Connors slashed at him with the knife, cutting his coat in several places, but fortunately he escaped with only a slight wound.

Connors broke away and made his escape. Lamon was taken to the St. Luke's Hospital where he lingered for a few days and died.

Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case. Lamon refused to tell who did the cutting, although notified that he was in a serious condition and would die.

The detective finally secured the names of those in the saloon at the time, and arrested and took them to the station. At first they refused to give any information, but after being locked up a while, one of them weakened and said that it was "Daddy" Connors, and little by little the information was pumped out of them until he had the whole facts.

Before Lamon died he took his ante-mortem statement at the hospital, and with all this information attended the inquest. The jury heard the evidence and recommended that Connors be held to the grand jury for the murder of James Lamon.

Wooldridge next secured a photograph and description of Connors, and issued a circular to locate and arrest him. On April 10, 1894, Wooldridge learned that he was in Chicago and notified the Chief of Police. Through his efforts and work Connors was located on the west side, and a number of officers were detailed to assist Wooldridge to arrest him. He was arrested and Wooldridge took charge of the case, and when the trial came up, through the evidence presented by Wooldridge and his untiring energy in pushing it, Connors was, on November 30, 1894, sentenced in Judge Blank's court

to twenty-one years in the penitentiary. He died there two years later.

BURGLAR IN WOMAN'S CLOTHES.

YOUNG MAN WHO ROBBED A SALOON FALLS INTO A TRAP
SET BY THE DETECTIVE.

A clever and successful plan was executed by Detective Wooldridge in August, 1891, to capture the men who robbed H. Wagner, a saloon keeper at 3144 State street. The burglars rifled his cash drawer and also took away a large quantity of tobacco, cigars and liquors.

Wooldridge was assigned to the case, and after making a careful investigation, he learned that a few minutes before the saloon was closed on the night of the robbery, R. Halman and William Hoyt were there, and that Hoyt was dressed as a woman and wore a thick veil which completely concealed his features.

Some time after the saloon closed, both these young men were observed to be acting in a very suspicious manner, and the detective also uncovered the fact that on the following day Hoyt had a plentiful supply of cigars, tobacco and liquor. Further inquiry developed the fact that he was living with his mother not a very great distance from the scene of the robbery.

Wooldridge made a number of visits to the residence of his mother, but each time was informed that the young man was not at home. It appeared that he had heard he was suspected of the robbery and kept away.

Then the detective devised a plan which resulted in the arrest of the robber. He wrote a note to him and sent it to his mother's residence, in which he said he

had heard he was out of work, and a friend of his had asked him (Wooldridge) to get him a position. He knew a place that was open and could secure it if he would meet him at the store of a certain firm that night at 8:30 o'clock.

Hoyt appeared on time, and was then arrested and taken to the Stanton Avenue Station, where he confessed to the burglary. When he was arraigned for trial the court was lenient and he was fined \$50.

TRIES TO HIDE HER SHAME.

SERVANT GIRL NEARLY KILLS HER ILLEGITIMATE CHILD
BUT IT IS SAVED BY THE DETECTIVE.

There are two worlds in the life of a police officer. He sees the criminal side of life, and he sees life from a sympathetic side. Sometimes he sees from the latter point alone, and when he does he is one of the most successful moral agents in the long list of charitable institutions. A woman in distress, who has been the victim of a heartless man, or a family suffering from the adversities of life often become objects of the especial care of these guardians of the peace, and the heroic work they do for these people would often stagger the professional relief societies, if they were acquainted with the facts.

One peculiar and interesting case presented itself to Detective Wooldridge, and it came up in the regular routine of his duties. The wife of a gentleman residing on Vernon avenue rushed into the Stanton Avenue Station one evening and excitedly exclaimed that there were burglars or ghosts or something in her cellar. She said

she had gone into the cellar to get some coal and heard sounds which almost made her hair turn gray.

Detective Wooldridge was sent to make an investigation, and when he reached the house, which was only a few blocks from the station, he led the way to the basement with a revolver in each hand, followed by the frightened woman with a lamp and a hatchet. A man who roomed in the house armed himself with a rolling pin, and a serv came next, leading a pugnacious looking bull-dog.

And what did they find? Not a burglar, not a ghost, but a little baby, wrapped in a mop cloth and rags, lying in a market basket. On top of the basket there was a large board, and on this was a pile of lumber. The helpless little one was left alone to die of starvation or to be devoured by the rats which infested the cellar, and the author of this act of cruelty was the mother of this child, a German girl who was employed as a servant in this family.

Censure would naturally follow an inhuman act of this character, but it will be asked if the girl was more responsible than the base-hearted villain who was the cause of her downfall. She was compelled to work for a living, and in her hour of distress he deserted her. She could not afford to lose her position, and when the time came for the deliverance of this child of sin and indiscretion, she went to the basement alone, in the dead hours of the night, and consigned it to whatever fate awaited it.

There was no physician or nurse to help her in this hour of the greatest trial of a woman's life, and her heroism went even further. She arose the following day and began her regular duties; worked the entire day;

did a large washing, and scrubbed two flights of stairs, besides many other things which are required of a servant.

She must hide her shame at any cost, and no one, except a woman who has known the sufferings of maternity, can really understand what this poor girl must have endured.

Suspicion, of course, was directed toward the girl. At first she persistently denied all knowledge of the child, which had not even been washed after its birth, but under the close questioning of the detective, she finally broke down and confessed that she was the mother of the little foundling. The baby through neglect had almost lost its eyesight, but it and the mother were taken to the county hospital in the police ambulance in charge of an officer, and a complaint of child abandonment and an attempt to murder was lodged against the young woman.

In three weeks' time the young mother recovered thoroughly, and under the skillful treatment of physicians the child's eyes were saved. Then that little baby girl grew in strength, and beauty set its mark on its pale face.

The story of the unfortunate girl was told to some sympathetic and kind neighbors, who went to her rescue. They raised by subscription enough money to buy the baby a lot of comfortable clothing, and made its little life as happy as it was possible to do under the circumstances.

The natural love and affection of a mother grew in the young girl and won her many friends in the hospital. When she was arraigned at the Thirty-fifth Street Police Court before Justice Wallace, the court and public were moved to tears, and for the good of both she was discharged, and the child placed in the Home for the Friendless, where the mother paid for its board. She married

later, and the little girl grew to be one of the most lovely children the sun ever shone upon, and seven years later she was the pride of the woman who once abandoned her.

WOMEN GAMBLE IN STOCKS.

DETECTIVES RAID A BUCKET SHOP AND ARREST FEMALES
TEMPTING FORTUNE OVER THE TICKER.

Women are frequently lured by the ticker in the bucket shop as well as men, and in a raid made by Detective Wooldridge on the fifth floor of the Rialto building, he found a dozen there who were trying to better their fortunes.

When the officers entered, there was great confusion. Some of the women screamed with terror, others sobbed as if they were heartbroken, while a few took their arrests very philosophically and laughed over the predicament in which they found themselves.

Costly and magnificent dresses adorned some of them, while others wore gems that cost thousands of dollars. All, however, did not present these evidences of prosperity. There were some who seemed to come from the poorer classes. Their costumes showed that if they were ever possessed of the luxuries of a fine wardrobe it had been some time before, but each eagerly watched the rise and fall of grain, stocks and provisions.

All of them were arrested and taken to the police station in the patrol wagon, where they were locked up. This frightened them more than the raid, and they vigorously protested at the sight of a prison cell.

They finally gave bond and were released. In the rooms occupied by the bucket shop the officers found five

tickers, one of which was supposed to be connected with a similar institution in the Chicago Opera House building. There were also seven telephones. The proprietor had been posing as a member of the New York Stock Exchange, stating that he had a direct wire with an eastern correspondent.

The raid was instigated by the wife of a prominent Chicago lawyer, who resided in the Morrison Hotel. She claimed that the proprietor of the place had swindled her out of \$1,200 by means of alluring circulars and pamphlets alleging that he was a regular broker and member of the New York Stock Exchange.

A typewritten circular, ready for the printers, was among the property confiscated.. This is the alluring language of the circular which caused the raid and which has separated many unsuspecting persons from their hard-earned money:

"Our financial methods and enterprise may not be indorsed by narrow-minded, pessimistic wisacres. To these we can only assert that if you will stop to give the points herein presented careful consideration, you will perhaps realize your vision has been too narrow, and there are to-day greater opportunities than ever for making large profits in a perfectly safe manner. Nowhere has wealth accumulated so fast in recent years as has been the case in Wall street. It is there that millions have been added to the fortunes of the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Rockefellers, Morgans and people of that class.

"The real facts are that the grand or tidal movement in Wall street (not the daily fluctuations) are arranged by men who control millions; in other words, the insiders of those corporations whose securities are dealt in, certain Wall street banks and some of the big life insurance companies. Do such notoriously conservative people play a game of chance? Not much; these men, the real insiders, do not put their millions into a scheme that depends upon a hazard, and as they are sure to win, it is equally certain that an outsider, unless exceptionally well advised, is sure to lose. I am on the inside."

Thousands believe every word that is written of the glittering opportunities to make money. If the victims

of these men would only stop to consider the fact that if any one is sufficiently posted to double money in grain speculation, he would use his own capital and make a fortune, instead of trying to make a fortune by charging a small commission for handling the money of some one else, much misery and disappointment would be prevented.

A man who is "on the inside" in reality can get all the money in all the banks of Chicago to speculate with instead of getting the small savings of poor men and women.

Those who were arrested on the occasion referred to above were discharged the next morning on the payment of costs.

GIRLS IN BONDAGE.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE RESCUES TWO YOUNG GIRLS FROM
A LIFE OF DEPRAVITY.

Through the aid of Detective Wooldridge, Hattie Wilson and Maude Brown, two young girls, neither of whom were eighteen years of age, escaped from a bondage worse than death, at 445 and 447 Clark street, on October 18, 1895.

The girls had been prisoners in the place for several days, the landlady, Blanche McCarty, taking their clothing from them and locking them in a room on the top floor, where their cries for rescue were useless.

The girls were virtually sold into bondage for the sum of \$5 per head. Both came of good and respectable though poor families from South Bend. Maude Brown's father was a carpenter, and the other girl's father an ex-

pressman. Both of the girls appeared to be respectable and were too young to be of an abandoned character. They met two young men who gave the names of Burk and Davis at the races at South Bend.

These young men told the girls of golden opportunities to make money in Chicago, guaranteeing that it could be done by honest means. Their oily tongues won the day, and the four came to the city on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. Arriving here, the men took the girls to Peck court, placed them in a room, and kept them over Saturday and Sunday. Monday night the men took them to the McCarty woman's place and turned them over to the latter, receiving as a reward \$10.

The girls said the men told them that the woman would keep them about ten minutes. Instead, Mrs. McCarty locked them in a room and took away their clothing.

The girls begged to be allowed to go, insisting that they did not want to live a life of shame. It was useless. Finally, they wrote a letter telling their troubles, and dropped it through the window to a boy who happened to be passing by, and begged him for God's sake to take it to the police station. The next few hours were full of anxiety for the girls, but the note was carried to Detective Wooldridge at the Harrison Street Police Station, who lost no time in going to the rescue.

When found, the girls were almost nude. Officer Wooldridge provided them with wrappers and took them to the Harrison Street Annex. The two men who acted as procurers were searched for, but escaped. The place at 445 Clark street is notorious. The girls were held until their relatives were notified.

Blanche McCarty was arrested, locked up in the Har-

risson Street Station, and later taken before Justice Underwood and held under bonds of \$1,600 to the criminal court.

The girls were sent back to their parents at South Bend, and when the case came before the grand jury both refused to return to Chicago to prosecute. The police were informed that they received a snug little sum to drop the prosecution.

NOT SO GREEN AS HE LOOKED.

CONFIDENCE MEN TAKE DETECTIVE FOR A FARMER AND
LAND IN THE POLICE STATION.

A novel experience fell to the part of Detective Wooldridge one hot night in August, 1893. He was dressed in plain clothing and presented the appearance of a farmer from Posey county, Ind., but he was not so green as he looked.

While he was passing in front of a saloon on State street a confidence man stepped up and said: "Can you tell me which line of cars will take me to the World's Fair grounds?"

The detective saw at once that the man who asked the question was a confidence worker. Biting off a chew of plug tobacco, Wooldridge said he thought the State street car would take him to the World's Fair. "I am a stranger in town," said the detective, "and I am kinder turned around myself in this part of the city."

"So am I, stranger," said the man who attracted his attention. "Come in and have a drink." The two went into the saloon and a game of dice was soon started. Another man, who was a confederate of the one who in-

vited the officer into the saloon, came up and also took a hand in the game. One of the men tried to rob Wooldridge, and the officer then made known his identity and arrested them. Several loungers about the saloon tried to rescue the confidence men and a desperate struggle began. Wooldridge had his coat torn off, and one of his fingers badly chewed up. He clung to his prisoners, however, and had to draw his revolver out to keep the crowd of toughs back. The men whom he arrested gave their names as George Low and James Cory. They were arraigned in court the next morning and fined \$50 and \$20 respectively. Both were sent to Bridewell.

ROBBED OF \$5,000.

TWO WOMEN HOLD UP AND TAKE A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE
FROM A BUFFALO MAN.

Two women, Lena Blake, white, and Josie Rice, colored, held up and robbed Albert Hoyder, of Buffalo, N. Y., of \$5,000 in cash on January 23, 1893, in a dive on Clark street.

Hoyder was returning from Galveston, Texas, where he had gone to receive a portion of a fortune left him by his uncle, who had just died, and which amounted to \$42,000 cash, and real estate which brought \$600 every month. Hoyder was forty-five years old and the father of several children. Having disposed of all the legal formalities in Texas, he was on his way home, and upon arriving in Chicago, had in a buckskin belt, which was fastened around his waist beneath his undershirt, a little over \$5,000.

He strolled down Clark street, between Harrison and

Polk, when he was met by Josie Rice and Lena Blake. He said his attention was attracted by the colored woman's antics, which were like those of a young Hottentot, and a new element was introduced into his merri-ment.

Hoyder, with the perfect honesty of a man having no knowledge of Clark street life, allowed his curiosity to lead him upstairs into a room, where he was drugged by wine furnished by these women.

When he awoke his buckskin belt had been cut loose and taken by these two women thieves, who had fled. Soon after both women were arrested and locked up at the Harrison Street Station. Lena Blake secured bond, which was furnished by one of the professional bailers that hang around the court, and she then skipped out. Josie Rice made a full confession of her guilt, and said that when it came to dividing the spoils the white woman only gave her \$137, while she kept the balance.

Six months later Detective Wooldridge found Lena Blake, who had returned to Chicago, and arrested her on an indictment charging her with robbery.

She was placed on trial before Judge Baker, and through perjured testimony presented, she was discharged. She had spent all the money, except what she gave her mother to start a restaurant. Some two years after this she died in Chicago.

HE USED BOGUS CHECKS.

CHEAP SWINDLING SCHEMES OF LAWBREAKERS FREQUENTLY SURPRISE THE POLICE.

In their pursuit of lawbreakers the police frequently meet with some great surprises, not at the amount of lawlessness, but at the stupidity of the victims of the

criminals. In fact, it is surprising to them sometimes that there is not more lawlessness, seeing that so many people are so easily victimized, and by the simplest and most apparent fraudulent methods.

In 1897 there was a colored man in Chicago whose real name was E. H. Dillard, but who for the furtherance of his schemes assumed the name of "Dr." Baxter. His scheme was to convince people that he had fabulous wealth, and then on one pretense or another get money from them. He dressed well, made a fine appearance, and was a good talker, yet he was very illiterate.

He secured large amounts of money from many Chicago people (mostly colored) by passing himself as a doctor and also as a buyer and raiser of stock.

He roomed and boarded in the most fashionable places and cultivated only the acquaintance of moneyed men for the furtherance of his own interests.

Being illiterate, he had to employ an educated man to attend to his affairs, and make him acquainted with the influential men in the neighborhood.

It was about September 1, 1897, that Dillard arrived in Chicago from the west, and on his way he formed the acquaintance of A. B. Williams, a porter on a Pullman car. He told this man that he had large interests in stock ranches in Montana, and had some 6,000 head of cattle on the road to the Union Stock Yards in Chicago.

He also said that he had bought 20,000 more which would follow the first shipment. He offered Williams employment as his secretary at \$150 a month if he would leave the Pullman Company's employ and work for him. This offer was accepted by Williams, who took the "doctor" to his boarding-house, that of Mrs. Ella Clark, 2442 Dearborn street, where Dillard also secured board.

Two of the best rooms in the house were refurnished for the use of the "doctor" and his secretary.

The following morning Williams was taken to the stock yards and shown thousands of head of cattle in the pens, which the "doctor" said all belonged to him. He told Williams that he expected two checks for \$1,500 each, payable to him, and a draft on the Merchants' Exchange Bank of Melbourne, Australia, for \$36,000, payable on demand, and endorsed by William Shakespeare & Co., bankers, of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

He borrowed from Williams and Mrs. Clark all their available cash, and gave Mrs. Clark a check for his board, which was presented to the bank for collection, and she received the information that Dillard had no account there. Then complaint was made to Detective Wooldridge and his arrest followed.

Dillard had in his possession, when taken into custody, several bogus drafts, checks and bills of lading. Several of his victims appeared to prosecute, and on September 16, 1897, he was held to the criminal court by Justice Hall under \$3,500 bonds.

Upon arraignment before Judge Gary, October 6, 1897, he feigned insanity, but his past record and some thirty witnesses soon convinced the court that the man was shamming, and he sentenced him to the penitentiary under the indeterminate act.

Among his victims was The Fair, where he bought some \$300 worth of goods on a bogus check, but these goods were not delivered. Other victims who appeared were R. Bacon, 208 Walnut street, who cashed a worthless check for \$65; Edward Levy, 483 Francisco street, who cashed a check for \$95; Albert Lanyer, 491 Francisco street, and George S. Andison, 730 Austin avenue,

who loaned Dillard money and acted as his secretary for two months under promise of future pay, believing his employer to be a wealthy cattle man.

ALL THIEVES ARE DESPERATE.

ONE GUILTY OF PETTY LARCENY RESISTS ARREST AS FIERCELY AS ONE GUILTY OF BANK ROBBERY.

The officer often meets as fierce resistance in his attempt to arrest a man who is guilty of petty larceny as he does in his attempt to capture a safe blower or a murderer. Detective Wooldridge had a conflict of this kind on a bitter cold day in November, 1893, when he attempted to take into custody a man who had stolen a horse blanket. On this occasion Charles Day, who was the proprietor of the Warwick Hotel, had just returned from a drive, and the horse was somewhat hot from the exercise. Mr. Day took out of the buggy a handsome robe which he placed on the horse to prevent the animal from becoming chilled.

He then stepped into the hotel, and had hardly closed the door behind him when John Donohue, who had been watching him from the opposite side of the street, crossed over, stripped the blanket from the horse, and rolling it up started on a run to the alley, south of Van Buren street and between Clark street and Pacific avenue.

The detective was standing on the corner of Clark and Van Buren streets waiting for a car and witnessed the entire transaction, but the thief had a start of about three hundred feet and was soon joined by four other men, who, judging from their actions, were his companions.

Wooldridge jumped on a passing car going south with the intention of overhauling them, recovering the blanket and arresting the thief. Donohue was just coming out of the mouth of the alley adjoining the police station on Harrison street when Wooldridge overtook him. The detective asked the fugitive what he had in the bundle. Donohue replied, "None of your business, and if you touch me I'll kill you." He then put his hand into his back pocket as if he intended to draw a weapon. Wooldridge pulled out his revolver and told the fellow he was a police officer, and at once placed him under arrest. The thief was a powerful man and did not propose to submit. He seized the officer and tried to get possession of his revolver, but instead of this he received a blow on the head which made a wound three inches long. Donohue then dropped the blanket, and breaking away from the officer, ran across the street into the alley on the opposite side. Wooldridge followed and commanded him to halt. He turned and answered that if the officer attempted to follow him any further he would kill him. Wooldridge fired a shot in the air which brought Donohue to a standstill again, and once more they clinched and both fell.

The trial board, which is a body appointed for the purpose of investigating the conduct of officers who are charged with violation of various police rules and regulations, happened to be in session on this day. Three inspectors and a large number of commanding officers from various stations were present.

There were more than seventy-five officers in the station when the shot was fired, and all of them came running out to see what had caused it. They were headed by Captain Hartnett, who was in charge of the station at this time, and he was surprised to find Wooldridge

and Donohue in a deadly struggle. The latter was trying to get possession of the revolver which Wooldridge held, and it was perhaps very fortunate that assistance arrived when it did, as it probably prevented either Wooldridge or Donohue from being shot.

Donohue was overpowered and finally landed in the station. When he was taken down into the cell rooms he attempted to convince the officers that he was wounded in order that he might be sent to the hospital, which would give him another chance to escape. Wooldridge knowing, however, that the man was not shot, strongly insisted that he should not be sent to the hospital, which was agreed to, and the man was locked up. On trial the next morning he pleaded guilty to disorderly conduct and was fined \$100 and sent to the House of Correction for six months. The four men who were with him made their escape.

OFFICER IS ROUGHLY HANDLED.

AFTER BEING TERRIBLY BEATEN IN A SALOON HE ARRESTS
SIX OF HIS ASSAILANTS.

In 1896 Clark street, from Polk to Twelfth streets, was about as tough and vicious a place as there was on the face of the earth.

Almost every other house was a saloon, dance hall, or house of prostitution. These saloons never closed their doors, and women of all ages, of every nationality and color, and of every stage of depravity, were to be found in this locality. Around the doors of these places could be seen gaudily-bedecked females, half-clad in flashy finery, many with loose wrappers, and others wearing short scarlet dresses which never come below their knees, with many-colored stockings and fancy shoes.

Many of them wore bodices cut so low that they did not amount to much more than a belt. There they would congregate and tell filthy stories and sing vulgar songs, making all kinds of comments in a loud tone of voice in the hearing of all passers, right under the gaze of all passengers on the passing street cars. This was the resort and hang-out of the most depraved men in the city; the home of all alleged highwaymen, burglars, thieves, sure-thing gamblers, and any kind of a game, "con" or otherwise, could be found there.

Detective Wooldridge was the smallest man in the station, but it must be remembered that good things come in small packages sometimes.

For months he had waged incessant war upon these characters, scarcely a day passing that he did not single out five or six of these men and land them in the Harrison Street Station for vagrancy and other misdemeanors, and they were usually heavily fined. He received many threatening letters by means of which they tried to scare him, but not the slightest attention was paid to them, and the good work went on.

Wooldridge was called into Charles Kinnucan's saloon at 435 Clark street on account of a fight between George Kinnucan, a nephew of the proprietor of the place, and Dave Sanch. They were separated three times, but their blood was up. Both of them had fully made up their minds for the occasion, and not for one minute would they allow even a Chicago police officer to interfere with them.

George Kinnucan fought desperately with Wooldridge when he arrested him, but he was landed in the police station. The detective had a hard time of it though, as there were eighteen or twenty tough characters present, among them being four ex-convicts, and many grafters

and thieves, who were avowedly friends of Kinnucan and defied the officer to take him.

The plucky detective, however, nothing daunted, determined not to show the white feather, and said he would take his prisoner in spite of them all. From that time the fight was on, and they clinched, and down they went with Wooldridge on top. His "billy" was snatched out of his pocket, and he was knocked down as fast as he could get up, and this was done three times in succession.

While he lay unconscious Kinnucan was pounding him, and all in the room joined in kicking him. His head was one mass of bruises, and over the temple and on his head were cuts from which the blood flowed.

Wooldridge had the presence of mind to throw his left arm over his face when they all jumped on to him, thus saving himself from being disfigured, and at the same time he succeeded in getting his right arm free, and with this he pulled his revolver, and while Kinnucan was on the top of him and the others kicking him, he fired and the bullet imbedded itself in the bar, just grazing the barkeeper's hand.

Kinnucan then caught hold of the barrel of the revolver and tried to wrench it out of Wooldridge's hand, and at that Wooldridge fired again. The bullet passed through Kinnucan's hand, between the thumb and forefinger, passed all along the bone of the arm, and finally came out at the elbow. Kinnucan grabbed a heavy oak stick, but before he could use it he received a blow over the forehead which cut a gash three inches long, which had the effect of laying him out. This blow was from Wooldridge's revolver.

Officer Phil Miller came to the rescue, and six of the

men were arrested and locked up, and they were afterwards fined and sent to the Bridewell.

For the next six years not one of the Clark street toughs had any desire to have a personal encounter with Wooldridge even though he were the smallest man working out of the Harrison Street Police Station.

TRIES TO ROB THE DETECTIVE.

MARY KEATING HAS A ROUGH ADVENTURE WITH DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE.

One of the best known female pickpockets in Chicago tried to rob Detective Wooldridge once, and of course got the worst of it. The detective was standing in front of the First National Bank at the corner of Monroe and Dearborn streets when she attempted to rob him. She might have had the impression that Wooldridge was the president of this big financial institution, or she possibly mistook him for the cashier.

At any rate she mistook him for an easy "mark" and sailed in to get his money. The woman was Mary Keating, who, with her sister Nora, were well known to the police. Mary had been arrested many times and always went peaceably with the officers to the police station. She would sometimes try to escape by running, but never fought her captors except on this one occasion. Her sister was notorious as a fighter, and there are many officers on the force who bear scars which are the result of a conflict with Nora Keating.

It was on April 24, 1892, that Mary Keating attempted to rob Detective Wooldridge. She, with an-

other woman, was standing on the corner of Monroe and Dearborn streets, discussing the propriety of robbing some one, when Mary saw Wooldridge not far from her. The detective had heard a part of their conversation and determined to watch them.

The Keating woman approached him and asked where State street was. He told her it was one block east. The woman, however, did not manifest any intentions of going that direction, and engaged the detective in conversation. Suddenly she threw one arm around his neck and at the same time thrust her hand into his vest pocket. The officer seized her by the wrists and told her she was under arrest. She was not in the least disconcerted, and to all appearances was willing to submit without any resistance. She tried to persuade Wooldridge to release her, but he refused. She at last consented to walk to the station, and they started away together.

No sooner had she secured the use of one arm than she struck the officer a heavy blow in the face. He fell, but had the presence of mind to seize her dress and held to her. Then the woman dealt him another blow and at the same time called to her friend, whose duty apparently had been to keep watch for a policeman.

"Come on," she said, "we can both fix him."

Wooldridge managed to regain his feet, still holding to his prisoner. In an instant he took from his pocket a pair of "come-alongs" and fastened them around her wrists. Twisting them tightly, he caused such pain that she was a willing prisoner, but only for a few minutes. She then resorted to her plan of bribery.

First she offered \$50 if the officer would let her go,

then \$75, and at last \$100. Seeing that this did not prevail, she promised to walk peaceably if the chains were removed from her wrists. This was done, and for a few blocks she kept her promise. When the corner of Harrison and Clark streets was reached she said her dress was unfastened and asked the privilege of stepping into a doorway to fix it.

She was bending slightly forward and Wooldridge was directly in front of her. Suddenly the woman's arm shot out, and the detective received the full force of the blow between the eyes. Twice she struck him and started to run up Harrison street.

Wooldridge was after her immediately, and after another brisk fight succeeded in overpowering her. She was booked for attempted robbery, and the next morning was fined \$200. She appealed the case, but the decision of the lower court was affirmed. The money was paid and the woman was not compelled to go to jail.

Mary Keating was shot by her lover, John Rooch, from the effects of which she died at the county hospital, April 24, 1895.

TRIED TO DODGE THE CAMERA.

The police wanted to take the picture of Frankie Smith, whom Detective Wooldridge had arrested, but, unlike most women, she gave feminine vanity a shock by protesting against facing the camera. When Wooldridge attempted to escort her to the gallery at the Harrison Street Station, he came near losing as much of his face as Frankie could take in one bite. Luckily

he escaped with only a few scratches from Frankie's finger nails, which appeared to be as sharp as tiger claws.

Frankie got into trouble by a chance acquaintance with one Turner, whom she met on Wabash avenue on July 1, 1895. The acquaintance had been of only a few minutes' duration, Turner says, when she had \$35 which he carried in his pocket. She positively denied having the money or taking it until the wagon was called, and then she attempted to pass it over to Turner. This was detected by Wooldridge, who seized the money, which was still in an envelope with Turner's name written upon it, and had been received a few hours previous from his paymaster. She was held to the grand jury, indicted, arraigned for trial in the criminal court and found guilty by a jury.

SMOKED ON THE STREET.

WOMAN ARRESTED FOR PUFFING AT A CIGARETTE ON WABASH AVENUE.

While strolling along Wabash avenue one December day in 1896 Detective Wooldridge met another stroller. It was a woman who said she was Jennie Ward. She was not very different from other women, but she attracted more attention because she was smoking a cigarette.

The detective would perhaps not have noticed the woman so much if she had been smoking a cigar, but a cigarette was the limit. He arrested Jennie and took her to the station.

When she was arraigned for trial the court said: "Who is this prisoner?"

"This person is Jennie Ward, your honor," answered Wooldridge.

"Ahem! Quite a young girl," the court observed, as he inclined the judicial head and critically regarded the prisoner.

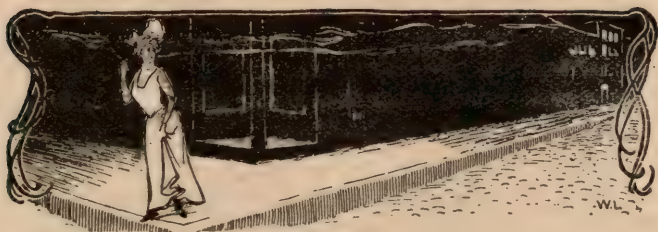
"Quite young," Wooldridge replied, "but a 'beaut,' though; just see how she's dressed. You can hear her clothes in Europe. They're actually disorderly, for a fact. It's really deafening, the noise they make."

"There's nothing disorderly in those accusations, and the clatter of her raiment does not substantiate your allegation that Miss Ward was not peaceful last evening," the court said, with a frown as black as a Herodic heart and as threatening as a cold tip from the weather man's map.

"But, your honor, I saw her coming down Wabash avenue Sunday smoking cigarettes like a college dude. She spotted me and doused the glim, but I pinched her."

This was surely enough to satisfy the court. He fined Jennie \$1, remarking, as he entered up the assessment, "I don't know what the equal suffragists will think, but as the thing being smoked was a cigarette I guess they won't make a disturbance. Now, if it had been a pipe—but then."

The court did not muse further, and Jennie paid the tax.



AMBITIOUS "PONY" MOORE.

NEGRO WHO CONDUCTED A SALOON AND GAMBLING HOUSE
WANTED TO SHINE IN SOCIETY.

With vaulting ambition and the exulting vanity of a parvenu, "Pony" Moore started out once to startle the world by becoming a shining light in society. This would not appear strange or astonishing were it not for the fact that "Pony" Moore is a colored man who then conducted a saloon and gambling house at 171 Twenty-first street, which was called the Turf Exchange, and was one of the worst dives in Chicago.

Moore was known as a "high-flyer," but the great and insurmountable obstacle to his consuming ambition was his color. "He had his face enameled; he had his hair made straight," or, rather, he had it all cut off, thus avoiding the vain task of trying to have it made straight, but notwithstanding all this and his desire to be a white man, "instead of a coon, coon, coon," he was doomed to disappointment.

However, he came as near, on one occasion, reaching the pinnacle to which he aspired as was possible. After undergoing treatment at the hands of specialists and the use of many chemicals guaranteed to change the color of the skin, he concluded that by making a bold dash he could at least deceive strangers. Then he arrayed himself in the most expensive and flashy clothes that money could buy, bedecked his shirt front and fingers with diamonds that looked like sunbursts, and dropped into Newport at the height of the season and cut a swell that made the four hundred look like hoosiers.

In a few days he was hobnobbing with millionaires

and titled foreigners at the clubs in the afternoons and dancing with their wives and daughters at night. He was feted continually. He was invited to dinners and receptions by members of the exclusive set, and for a



"PONY" MOORE.

time his cup of happiness was filled to overflowing, and he thought his sole aim in life had been attained.

Some one who knew him in Chicago dropped into Newport one Sunday and "tipped off" his game. Then

followed the greatest consternation that was ever seen in that gay resort. The swells with whom Moore had been on such intimate terms packed up and left in the night, so fearful were they that they would meet him again. In twelve hours Newport was practically depopulated. Some went to Europe, some to Hong Kong and Vladivostok, and others went to Monte Carlo and Egypt. They vanished like ships in the night, and Mr. Moore arose the next morning to find that he would have to take his ocean plunge all alone.

This dampened his ardor somewhat, but he braced his drooping spirits by planning a campaign at Atlantic City.

The news of the sensation at Newport had not reached the other fashionable resorts, and he invaded Atlantic City like a conquering hero. In a few days he was in the whirl of society again. Then the gay revelers heard of the calamity at Newport, and once more there was a wild scramble to get off the earth.

By this time the secret had gotten out and spread along the shore from Maine to Florida, which put an end to "Pony" Moore's summer social campaign, and he returned to his Chicago dive, to get back some of the coin he had spent in society.

In 1897, just after the election of Carter Harrison as mayor, Moore's ambition took another turn. He wanted to branch out as a professional bailer. In order to establish himself in this line of business he had a large number of placards printed bearing the words:

"'Pony' Moore, the official bondsman at the Twenty-second Street Police Station."

As soon as the police heard of this, Mr. Moore was

visited and told that he would be given so many hours to gather in all those cards, and he found that it was an easier job to distribute them than to gather them in, but they soon disappeared.

His place at Twenty-first street was the resort of depraved women, both white and black. It was also frequented by Chinamen and Japanese.

It was known to the public as a wide-open, carefully guarded gambling resort, where any kind of a game could be had. It had the reputation of being almost impregnable, being protected with pickets, who were kept on duty night and day. Electric wires and other devices were brought into requisition to help out.

Again and again the police had swooped down on the house expecting to catch the inmates gambling, but the players had received the tip from the "look-out," and when the police got inside they invariably found the inmates complacently smoking cigars or engaged in some innocent amusement.

During the winter of 1899 war was declared upon poolrooms and handbooks on horse racing. Detective Wooldridge was in charge of gambling and had a large detail of picked men from the Central Station to assist him.

Moore, surrounded with his pickets ready to give the alarm at the least sign of apparent danger, defied Wooldridge and his detectives to catch him, and one effort after another failed. Finally, one day, after a number of complaints had been received respecting Moore's place, Wooldridge went to Twenty-first street and looked the ground over, and determined on using strategy to catch this important chap.

Several hours before the races opened Wooldridge went to George Raymond's saloon, just south of Twenty-first street on Dearborn, and managed to secrete himself, and there he waited until three o'clock in the afternoon.

Raymond's saloon fronted on Dearborn street, and ran back to the alley directly in the rear of Moore's place, with but three feet of space between the walls, and through this place Wooldridge crawled and shoved a board eighteen inches wide and six feet long, with which to hide himself from the vigilant eyes of Moore's pickets, who were keeping a sharp lookout for the police.

In order to protect himself and at the same time see the guard, Wooldridge ran the board out about twelve inches. It rested against the wall of Moore's saloon and was one inch above the ground. Through this space under the board the detective observed the picket as he pranced and danced up and down to keep himself warm in the zero weather.

By chance two boys became engaged in a fight on the opposite side of the street, and the picket's attention was attracted only for a few seconds, but those few seconds gave Wooldridge the opportunity he was waiting for, and he arose and ran forward and succeeded in getting between the picket and the door. The consequence was the bookmaker was caught making bets on the races and was arrested.

As soon as "Pony" Moore heard of the arrest he discharged the picket and gave him a good thrashing in the bargain, and in his stead placed four men on guard, one in the front, one in the rear, and one on

each corner, and then he sent for the players to come back.

Wooldridge was notified that "Pony" Moore had resumed making a book and that his place was filled with players. He then went to Wabash avenue and Twenty-third street, where he secured the driver of a coal wagon with a good team of horses, and employed him to drive him down to Moore's saloon. Wooldridge stated to the driver of the wagon that he was a police officer and that he wished to surprise and capture a man who was badly wanted by the police department and who was then in Moore's saloon.

Spreading several newspapers on the bottom of the wagon, to keep the coal dust from his clothes, Wooldridge laid down to prevent being seen by anyone.

The driver was instructed to drive his team in a trot to the Turf Exchange, and when he reached the front of the place to pull in to the curb and check his team, which instructions were duly carried out, and as the team came to a stop, Wooldridge arose and jumped over the side of the wagon, and before the picket could recover from his surprise, Wooldridge had brushed past him and entered the saloon, had the bookmaker under arrest and the evidence secured.

After this Moore gave up making books on the races, but opened up a "crap" game for the benefit of the waiters and piano players who get through with their night's work around the restaurants and saloons from three to four o'clock every morning. This game was usually in full blast from 4 to 6 a. m., and was well patronized, though many charges were made that "loaded" dice were used and many players swindled out of their hard-earned money.

The game was played on an improvised layout on the end of the bar. There were pickets stationed at the front and rear doors, and one also on the street corner, and it was difficult for any one to enter without being seen.

On July 12 Detective Wooldridge took four assistants and went to the corner of Twelfth street and Wabash avenue, where he waited several hours for the game to open. Finally information was received from one of the players who had been swindled that it was time to start, as the game was in progress.

Wooldridge then secured a closed carriage, and with the curtains drawn the five detectives were driven down through the alley to Moore's place. The pickets, who were pacing up and down in front of the door, were taken by surprise when the carriage drew up suddenly in front of the door, and the five detectives sprang out. One of them covered the pickets with a drawn gun, while the others bounded into the house before an alarm could be given, secured evidence that gaming was going on, and arrested the keeper and two wagon loads of players, who were taken to the station and locked up. This broke up the crap game.

For several months Moore made no trouble for the police, but he finally started another game and got surprised again by Wooldridge. At about 4:30 o'clock on a dark, rainy morning, the detective put on a wig and false whiskers and started for Moore's place accompanied by his assistants.

They went through the side streets and dark alleys. Arriving at the saloon, he had no difficulty, in his disguise, in getting inside. When the pickets saw the other officers they gave the alarm, and the keeper of

the game seized the money and dice and started to get away with them. Wooldridge quickly snatched off his wig and false whiskers, and shoving a big revolver into the man's face, informed him to leave that money and dice where it was.

The detective then took charge of everything on the gambling table and arrested the crowd. Some of them tried to escape by the doors, but there was an officer at each exit waiting for them. That was one of the most thoroughly surprised sets of "crap shooters" that were ever caught in a game.

On May 24, 1900, Detectives Conick and Culhane visited Moore's place and found 125 pieces of cut glassware, the value of which was \$2,500. The raid was the result of complaints made by a number of the large uptown stores that shoplifters had been systematically robbing them. Moore was arrested, and on the same day the officers and witnesses went before the grand jury. As a result "Pony" Moore, Herman Boppart, alias "Kid" Kelly, and Bessie Mitchell were indicted.

Herman Boppart was located in New York the latter part of May, 1900, and brought back by Detective Conick. Boppart was the chief operator in the gang of shoplifters. Bessie Mitchell was in Paris enjoying the exposition at the time of Boppart's arrest.

The glassware recovered consisted of various pieces, including valuable vases and a punch-bowl so large that it seemed incredible to the police that it could be taken out of a store unnoticed.

Marshall Field & Co., Burley & Co., Pitkin & Brooks, Mandel Bros., Schlesinger & Mayer, W. S. Thurber and J. D. O'Brien's art store were the victims

of the shoplifters. Among the property recovered were four valuable picture frames, two of them the property of Burley & Co., valued at \$500 each.

Mrs. Jessie Pretty went into Moore's saloon between two and three o'clock on the morning of April 9, 1901. Moore invited her into a wine room, where she, Moore and James Pollett were served with drinks. While the drinks were being prepared, Mrs. Pretty took her diamond earrings, brooch and finger rings off, placed them in her handkerchief, and then concealed them about her person.

Moore wanted to take them for safe keeping, but she said they would be safe with her. After drinking the woman became unconscious and was taken to a room over the saloon, where she remained in an unconscious condition until eight o'clock the next evening.

When she awoke she was alone and her jewels were gone. The matter was reported to the police, and Officers Lacy and Ptacek arrested Moore and Pollett, who were held to the grand jury for the larceny of the jewels, which were valued at \$800. Moore was indicted, but Pollett was released, as the police did not think that he was guilty. The case is still pending trial.

FAKE INVESTMENT COMPANIES.

SCHEMES FOR GETTING RICH QUICK ARE EXPOSED, AND MANAGERS ARRESTED AND INDICTED.

There were schemes in Chicago in 1899 and 1900, which for getting rich quick surpassed anything that

had up to that time ever come to the notice of the police or postoffice authorities. It is true these schemes had been in operation for several years before, but the men who were at the head of them had not been exposed before the complaint was made to the police, when Detective Wooldridge and a detail of assistants were sent out to make an investigation. The plan of these concerns was an alluring one. They were usually called "Investment Companies," and sent circulars to all parts of the country guaranteeing to investors from 7 to 12 per cent weekly on the money they would risk.

The claim was made that the investment companies were able to get inside information on races and could always, by betting carefully, make large winnings.

Tabulated statements of each week's winnings were sent to each customer, which showed that fabulous profits were made.

The strong card played by these companies was that they paid each customer on demand his dividends, but this only increased the business of the companies. If a man who had invested \$100 called for his dividends and capital, it would be given him without hesitation. In some cases he would receive from \$200 to \$500 profits on his investment. What was the effect of this? He would at once conclude that the investment was a good one and would re-invest both his capital and profits and perhaps leave it there to be credited to what was called an accumulation account. Furthermore, it would make him an agent for the company, and he would induce others to go into it, and thus for every thousand dollars paid out the companies would perhaps get back \$5,000.

The reader will perhaps inquire where all the money paid out in dividends came from, if it was not won on the races. It is well enough to state at once that it does not come from the winnings, because a very small percentage of the money sent for investment is ever staked on the result of a race.

It comes from those who have been encouraged by drawing dividends and from those who have been induced to invest by the stories of fabulous gains told by dividend drawers.

Then the reader will ask how this can be kept up without an accounting some day. It is not kept up. When the investment company, which usually consists of two or three persons, realizes that the end is coming and that a final statement must be made, those two or three men take what money there is on hand and leave with it, informing the customers that by an unfortunate risk they have lost all their capital. Sometimes the company will reap an immense harvest this way, and the customer as a rule is left without a prop, because he knew he was in a gambling game from the start and often will not complain.

When the detectives under the leadership of Woolridge had gotten sufficient evidence to obtain warrants, they began to raid these concerns, and the first one visited was that of the Co-operative Trust Company, which was located at 80 and 84 Adams street, in offices that were luxuriously furnished. It was claimed that C. F. Taylor, David D. Duff and J. W. Blackridge had incorporated this company on October 24, 1899.

The detectives found L. M. Morrison, the manager, in charge here and at once placed him under arrest.

He protested and vigorously denied that there was anything illegitimate about his business. The office presented the appearance of an important commercial counting room, and three stenographers were busily engaged in writing letters and other documents.

The detectives took charge of enough advertising matter, circulars, pamphlets, letter files, correspondence and the books of the company to almost fill a patrol wagon, all of which was taken to the Harrison Street Police Station. The advertising matter and circulars promised prodigious returns to investors, which promise was based on what was called a sure system of playing the races. In the load of matter carried away from the office were more than one thousand letters which were ready for mailing. The books showed that the company had customers all over the United States.

The next place visited by Wooldridge and his assistants was the Turf Investment Company, which had offices just opposite the Co-operative Company. They found E. E. Farley in charge as manager and at once arrested him. His literature was also seized, and it showed that his plans were almost identical with those of the former company.

These two men were booked at the Harrison Street Station charged with conducting a confidence game and getting money under false pretenses.

The Inter Ocean Commission Company was the next place visited by the officers. This concern was located in room 308, 64 and 66 Wabash avenue. The circulars of the Inter Ocean Company bore the name of James F. Mitchell as manager, but he was not in when the detectives were there. They were informed

by the stenographer that Mitchell only came to the office occasionally. Nearly a load of printed matter was also taken away from this place. His scheme was similar to the others, and he also sold plans for winning on the races. From 6 to 15 per cent weekly profits were promised investors. A great mass of correspondence from all parts of the country was found here.

Following this the officers went to the office of D. W. Moody, 17 Howland Block, 182 and 184 Dearborn street. It was said that Moody was acting as an agent for the Security Savings Society, which failed a short time before, when its manager, W. R. Bennett, disappeared. He claimed to have been swindled by Bennett. It was alleged that Moody received money addressed to the defunct society and was in charge of its business for some time after Bennett disappeared.

The warrants which the officers served at Moody's place called for the books and other papers belonging to the Security Company. While the detectives were searching for this, several customers appeared for the purpose of getting a return of the money they had invested. Among them were two very poorly clad women. One of them declared she had invested \$200 and had received in small sums dividends amounting to only \$50.

Among the articles taken from this place were several boxes of books and papers and a list of addresses of several hundred investors. According to the books, nearly thirty thousand dollars had been received from these customers.

From this place the officers went to the office of Frank E. Stone, an attorney, and manager of the

Investors' Protective Association, in the Rialto building. Stone was not present, having disappeared when the Security Savings Society failed, because of his connection with Bennett in that concern. The papers found in Stone's place showed that he advertised in the eastern press that he would furnish information concerning the reliability of such a concern as the Franklin Syndicate of Brooklyn, by which so many people were swindled and which was conducted on the same plan as the Chicago companies.

All the property belonging to Stone's company was taken to the station to be used as evidence. The detectives then went to the offices of the Security Savings Society, which were located in the Security building. They were accompanied by D. W. Moody and found a bundle of mail there which had not been opened and which seemed to contain money or checks. These were taken and turned over to the post-office authorities. Before the detectives left the place a lawyer appeared on the scene and said he had a client in Kansas who had invested \$400 with the Security and that the money had been paid to Moody. The latter replied he paid the money to other customers in dividends.

The result of the raids was that the principals fled the country and are badly wanted by the United States authorities, and the cases against those indicted are still pending.

DETECTIVE AS A RAGPICKER.

ARRESTS TWO DESPERATE CROOKS WHO HAD HELD UP AND
ROBBED A CONTRACTOR.

There was never an officer on Chicago's vast police force who could disguise himself so completely as De-

tective Wooldridge. His success in making lightning changes would make a professional actor ashamed of himself. He never "made up" and started out to catch some criminal and came back empty-handed. He was always successful.

One of the cleverest pieces of work and most original "make-ups" he ever figured in was when, in May, 1895, he took the role of a ragpicker for the purpose of capturing some desperate negro highwaymen who had robbed and beaten a Chicago contractor named Anderson.

On the afternoon of May 28, 1895, Mr. Anderson came down to the city, met some friends, and at night visited the theater. After the theater was over they went to a cafe and had some refreshments, and he accompanied his friends back to the hotel where they were stopping. He remained longer than he had intended and missed the last train home.

Mr. Anderson had friends who conducted a hotel at Twelfth street and Wabash avenue, some six blocks distant, and concluded he would go there and remain until morning, as it was then one o'clock.

His course to the hotel took him through a portion of the levee district, which at that time was infested by strong-arm women, footpads, as well as thieves, burglars, robbers and other tough characters.

Mr. Anderson was cautioned by his friends not to go on foot alone through the levee district, as he might get held up, but he only laughed at them. He was powerfully built, stood six feet two inches tall, weighed 235 pounds, was as strong as an ox, and the very picture of health.

He strolled along State street, from Adams to Polk

street, in the central portion of the city, meeting hundreds of people, male and female, going and coming, besides a police officer in every block, and when he reached a point opposite the Polk street depot the clock struck 1:30 a. m., and in three blocks more he would be at his journey's end.

He had reached 519 State street, a few doors north of Harmon court, when something happened. Back in the doorway at this place stood six colored highwaymen, and as Mr. Anderson approached them, Ed Lane, alias Charles Williams, stepped forth in front of him and asked what time it was. Mr. Anderson stopped and was just in the act of taking his watch from his pocket when, without a moment's warning, the robbers sprang from the doorway, attacking him from every side. He fought desperately and knocked two of the footpads down and had another by the throat when he was felled to the ground by a blow from a slung-shot in the hands of another of the robbers, and before he could rise from the ground all six of the colored highwaymen were on top of him. Three of his teeth were knocked out, and he was choked, kicked and beaten unmercifully. His gold watch and chain, a pocketbook containing \$20, a knife and a comb were taken from him, and then the highwaymen fled. Anderson was found a few minutes later by Detective Wooldridge, who was passing that way. He was conveyed to the Harrison Street Police Station, where medical aid was given him.

He then made a complaint in regard to being robbed and beaten, and gave a good general description of the six colored men who had participated in the hold-up.

Anderson had a good look at Ed Lane, alias Williams, when he stopped him and asked him the time, and also while he was relieving him of his valuables, and said that Lane was the man who knocked his three teeth out, and held him by the throat so that he could not make an outcry.

He gave Detective Wooldridge a complete and minute description of this man as to weight, height, color and every piece of wearing apparel on him.

The victim of the robbers was given a bed in the station and made as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and Detective Wooldridge told him that every effort would be made to recover his property and to arrest the guilty persons, and in ten minutes Wooldridge had formulated a plan and was ready to start out and arrest the six colored highway robbers.

He first secured a pair of overalls and an old coat twice as large as he generally wore, and picking up several papers he wadded them into a lump and shoved them down his back between his shoulders, which gave him the appearance of being a deformed cripple.

With some burnt cork he blackened his hands and face. Over his head was pulled an old wig, which was at one time white. A faded black slouch hat, tied with two strings under his chin, completed his make-up. Then a gunny sack was found, into which all the old waste paper in the station was dumped, and from a heavy piece of telegraph wire a hook three feet long was made, with which to rake out the bones, paper and rags from the garbage boxes.

While passing through the alley, bounded on the east by State street and on the west by Plymouth

place, between Taylor and Polk streets, he saw, almost in the center of the alley, six colored men quarreling over the division of some money, and they were almost coming to blows over it.

Upon drawing nearer, Wooldridge discovered perched on a garbage box Ed Lane, alias Williams, the colored robber whom Anderson had described so minutely as the person who had robbed and brutally abused him a short while before, and here were also five other colored men in company with him.

To have attempted to arrest Ed Lane, alias Williams, at this time and place, single-handed and alone, surrounded by five other desperate robbers, possibly all armed, would have been both foolish and dangerous. Wooldridge concluded that he would secure all the information he could and get a good look at the other five men at the same time, so that he could remember their faces and arrest them afterwards. He gathered up the rags, paper and bones in the garbage boxes in the ailey, pulling them out with his hook from the scavenger and ash boxes, drawing nearer and nearer to the group all the time.

He continued doing this without in the least exciting their suspicion or arousing their attention, until he picked up an old coat belonging to one of the highwaymen which was lying on the ground, and he was just in the act of putting it into his gunny bag when the owner of the coat commanded him to drop the same or he would cut his throat from ear to ear.

Seizing the gunny sack, the robber secured his coat and threw the sack with the paper, rags and bones, which the detective had been collecting, over the

fence into the adjoining yard, and then ordered him to leave the alley under penalty of death.

The robbers separated in a few minutes, going in different direction. Ed Lane and Reed went north to Polk street, thence east to State street, then south on State street, followed by the wily detective on the opposite side of the street.

When Lane and Reed had reached a point two hundred feet north of Taylor street, going south, Detective Wooldridge slipped across the street, came behind them and seized them both by the collars of their coats. Ed Lane drew a knife, but before he could open it Wooldridge kicked it out of his hand.

Henry C. Reed assaulted him and was promptly knocked down with the detective's billy. Ed Lane and Detective Wooldridge then clinched and fought desperately, Lane trying to make his escape. Then the detective kicked Lane on the shin of his leg (this is the most tender part of the colored man), and it proved a lucky blow for the detective. Lane thereupon loosened his hold, and grabbing his shin with both hands, screamed from pain. Before he could recover from the shock Wooldridge had his "come-alongs" around Lane's wrists, and had Reed covered with his revolver. Just at this particular juncture in the proceedings he was reinforced by a brother officer. Both men were then marched to the station.

On the way to the station Ed Lane, with his left hand, which was loose, managed to work a pocket comb out of his pocket, but as it fell to the street it was detected by Wooldridge, who made him pick it up. They had scarcely gone a square further when Lane again succeeded in dropping the comb, and he was

again compelled to pick it up and restore it to his pocket.

Mr. Anderson was awakened, and Reed and Lane were placed in line with a number of other colored men, but the moment the contractor's eyes fell on Lane he exclaimed: "There is the man; I would know him among a million men."

Lane was then searched, and when he removed his coat the pocket comb, which he had tried so hard to get rid of, stuck out of his vest pocket and was seen by Mr. Anderson, who exclaimed: "There is my comb sticking out of that man's pocket, and you will find two of the teeth missing, and on the case you will find my initials, J. H. A. I carried that comb through the late civil war, and it was in my pocket the night when I met those robbers."

Ed Lane, alias Williams, was held to the grand jury, indicted and arraigned for trial, found guilty on June 25, 1895, and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary by Judge Charles G. Neely. Anderson could not identify Henry C. Reed, and he was turned loose.

On July 21, 1895, Henry C. Reed was arrested with two other colored men for being concerned in a burglary, and was convicted and sentenced for an indefinite term in the penitentiary.

Ed Lane served his term, and was only out a few weeks when he hunted up his old friends in crime, and together with two other colored men committed a robbery and murder, and was captured and sentenced for life.

The murder for which Lane got a life sentence was committed on Saturday night, November 9, 1898.

Robert Metcalf on this date, after drawing his money, left the machine shop on the west side where he was employed, and instead of going home drifted downtown. Just what caused him to go downtown will never be known. Through what pathways his footsteps wandered that night will also never be made clear.

From the time he parted from his friends at the machine shop and boarded a car until he stood in a doorway in an alley running from Taylor to Polk streets, just west of State street, in the very heart of the levee district, no traces of Metcalf's movements have ever been discovered.

Directly above this doorway, at a window, was a colored woman awaiting her husband, who ran a little shop around the corner on Plymouth place. She was awaiting his return home.

The woman at the window carelessly observed the man in the doorway talking to a woman, but such scenes were common in that neighborhood, and this little incident attracted but small attention. But just at this particular moment she saw three colored men come out of a doorway across the alley, and running rapidly towards the couple, attack Metcalf fiercely. They fell upon him, wrestled with him and tore at his clothes. One pinioned his hands behind him; another one seized him by the throat, and the third struck at him repeatedly.

The woman who was with him fled upon the first attack, and at the mouth of the alley bumped into a passer-by. "What is the matter?" he demanded roughly. "Three men are slugging a man down in the alley," she replied, pointing in that direction.

The pedestrian, who evidently knew the neighborhood, looked down the alley where the slugging was going on, and stepping to the door of the adjacent saloon, called a friend to accompany him. The two then started down the alley on a run, but seeing the three assailants, stopped for fear of a bullet.

A slugging or robbery was not a matter of much moment on the levee. They were of nightly occurrence, and of greater or less gravity.

It was almost two hours later that the police heard of this case. Down in that particular district they do not like the police, and will not call on them unless it is absolutely necessary. They do not like to have a man in uniform nosing around, because no one knows what they might uncover. So although a number knew of the robbery, the police were not informed until 12:15 o'clock, and the three murderers had effected what is known in police parlance as a "get-away."

It may be that those who witnessed the assault did not know the victim was dead. They may have supposed that he was merely choked and robbed like many others had been, and that like them he would recover in time to make his way to the police station and tell it, but Robert Metcalf was dead and lay there in the dark alley, half sunk in the mud, with the rain beating down on his bruised head and face, while the murderers hastened to conceal themselves and the booty they had stripped from his body.

When the matter was reported, the patrol wagon was called and took the body to the morgue. Then the police drag-net was thrown out and every well-known colored thief and crook was arrested and p

in the sweat box. It was found that Ed Lane, "Moustache" Howard, alias Charles Williams, and Joseph Smith, alias "Snakes," had been seen running away from the scene of the murder. Howard was arrested the following morning, and in his room was a portion of the booty taken from Metcalf. Several witnesses came forward who had witnessed the struggle and recognized Howard, Lane and Smith.

All three were indicted by the grand jury. "Moustache" Howard was tried and found guilty of being an accessory to the murder of Robert Metcalf, and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was carried into effect July 17, 1899. Joseph Smith made his escape and is still at large. Ed Lane was traced to New Orleans, La., and arrested July 6, 1899. He was arraigned and pleaded guilty to robbery and accessory to murder April 3, 1900, and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Joliet penitentiary by Judge Stein.

LEADS IN STRIKE DUTY.

DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE COMMANDS A LARGE FORCE AND PRESERVES PEACE DURING LABOR TROUBLES.

In the great building trades strike of 1900, when 60,000 laborers were out of work, it was found necessary to increase the efficiency of the police force to prevent the numerous assaults that were taking place on workmen.

It had been charged that the police were favoring the strikers, and this was brought to the attention of Chief Kipley. He then made an order which was

a surprise and the sensation of the day. Calling him into his private office, he told Detective Wooldridge that he had an important mission for him. He then and there made him the chief of as strong a body of men, not in numbers, but in police ability, as ever were placed under the direction of a leader. He told Wooldridge he must take twenty-six men from the force of Chief of Detectives Colleran and that he was to take command of them and restore order among the strikers. His specific duty was to take these men and use them according to his own judgment in watching the labor situation.

The following detectives were then named, who reported to Detective Wooldridge instead of to Captain Colleran as before:

J. E. Fitzgerald, John Hanley, George Cudmore, John Galliker, J. J. Garrigan, Simon Kelly, Thomas Meskell, J. J. Mason, M. F. Wagner, C. W. McCarthy, A. J. Rohan, W. J. Russel, Frank Stephens, J. E. Quinn, J. J. Tierney, W. C. Spain, J. O'Hara, James Conick, John E. Culhane, Joseph Durbach, M. J. Broderick, John Anderson, J. E. McGinn, William Taylor, T. DeRoche and M. J. Farrelly.

Chief of Police Kipley addressed the staff of detectives as they gathered at Central Station headquarters previous to assuming strike duty. He said in part: "You must see that no further assaults occur. Detective Wooldridge is in charge here, and when a report reaches him you will be sent out to investigate. Do not come back without the guilty men. You will be held responsible for the suppression of violence."

Detective Wooldridge's appointment as head of the police squad on the special work of investigating the labor war assaults was a unique move and attracted much attention in police circles and among the politicians. The assumption was that he was picked out for this special work on account of his recognized executive ability and his thorough fearlessness in the discharge of his duties. He reported direct to Chief Kipley in this instance, and was in no way associated or accountable to the head of the city detective department.

His instructions from the Chief of Police were to utilize the officers working under him "to stop all lawlessness in picket work." Wooldridge's methods to secure the desired end were to institute a campaign for the arrest and prosecution of all persons who perpetrated assaults on workingmen.

In order that it may be known how important and onerous his work was a few facts concerning the strike are necessary.

The building trades strike started February 5, 1900, and a settlement or agreement was signed by the bricklayers June 27, making the length of the strike twenty weeks. The total number of workmen affected were as follows: In the building trades proper, 30,000; in stone yards and quarries, 10,000; in brick yards, 7,000; in building supply mills, 3,000, and in other lines, 10,000, making a grand total of 60,000. There were 2,500 contractors involved in the struggle, and the loss in wages per day was estimated at \$187,000, making a total loss in wages to the men of \$2,244,000. The value in building contracts which were

delayed on account of the troubles was estimated at \$50,000,000.

During the strike the building industry of Chicago suffered almost complete paralysis. What little work was carried on was prosecuted under many difficulties, and was confined almost exclusively to the small contractors who had work to do in the outlying districts of the city where they were comparatively free from molestation.

A few important contracts, however, were pushed along in the business districts of the city at a tremendous cost to the contractors and at the risk of personal violence to the non-union workmen employed, and it was for this work that the detectives with Wooldridge at their head were brought into requisition.

Rioting was one of the specific features of the strike, and assaults on non-union workmen and contractors were numerous. Five murders or killings were traced directly to the labor troubles, while the cases of assaults were more than 150. A number of non-union workmen were crippled for life as a result of their encounters with strikers.

By his shrewd directions and clever handling of his forces, Wooldridge soon put a stop to the many assaults that were being made on the workmen who refused to join the strikers. He protected the former in every way he could, and was diligent in the pursuit and capture of their assailants. He became a terror to those who tried to interfere with laborers who were at work, and did a great deal towards enabling contractors to complete the work they had in hand and keep those who wanted to work from being assaulted

by the strikers, and in this way accomplished much toward bringing the strike to an end.

It was a memorable struggle and will go down in history as one of the most prolonged and costly conflicts ever indulged in between capital and labor. It cost many poor men the savings of a lifetime and almost bankrupted some wealthy contractors. It drove thousands of workingmen from Chicago, and was also the cause of many factories going to points where their employees would be away from the control of a spirit in the unions which was said to be encouraged by officeholders for political purposes.

Detective Wooldridge also did excellent work in the great railroad strike which so paralyzed business interests and stopped the wheels of commerce in the year 1894. The strike started at the Pullman Car Works, Pullman, Ill., owned and operated by the Pullman Palace Car Company, May 11, and reached Chicago proper June 27, and continued to spread until every trunk line was tied up, and only the mail and a few passenger trains were operated.

For want of fuel and supplies many of the large factories and packing houses were also closed. Matters grew worse each day until 450,000 men were idle. A lawless mob had taken charge of Chicago and the railroads, and many incendiary fires were started. On July 1 five regiments of the state militia and the Fifteenth Regiment of the United States troops were called into service and the police force was also considerably increased. In addition to this, hundreds of United States marshals were sworn in and placed on duty, with instructions to guard life and property.

July 6, 1894, some two or three thousand men, wo-

men and boys, among them being many criminals and vagrants of the lowest type, together with the usual riff-raff and a few strikers, set fire to cars and destroyed much property in the railroad yards on the south side. A riot call was sent in at Thirty-ninth street, on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and the Chicago & Western Indiana railroads, to the effect that a car had been set on fire and overturned, switches broken and spiked, switch tower overturned and much property destroyed. Detective Wooldridge and five other officers reached the scene in advance of other forces by some thirty minutes, and in a few brief, stirring words he told the assembled crowds that the depredations and lawless acts must cease at once, and he therefore commanded them to disperse. He was hooted at and called names, and some twenty-five or thirty men immediately ran forward to turn over a freight car which had been run out on the main track from a siding. Wooldridge stepped forward with two drawn revolvers and informed them that the first man who put a hand on the car would be shot dead. This had the desired effect of stopping them, and they were thus held in check until assistance arrived, when the crowd was dispersed.

Wooldridge was next sent to the switch tower on the Illinois Central railroad at Fourteenth street and Indiana avenue, from which all the signals and switches in the passenger yards and depot of the Illinois Central are operated. This was one of the most important points to be guarded, and here Detective Wooldridge stayed until the great strike was terminated.

WAS NOT A MARINE.

**MAN ARRESTED FOR ROBBERY TURNS OUT TO BE AN OLD
OFFENDER AND GOES TO PRISON.**

Among the many criminals who have been brought to justice by Detective Wooldridge there is one who tried to take shelter under the broad canvas of the United States navy. The name of this man is Charles Barhytt. He was arrested with Joseph Neponuck, who had been driving a delivery wagon for J. Goldenberg's large furniture house in Chicago, and had conspired with Neponuck to rob the house. Through carelessness or dishonesty Neponuck had lost many small articles which should have been delivered to customers.

Neponuck charged the shipping clerk with neglect in putting up the orders, and the shipping clerk for his part contended that the goods in question had been properly delivered to Neponuck, and further contended that if the said goods were not delivered to their proper destination it was Neponuck's fault and not his.

The complaint, together with the general dullness in trade and business at that time, was the cause of Joseph Neponuck's discharge. Detective Wooldridge was at this time working from the office of Joseph Kipley, the general superintendent of police.

On or about December 13, 1899, Wooldridge was sent out on an investigation concerning the whereabouts of a man who was wanted by the New York city police. He dropped into Jennie Love's place at 561 Clark street while in pursuit of this information.

When Detective Wooldridge called she told him that a burglary was to take place either that very

night or the next at Goldenberg's furniture store, at 1837 and 1839 State street, and she furthermore stated that an ex-employee, who had been discharged and who was anxious to get revenge, was the man who would do the job. She did not know the man's name, but gave the detective a good description of him.

Detective Wooldridge proceeded at once to Mr. Goldenberg's store and notified him, at the same time describing the man who intended to commit the burglary. After comparing notes, it was taken as conclusive that the man in question was none other than Joseph Neponuck, the former driver of one of Mr. Goldenberg's wagons, and whom he had occasion to dismiss from his service for the reason stated above.

The Cottage Grove Avenue Police Station was notified, and two officers were stationed in the store from December 15 to December 20, when it was supposed Neponuck had abandoned the job, and the officers were taken away. The very night the men were taken away the burglary was committed, and the following morning Mr. Goldenberg telephoned to Wooldridge and asked his assistance, which was granted.

Boarding a car, Detective Wooldridge was soon hard at work upon the case. The first move and stop was made at Jennie Love's place, 561 Clark street. Mrs. Love had left Chicago the evening before, but had left her housekeeper, Laura Rusk, in charge, and though she did not know Detective Wooldridge, he lost no time in introducing himself and told her he had called for the goods which had been left there by Joseph Neponuck, describing the man.

She led the way to a closet in the rear, and there

three large rugs were found. She informed the officers that about daylight that morning two men had called there and left the rugs and they were going to bring some curtains and carpets that night. They told the housekeeper that Mrs. Love knew all about it, all of which was true, as Detective Wooldridge had told her (Mrs. Love) to take in any goods which might be brought to her by these men; but when she left she had neglected to tell the housekeeper anything about the matter.

The housekeeper also described the young man who was with Neponuck and who carried one of the bundles. He wore a white woolen sweater.

Visiting the store of Mr. Goldenberg, a list of the stolen goods was obtained by the detective. Neponuck was located at ten o'clock the same night at 1352 Wabash avenue, where he lived with his wife and one child. He was placed under arrest, and a search for the stolen goods was made, but none was found. In one of the bureau drawers a 38-caliber revolver of the Harrington & Richardson make was found, also a combination pocket screw driver and saw, which is used for sawing nails. Both of these articles were taken in charge.

In the wash room was found a tall, smooth-faced young man, about twenty-one years old, who gave his name as Charles Barhytt. He said he was a marine in the United States navy, and presented a card to the officer, upon which was written, "Charles Barhytt, U. S. Navy, Recruiting Office, Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill."

Mr. Barhytt stated that he was only making a friendly call on Mr. Neponuck. Upon being further

interrogated he refused to talk, and appeared very nervous. He also resembled the description of the second man who was with Neponuck that morning when the stolen goods were carried to Jennie Love's place.

The proprietor of the boarding-house was sent for, and he stated that Barhytt was known as Charles Thompson, and had been there two days; that he was a friend of Neponuck's, and had the adjoining room. Upon further investigation a white woolen sweater was found in Barhytt's room, which he said was his.

It will be remembered that the man who was with Neponuck the morning the burglary was committed had a white sweater. All the foregoing facts being taken into consideration, Barhytt was arrested, and they were both taken to Jennie Love's place, where they were identified by Mrs. Laura Rusk and two other women.

Barhytt still maintained that he was a member of the United States navy and innocent. The next morning he was taken to the Bureau of Identification, where his picture was located in the rogues' gallery. He had been arrested for burglary in 1895 by Officer Buggie and sent to the Pontiac Reformatory, and had only been released from said institution a few weeks before.

When he was sent to the institution he was only a boy, and during the time he had been there he had grown six inches, and he thought that he would never be identified by his picture, as he had changed so much during the time he had been there.

This is where many criminals make a big mistake. Under the Bertillon system of measurement it is well

known by officials that there are not two men in a million that measure the same. Once the police get a man's picture and measurements, it is utterly impossible for that man to pass through their hands without detection.

Barhytt finally admitted that the picture was his, and told Detective Wooldridge where a large portion of the stolen goods was hidden, they having been buried under some steps in the rear of Goldenberg's place on Wabash avenue. They were recovered and returned to the owner. Barhytt was convicted February 20, 1900, and given an indefinite sentence in the penitentiary by Judge Jonas Hutchinson. Neponuck escaped punishment because Barhytt took all the responsibility on himself for the robberies, even saying he planned them himself.

VILLAIN AT LAST CONVICTED.

BRUTE WHO OUTRAGED MANY WOMEN AND COMMITTED
OTHER CRIMES IS SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

One of the blackest-hearted villains that ever infested Chicago or any other city is, after committing the most heinous of all offenses a number of times, at last serving an indeterminate sentence in the Joliet penitentiary, which may keep him there the remainder of his life. The crime for which he is serving time is that of rape, and no less than four respectable and virtuous women have been victims of this demon in human flesh.

His name is Peter Hammerling, and the offense for which he was arrested by Detective Wooldridge on

March 25, 1896, for brutality and inhumanity, stands almost without a parallel in criminal annals. Seven days before, Mrs. Julia Allen, a frail and sickly little woman weighing only ninety-five pounds, and living on Indiana avenue with her two little children, was returning to her humble home from the postoffice, where she had gone to get a letter.

Just as she reached the corner of Eldridge court and Michigan avenue, Peter Hammerling sprang out of a gate beside an empty lot and gave the delicate woman a blow in the face, from which she fell to the sidewalk unconscious. The villain then dragged her through the gate into the yard, then down a narrow stairway into a basement beneath the empty house.

When she returned to consciousness this dark-visaged demon was bending over her. She attempted to scream for help, but he choked her into insensibility again and then criminally assaulted her—outraged her person—took her money which amounted only to \$3, and left her still unconscious. He not only outraged her, but abused her so shamefully, that when she regained her senses, three-quarters of an hour later, she was barely strong enough to crawl on her knees to the sidewalk. Then she fainted from loss of blood and the cruel beating she had received. As soon as she gathered sufficient strength she called for help and was answered by several young women from the Young Woman's Christian Association, which was next door to the vacant house. She was carried by them to their quarters and the police notified, who removed her to her home and summoned medical assistance.

No one had seen the assault or could give any in-

formation of the affair, except Mrs. Allen, who said her assailant looked like an Italian, whose eyes were deeply sunken in his head. He had a very dark, long moustache, and wore a cloth cap and brown faded overcoat.

Detective Wooldridge was placed on the case with this description of the man and no other clew. He interviewed every one in the neighborhood, and finally came to the party who was having the empty house cleaned and repaired. He informed the detective that a man answering that description and representing himself to be a carpenter had been around the house, and two days before had hung some windows for him. He also said he expected the man back in a few days to fix the doors in the building.

Every carpenter shop on the south side and in the Italian settlement was searched for this man, but without success. The newspapers and the Young Woman's Christian Association took a very active part in trying to run down this villain, and asked the Chief of Police to make a special effort.

The detective waited day after day in the empty house for the carpenter to show up, and at two o'clock on March 25, seven days later, he returned. He was arrested and taken directly to the house of Mrs. Allen. The woman was sitting on the side of her bed when Wooldridge entered with the man. Her face was turned, and as soon as she saw Hammerling, cried out, "That's the villain!" then fainted and fell back on the bed.

Hammerling was arraigned before Justice Underwood on April 1, 1896, and held to the criminal court. He was indicted, and when placed on trial several

months later the attorney for the defense got the complaining witness, who was extremely nervous, so confused that the case was weakened. This and the fact that the prisoner had established an alibi caused the court to release him.

His record was looked up by Detective Wooldridge, and it was found that he was sent to the penitentiary July 24, 1894, upon being convicted of assault, rape and robbery, and was released July 24, 1895. At the time he was convicted and sent to Joliet, four other charges and indictments were hanging over him for the same offense against four different women. One of them was a young lady whom he assaulted while she was returning from her work at a downtown store. Another was a married woman whom he knocked down and outraged while she was in her own doorway with her children.

Hammerling, who had a number of aliases, was again arrested October 22, 1900. This time there were filed against him three charges of rape, two of robbery and two of assault. In his trial he was identified by all the complaining witnesses and was found guilty and sentenced under the indeterminate act, and it is not likely he will have another opportunity to commit any more offenses against the law and society.

One very remarkable fact was developed in the trial. It was shown that he had a strong, healthy wife and two interesting children, and was spoken of by his neighbors as a good provider and a kind husband, who went with his children to Sunday school. Even the pastor of the church he attended came forward and spoke a good word for him.

DETECTIVE TURNS THE TABLES.

NOTORIOUS WOMAN LAUGHS TRIUMPHANTLY AT SUPPOSED
ESCAPE, THEN BECOMES A PRISONER AND IS
CONVICTED.

Strangers coming to Chicago are often the victims of women who keep houses for the purpose of engaging in all kinds of vice and crime. On July 25, 1895, W. Hopkins, a traveling man, was robbed by a woman who was afterward convicted of larceny through the efforts of Detective Wooldridge and sentenced to an indeterminate term in the penitentiary.

While walking along State street, Mr. Hopkins was met by Lillian Belmont and went with her to the house of Mattie Smith at 470 State street, which place was known to the police as a very tough dive.

While this stranger was in the house Mattie Smith entered his room and robbed him of \$125. He complained and demanded the return of his money, but the woman tried a ruse which she had time to regret while serving in prison for it.

She went into an adjoining room, extracted \$25 from the roll of bills, returned and dropped the remainder on the floor, then picked it up, and handing it to him tried to convince him that it had fallen out of his pocket. She insisted that no robbers were ever permitted in her house.

She then called the Belmont woman out of the room and permitted her to pass out a back way into the alley. Mr. Hopkins also went out, and meeting a police officer stated the case and appealed to him for assistance. The officer went with him to see Mattie Smith, and she told him that the victim had been

brought there by a strange woman who robbed him and fled.

One hour later Detective Wooldridge arrested both the women, and they were confronted by Mr. Hopkins. Propositions were at first made to restore a part of the money, but when the Smith woman discovered that her victim was a non-resident of Chicago she refused to give up any of the money, her plan being to wear out the case by getting it continued from time to time.

When the case was called for preliminary hearing she asked and was granted ten days' postponement. Then she told the detective that she would get a certificate from her physician and get another ten days' continuance.

Detective Wooldridge, in his long experience with criminals, however, was too well informed to be outwitted by this ruse, succeeded in getting State's Attorney Kern to take the case before the grand jury, and before the prisoner's attorney could interfere, he had secured an indictment against both the women. Mattie Smith gave a bond of \$500, and the Belmont woman had to go to jail.

The former forfeited her bond and went to Pittsburgh, but returned later to have her furniture and other ill-gotten gains shipped to her new home. Detective Wooldridge learned of this by following a trunk to the depot and ascertaining its destination.

On August 16, Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert went to her house at 5 a. m. and searched the place, but Mattie succeeded in making her escape before the officers got into her room, by means of a ladder to the roof of her house, and thus to the adjoin-

ing house. She was again seen at the window at 5:30 p. m., but before the officers effected an entrance she made her escape again in the same way. Detective Wooldridge secluded himself in a closet of the third story, which was vacant, and awaited her return.

He carried a ball of cord in his pocket, and he agreed with Officer Schubert that if he did not return to the station by 8 p. m., which would be after dark, they would communicate with each other in writing, and the message was to be attached to the cord, which was hung out of the third-story window and reached to the ground.

Wooldridge's message was as follows:

"Mattie Smith has not returned, but is expected during the night. They have searched the house three times. I am undiscovered. Will remain on guard till morning. Secure and send me at once, one candle, one box of matches, and the best bull's-eye lantern to be found, and attach the same to the cord which you will find hanging from the window, the other end of which will be attached to my arm. Pull lightly on cord when ready to send them up.

"(Signed) WOOLDRIDGE."

At 9:30 Mattie Smith knocked on the trap door, and Jack Smith, a man with whom she consorted, ran a ladder up to the opening. He told her to blacken her face and hands with soot, so that no one would recognize her, and gave her other instructions, which were overheard by the detective, relative to her escape and departure for Pittsburg.

The man and woman laughed heartily as they talked of the way in which they had given Detective Wooldridge the slip in the early morning and again in the

afternoon. The woman stood on the bottom rung of the ladder and as the light from a candle which Jack held above his head flashed in her face, her big laughing eyes flashed fire, and as she smiled displayed one of the most remarkable sets of teeth ever seen. Then she raised her arm, and in a triumphant tone dramatically exclaimed:

"Jack, when I have given old Detective Wooldridge the slip, and have arrived safely at our future home in Pittsburg I will then be out of danger. Then my bondsman may have the pleasure of paying that \$500 and charging the same up to profit and loss. My attorney can take a trip up Salt Creek for his health, and incidentally for his fee of \$25 which I owe him. As for Lillian Belmont, who is now in jail, indicted jointly with me for taking that man's money, well, she will have to go to the penitentiary, I reckon. It is true that Lillian did not get the money, and is not guilty, but poor dog Tray was killed for being in bad company, and Myrtle was caught in the 'jam,' also bad company, and I suppose must suffer. Jack, I see no reason why both of us should be punished. It would be a mortal shame if both of us were locked up in a house with a big stone wall around it."

At this particular juncture in the strange proceedings, Mattie Smith's foot slipped from the round of the ladder and she fell forward into Jack's arms, and the candle which he held was thus extinguished, leaving them both in the dark. Detective Wooldridge then stepped forth from his hiding place and flashed a searchlight from his dark lantern, which made the room as light as day, and as the flashing light fell upon the guilty pair they were speechless with sur-

prise and terror. Detective Wooldridge then informed Mattie Smith that he held a capias for her arrest, and holding a revolver to Jack Smith's head, requested him to hold up his hands while he removed Jack's horse pistol. Then the procession moved. All requests being complied with, Mattie Smith was escorted to the street below and conveyed to the county jail in the patrol wagon and turned over to the sheriff.

Mattie Smith failed to secure bonds and offered the Belmont woman a sum of money if she would make a confession. She also promised to have any punishment inflicted on her suspended.

Detective Wooldridge heard of these offers, ascertained that they were true, and then laid the facts before the State's Attorney, who allowed the Belmont woman to sign her own bond for her appearance in court.

The case was tried September 19, 1895, when Mattie Smith was found guilty of larceny and sentenced to an indefinite term in the penitentiary by Judge John Barton Payne.

JUSTICE OVERTAKES AN UNGRATEFUL MAN.

Emil Schwart was taken, fed, given shelter and finally put to work by Mr. Pollett of 478 State street, and the first time he stepped out Schwart took French leave after taking \$15 and the best suit of clothes Pollett had. This was in May, 1896. Nothing more was seen of him until he was seen on Clark street six months later, and Mr. Pollett made complaint at the

Harrison Street Station. Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert were detailed to locate and arrest him. Schwart was said to be a bad man with a razor. He was finally located in one of the tough saloons on Clark street. Wooldridge and Schubert both were afraid of razors, and it was decided to draw cards as to who should grab him first. It fell to poor Schubert, and after maneuvering twenty minutes for an opportunity without endangering himself, Wooldridge yelled, "Look out for the big spider coming down the wall." Schwart turned his eyes up to the ceiling, and Schubert grabbed him by the neck, in what is known as the "strong-arm" hold, and before he could draw his razor, Wooldridge had the come-alongs around his wrist, and he was taken to the Harrison Street Station. He was bound over to the grand jury in \$500 bonds, indicted and arraigned for trial. July 8 he was found guilty and sentenced to the Joliet penitentiary for an indefinite time by Judge Windes.

CLEVER CAPTURE OF A CLERK.

MAN WHO HAD ROBBED HIS EMPLOYER RUN DOWN BY
DETECTIVE WOOLDRIDGE.

By a very clever ruse Detective Wooldridge located and arrested an employee of a large cloak manufacturer who had been systematically robbed for many months.

The victim of the thief or thieves was A. Ellinger, whose place of business was at 280 Madison street. Every effort was put forth to detect and bring to justice the guilty parties. Mr. Ellinger secured the serv-

ices of the best men in the Boland Detective Agency, also men from the Pinkerton Agency. A number of the cleverest detectives from the Central Station of the Chicago Police Department were also assigned on the case, and a private watchman of the Veteran Police Force was secured, whose duties were to visit the store and inspect the locks, doors and windows.

The uniformed police officer who patrolled that post was ordered to double his vigilance and watch for the robbers. Mr. Ellinger was compelled to give up his comfortable home pleasures and sleep in the store with the hope of catching the thief or thieves, and of putting a stop to the plundering.

On Thanksgiving night, in 1892, at 10:30 o'clock, Joseph Russend passed down Clark street, and almost staggered under the weight of a large bundle wrapped in heavy paper. This man and his bundle aroused the suspicion of Detective Wooldridge, and he concluded it would be a good scheme to follow and keep track of him. Russend passed down along the busy thoroughfare on Clark street from Van Buren to Taylor street, and then he came back on the opposite side of the street until he reached 357 Clark street, where he disappeared in a clothing store or pawnshop kept by a Mrs. Mincer.

He passed through to the rear of the store, where he was hidden by the great stacks of clothing, and there he deposited his precious burden, which consisted of plush, velvet and sealskin cloaks valued at \$750.

Detective Wooldridge gained admission by the front door undetected by the pawnbroker, whose at-

tention was too much taken up by the prospects of securing the valuable addition to her store. The detective crouched on the floor, and waited several minutes for developments, and finding all quiet, crawled along on hands and knees under the tables which ran across the room and held the great stacks of clothing, until he was within three feet of the burglar and pawnbroker. There he heard all that was said by both.

The pawnbroker then started after the money which was kept in the front part of the store. Seizing this opportunity, Wooldridge, by a quick move, reached Russend undiscovered, and engaged him in a conversation, securing his name and residence. He also made a bargain with him to deliver fifty more of these costly garments on the following night at \$10 each, Russend thinking that Detective Wooldridge was a partner in the store, as he had represented himself to be.

The pawnbroker returned with the money in her hand, and discovering Wooldridge tried to give the burglar warning, but she was too late, for quicker than lightning Wooldridge had the handcuffs on Russend's wrists, and he was a prisoner.

The detective then started with his prisoner for the latter's room, but Russend, instead of going to the corner of Market and Van Buren streets, where he at first said he roomed, piloted the officer to several other places, showing that he did not intend going to the right place if he could avoid it. Wooldridge got tired of wandering around in the cold. They were on the

Clark street bridge. The officer stopped his prisoner, removed the handcuffs, and said:

"Now I am going to give you a bath in the icy waters of the Chicago river. I have spent enough time waiting for you to take me to that room, and unless you do so at once I am going to throw you off this bridge into the river. Decide quick."

Russend decided at once that he did not want a bath, and led the officer to the room. There Wooldridge found George Varnars, a clerk in Ellinger's store, upon whom many acts of kindness had been bestowed by Mr. Ellinger.

Seeing a trunk in the room, Wooldridge asked Varnars for the key. He said he had no key. "Empty your pockets," the officer demanded. Out fell the key, and when the trunk was opened Wooldridge saw nine more fine cloaks. Varnars was then placed under arrest, and later both men confessed to the theft of the cloaks.

Part of Varnars' duties after business hours was to see that the stock was properly covered up and the doors and windows securely fastened. Being left alone and in charge of the store, he selected at his pleasure just what goods he wanted, and these he made up in large packages. There was a blind alley which ran from Market street through a court behind the store, and twenty feet from the ground a fire escape with winding steps was attached to the house. It was by these means that Varnars got the goods away from the store through the assistance of Russend.

When Mr. Ellinger opened his store after the big

haul had been made, he had a large order to fill, and found that the very goods he wanted for the order had been stolen. Then he determined to clean out his entire force of clerks, as he had begun to suspect all of them. He called ten of them up and said they should go to the office and get their time.

Just at this moment another clerk arrived with a morning paper in his hand which contained a full account of the arrest of Varnars and Russend and the recovery of the goods. Mr. Ellinger had not seen a morning paper, but snatched this one quickly and then countermanded his order discharging his clerks, and told them to go to work. Then he grabbed his coat and hat and did not stop until he reached the station at Harrison street, and found that the statement made in the papers that morning was true, which was to the effect that Detective Wooldridge had all of the goods at the Harrison Street Station that were stolen in Mr. Ellinger's place the previous night, and not only the goods, but in addition had in safe custody the two thieves who were responsible for the depredations. It is needless to add that Detective Wooldridge was very highly complimented by Mr. Ellinger for his clever capture, and also for putting an end to the suspense under which Mr. Ellinger had been laboring for some time.

George Varnars was indicted and tried before Judge Dunne, and on January 2, 1893, was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years.

Joseph Russend was convicted in the same court, and on January 24, 1893, was given an indefinite term in the Reform School at Pontiac.

SHOPLIFTERS ARE CAUGHT.

THE DETECTIVE ARRESTS A PAIR OF THIEVES WHO HAD
STOLEN VALUABLE GOODS FROM TWO STORES.

Women thieves do not confine themselves to the criminal districts of Chicago or any other large city in which they operate. There is a class which is entirely distinct from those known as pickpockets and robbers, and many of these have been found in the upper walks of life. These are known as shoplifters. There is also a class known as kleptomaniacs. The latter is a person who has a mania for stealing, but who does not steal for profit. The former steal for profit, and they are called shoplifters, because they get all their plunder from the big department stores, while they are to all appearances out shopping. They visit the different departments of these large concerns and make a few trifling purchases in each, and while waiting for their packages to be wrapped they lift or steal frequently very valuable articles from the counter, conceal them under their cloaks or skirts and get away without being suspected.

They go to these stores on "bargain days" or on fall or spring openings; days when there is always sure to be a large crowd shopping, and by mixing up with the throng of buyers have a better opportunity to ply their vocation. They have become such a terror to the big merchants that an extra detective force is usually employed on these days to prevent them from carrying away so many valuable articles. Nearly all of these business houses have their own private detectives, but the shoplifters frequently get away with

the stolen goods, and sometimes fall into the hands of the regular detective of the police force.

Detective Wooldridge caught a pair of these people on October 2, 1895, who had stolen a bolt of silk from one place, and seventy-five yards of silk in another. Mary Maxwell and William Lowrie were the two whom he arrested. He had seen them going through A. M. Rothschild's mammoth store at Van Buren and State streets.

The woman attempted to steal a bolt of silk at this place, but became so excited while trying to get it under her skirt that she permitted it to fall to the floor. This was made to appear accidental and she picked it up and placed it back on the counter. The man who was with her was simply "stalling." This is a term known to the police as the act of engaging the attention of the clerk or salesman while the woman does the stealing.

This pair of shoplifters then went to the Boston Store, at the corner of Madison and State streets, from which place the bolt of silk was stolen. They next visited the Fair, at the corner of Adams and State streets, where the woman stole the seventy-five yards of silk.

The detective watched them closely in their rounds, and after leaving the store he saw them enter a saloon at the corner of Quincy street and Plymouth place, where the woman brought forth the stolen goods from their hiding place beneath her skirts, and was in the act of passing them over to the proprietor of the saloon when the detective stepped in and arrested her and Lowrie.

They were both taken to the Harrison Street Sta-

tion. On the following day the proprietor of the saloon was also arrested, but he insisted he knew nothing about what the packages contained. He also stated that the woman came to his place quite often and left packages, but he never knew what they contained.

He made the impression that he was innocent of any connection with the stealing and was discharged. Mary Maxwell and William Lowrie were held to the criminal court and indicted, and upon trial the woman took all the blame upon herself and was sentenced to the House of Correction for six months.

"STALLED" FOR TWO ROBBERS.

DETECTIVE PROMISES TO ASSIST TWO THIEVES FOR THE PURPOSE OF CAPTURING THEM.

Detective Wooldridge was compelled one night in February, 1892, to "stall" for two thieves who wanted to rob a grocery store. In doing this, however, he was only playing the part of a city officer and landed both of the thieves in the station. A Clark street grocery man had complained at the Harrison Street Station that the basement of his store was entered nearly every night by means of false keys, and that coal and other things had been stolen.

Wooldridge was sent to investigate, and dressing up like a tramp he secreted himself in a doorway not far from the store and waited for the robbers. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a man named John Noland appeared and crossed the street, from which place he eyed the building all over to see that no one

was around and that the lights were out. He knew that the proprietor of the store lived upstairs and wanted to be sure that he had gone to bed.

Everything appeared to be satisfactory, and he gave a low whistle, then recrossed the street and was joined by another man named John Riley. Some words passed between them, and they were about to go into the cellar when Wooldridge was discovered standing in the doorway. Both men came forward to see who he was, and as they came up to inspect him Wooldridge began to stand first on one foot and then on the other, with his teeth chattering as if he had a chill.

Detective Wooldridge said to them: "Comrades, can't you do something to help a man? Just a few pennies to get me a bed. I have walked all day looking for work, and expect to receive some money from home to-morrow and will return the loan."

Riley inspected him and said: "He looks like a good, honest boy, and we will help him out if he will stall for us for a few minutes, while we get two bags of coal." Wooldridge replied that he did not know what they meant by "stalling," but if they would show him what to do he would be glad to assist them. They then told him to keep a lookout for the police, and if one appeared to give two low whistles. The detective answered he would be glad to do that part of the job for them.

When they entered the cellar Wooldridge ran across the street to a patrol box, which he quietly opened and told the station to send the wagon in a hurry to 288 Clark street, as he had two burglars cornered. The thieves had just gotten to the sidewalk again with a bag of coal when Wooldridge seized them. They pre-

pared for a fight and resistance, but at this point the patrol wagon dashed up and the men were loaded into it. The next morning they were fined \$25 each.

COLORED ROBBERS ARE CAUGHT.

OFFICER HAS TROUBLE IN TAKING A BURLY THIEF TO
THE STATION.

Thieves have a mania for robbing clothing stores, especially colored thieves. Detective Wooldridge has arrested these without number, and has had some narrow escapes in his dealings with them. The store of Woolf & Goldstein, at 415 Clark street, was robbed January 20, 1893. The same evening Detective Wooldridge met Frank Drake, a colored thief, with two new overcoats going into Currie's pawnshop, on State street. Drake could not give any satisfactory answer as to where he got the garments, and was taken to the station. When Wooldridge and Drake arrived at the station they were met by Goldstein, who had just come in to enter a complaint that his store had been burglarized and about \$500 worth of goods taken.

He was shown the two overcoats, which he recognized by the private mark on them. Drake was put in the sweatbox and confessed that four other colored men had given him the coats to pawn for them. Henry Johnson, alias Kerley, Henry Jackson, Sam Drake, Frank Smith, alias Leper, and Charles Jackson were arrested by Wooldridge and most of the goods recovered.

Henry Johnson, alias Kerley, is a most powerfully built colored man, weighing 275 pounds; is an ex-

prize fighter, a strong-arm highwayman, a thief and all-around crook, and went heavily armed. He was feared by all who knew him. Wooldridge found him asleep in a colored house of prostitution kept by Miranda Whitesides at 390 Clark street.

Finding that Wooldridge was alone, Johnson refused to go with him, but finally consented at the point of the gun, and a start was made for the door. Johnson turned back to light a cigarette. Picking up a lamp, he turned it down until it was almost dark and announced that he was ready to go. When the door was reached Johnson caught Wooldridge with his right hand and sent him sprawling into the hall over a pile of lumber.

The door was closed and locked before Wooldridge could gain his feet, and Johnson attempted to escape by a window in the rear, but the plucky little detective was not so easy to lose. Regaining his feet, he burst the door open and was just in time to grab Johnson by his leg. The window sash and both men fell in a heap on a porch seven feet below, which runs between the houses.

Johnson gained his feet first and attempted to reach the street by a flight of steps in front. With one bound Wooldridge jumped fourteen steps and grabbed him by the coat tail just as he reached the street, and at the point of the gun landed him in the station.

On April 13, 1893, all were arraigned for trial and discharged except Charles Jackson, who, the others said, entered the store and took the goods. He was sent to the penitentiary at hard labor for two years by Judge Brentano.

About six months after this Henry Johnson mur-

dered his mistress, Miranda Whitesides, at 390 Clark street, and fled. All efforts to locate him have failed, and he is still a fugitive from justice.

THIRTY-SEVEN THUGS CAUGHT

HOUSE IS RAIDED IN WHICH CRIMINALS OF MANY GRADES
ARE ARRESTED.

Thirty-seven male and female thugs were rounded up and captured at a resort on State street on the morning of December 26, 1897, which was considered by the police one of the biggest and most important raids that had been made in a long time.

Detective Wooldridge had been looking for a gang of thieves in that locality for several weeks. They had been committing depredations of every character, and many robberies had been reported. He finally located them on the night prior to the raid. When he reported to the Harrison Street Station that he had found this gang of plunderers and thugs a heavy detail was ordered to go early next morning and capture all of them.

Three patrol wagons filled with well-armed men were taken to the place by Wooldridge and the house surrounded.

The doors were broken open and after a short engagement thirty-one men and six women were marched out under arrest and taken to the station. More than \$2,000 worth of stolen property was also taken out of the place.

Among those arrested were several hold-up men and a number of well-known thugs and highwaymen.

Among other things found in the den were masks, wigs and false beards and more than 200 pawn tickets. A large number of pawn tickets were torn up by the prisoners while on their way to the station—so many, in fact, that the floors of the wagons were covered with scraps of paper when they reached their destination.

The prisoners were not booked at once, but were held for identification.

The house where the big haul of thugs was made was a rooming house where the suspects were packed away four or five in a room. Several were lying half stupefied in an opium resort carried on in the building. A trip to a similar place on Wabash avenue, near Twelfth street, on the same morning resulted in the capture of three prisoners, who were stowed away in the wagons with the crowd.

The entire crowd was exhibited for identification, and many victims of hold-ups and robberies came to select the thief that had impoverished them. It was the biggest haul of the kind that had been made in a year, and there was hardly a prisoner in the lot who had not served in jail or the Bridewell and at least a dozen who had been wanted on various charges.

The larger part of them were sent to the House of Correction by Justice G. W. Underwood, under fines ranging from \$10 to \$25.

ROBBERS WEAR OUT WITNESS.

CASE AGAINST THIEVES DROPPED WHICH IS FOLLOWED
BY A LIVELY SCRAMBLE FOR THE STOLEN MONEY.

Thomas McCarthy, a wealthy manufacturer from the East, visited the World's Fair with his family and

stopped at the Auditorium Hotel. On September 2 he made complaint that he was robbed of \$715 at Fay Conklin's panel house, 497 State street. Detective Wooldridge was detailed on the case, and upon investigation he learned that a woman, Lillia Hamilton, who was a stranger from St. Louis, committed the larceny. No one seemed to know her, and to locate her was no easy job among the many thousands of strangers visiting the World's Fair.

The arrest of William Garrett, a sneak-thief, on September 5 gave him a clew to the woman. Garrett was taken to the Harrison Street Station, and upon him were found two railroad tickets to St. Louis, two baggage checks and \$10.

Garrett called a messenger boy and wrote a note, telling the messenger to take the note to A. Chenne's opium joint, at Eighteenth and State streets. This aroused the suspicion of Wooldridge, and he intercepted the messenger and asked him for whom the message was intended. The note was handed to him and he read the following, which was directed to Lillia Hamilton: "Get me a bondsman at once. I still have all the swag except \$10, which was found on me. We are still undiscovered, and must leave the city to-night."

Wooldridge read the message over several times to be sure that he read it right, and then handed it back to the messenger boy, telling him to hurry along with it, as it was all right, and to be sure and deliver it promptly. Wooldridge changed his clothes for a farmer's suit and set out after the messenger boy, who was a block ahead, and managed to get on the same car and rode with him to Eighteenth street. Planting

himself in a doorway, he waited for developments. He did not have to wait long. Lillia Hamilton soon appeared, and was arrested and taken to the police station.

William Garrett was again taken from the cell and searched. Around his ankle was found \$499, securely fastened under his underclothes. Thomas McCarthy was sent for and identified Lillia Hamilton as the woman who robbed him. She admitted the fact, and with Garrett had arranged to take the train to St. Louis that night.

Both secured bail, which was \$500 each. After Garrett was released a vagrancy warrant was served on him. Another woman, by the name of Emma Garrett, whom he had been living with before he fell in with the Hamilton woman, came forward and testified that she had supported Garrett for six months, and during that time he had done nothing, and because she would not give him more money he left her, taking all her clothes and pawning them, though they were afterwards recovered. Justice Bradwell fined him \$100. An appeal was taken and he again gave bond, his surety obtaining an order for the \$499 which was being held as evidence.

In due time an indictment was secured against both of them. The bondsman boasted that the case would be called, and none of the witnesses or Wooldridge would know about it. He was right. The case was placed on call before Judge Freeman. Wooldridge and the witnesses were not notified, but with all of his shrewdness the bondsman was beaten.

Wooldridge secured the number of the cases, and

every morning for months looked at the court calls, which were published in the Chicago Herald.

One morning he found the case on call and reached the room just as the court opened. This was the first case. Garrett and Hamilton were not present, and Judge Freeman promptly ordered the bond forfeited. Next morning, however, Wooldridge received a letter from the State's Attorney informing him the case was reinstated, and to have his witness in court the following morning, which was done. For two days he waited, and when the case was called her counsel stated that Lillia Hamilton was dangerously ill and secured another continuance.

The following term of court the case was placed on trial again. Not wishing to wear his witness out, Wooldridge did not notify him to attend. The defense found that McCarthy was not present. Lillia Hamilton and William Garrett were in a cab two blocks away waiting until they got the tip that everything was all right. When the cab drew up to the jail Wooldridge was in waiting with a capias for each. He arrested and turned them over to the jailer and acquainted the State's Attorney with the facts.

When the case was reached the counsel for Garrett and Hamilton, finding McCarthy not there, demanded trial or discharge, and the State's Attorney did not offer a word of opposition.

Detective Wooldridge requested permission to speak to the court before any order was made in the case. He stated that he was a police officer as well as an officer of the court, and had something important to say which the court should hear before the order was made.

Counsel for the defendants objected, saying that the State had a representative there looking after the case.

Judge Freeman said we would hear what the officer had to say, and he narrated the case from the time the complaint was made; the forfeiture of the bond; the notice of reinstatement, and the sick plea. He further stated that he hunted up the records and found no forfeiture set aside by the court; also had found that the defendants had never come into court and given a new bond after it was forfeited.

He also said that the complainant had come 1,000 miles three times to attend the trial. He then respectfully requested twenty-four hours, in view of these facts, to bring the complainant from the East to Chicago. Judge Freeman granted the request, and set the case for one week later, which fell on Thursday. Mr. McCarthy was present, but intentionally or through a mistake, another case was on hearing, which took this case over to the following Monday. Mr. McCarthy having pressing business which called him home, could not remain.

When the case was reached, Wooldridge received a telegram from the complainant stating that it was impossible for him to be present, and as it seemed that he could not obtain justice, he would not lose any more time and did not intend to come again. Then began a scramble for the stolen money which had been held as evidence, and for which the bondsman had an order.

The attorney who had defended Lillia Hamilton and William Garrett in the case of vagrancy expected

to receive his fee from this money. He was also retained to defend them in the criminal court.

But Lillia Hamilton and William Garrett took another counsel for the criminal court, and the first attorney was thrown overboard. He threatened to turn state's evidence and was again taken.

When Wooldridge received the telegram from Mr. McCarthy that he would not go further with the case, he notified the attorney, who secured an order for the money held as evidence and claimed by Lillia Hamilton and William Garrett. Wooldridge presented the telegram to the court and the case was stricken off the docket. The court then honored the attorney's order for the money, and it was turned over to him.

Afterward Lillia Hamilton, William Garrett and their bondsman demanded of the attorney a division of the money. They were reminded of the double dealings with him and of their efforts to prevent him from getting his fee, and he suggested to them that they had better drop the matter where it was, which was done. The wily bondsman was beaten at his own game and he never got over it.

TRIED TO CORNER CHEWING GUM.

BIG GANG OF BOY BURGLARS ARRESTED FOR ROBBING PRIMLEY'S FACTORY.

A gang of young robbers tried to run a corner on the chewing gum market in Chicago in 1899, not by buying all there was in sight or by getting options on it, but by stealing it.

Primley's chewing gum factory at 1519 Wabash

avenue was robbed seven times in succession before the gang was caught. They not only took chewing gum, but carried away everything portable they could get their hands on. A wagon load of stolen goods was recovered which Mr. Primley recognized as his property.

In 1896 the factory was broken into and robbed half a dozen times before the police caught the thieves.

On the night of May 8, 1898, the factory was again burglarized and \$200 worth of property stolen. The following night about the same amount was stolen. Half a dozen detectives were set at work on the case, but the traps they laid for the robbers failed, and June 10 there was another raid by burglars. In less than a month a fourth occurred, and the police set a watch on the factory. This watch was maintained for some weeks, but resulted in nothing, and in a few weeks Mr. Primley lost \$50 worth of goods again. New Year's eve the robbers again entered the factory and stole a bicycle, a quantity of gum and some silverware.

After this Mr. Primley left nothing valuable about the place. He put all the money in the safe instead of leaving it in the cash drawer. The burglars were disappointed at the next visit, and wrote the following message on the back of an envelope and pinned it to the cash drawer:

"Just please leave something next time or we will get even."

The police considered this message a defiance, and several detectives made fruitless attempts to trap the robbers. When the burglars paid their last visit they broke up several pairs of scales and a typewriter,

carrying out their threat to get even if Primley did not leave some cash in the money drawer.

This act of depredation incensed the patient Mr. Primley, and his complaint to the police resulted in Detectives Wooldridge and Schubert being assigned to the case, with orders to work on it until the robbers were landed in jail.

Detective Wooldridge at last found a boy at 340 State street who had a quantity of gum in his possession. The stolen gum was put up in a peculiar way. It was placed in a hollow tube that resembled an elongated capsule. Wooldridge saw the boy draw from his pocket one of these packages and take from it a chew of gum. He at once recognized it as the kind of chewing gum that had been stolen, and by the exercise of a little diplomacy found out all he wanted to know.

He induced the boy to tell him where he got the gum. The boy led him to 1221 Wabash avenue. This was where the gang of young robbers lived. When the door was opened one of the leaders, Thomas Stevenson, fell into the hands of the detective. Then a man named James Daly, who was well known to the police as an all-around crook, appeared and rushed to Stevenson's rescue. He made an attempt to get possession of two loaded revolvers which were on a dresser in one of the bedrooms, but Wooldridge caught him, and after a struggle placed him under arrest.

Two bicycles, an umbrella, and a large quantity of chewing gum stolen from Primley were found in the house.

February 25, 1899, James Daly and Thomas Ste-

venson were arraigned for trial before Judge Stein, and James Daly was sent to the penitentiary under the indeterminate act. Thomas Stevenson was found to be under the age of twenty-one and was sent to the Pontiac Reformatory.

NEW WAY TO ROB.

WOMAN THIEF BITES A DIAMOND FROM THE SHIRT FRONT OF HER COMPANION.

There are among thieves many plans to rob their victims, but Detective Wooldridge once arrested a woman who had devised a clever plan to steal a man's diamond shirt stud.

While standing on the corner of State and Thirty-first streets one night in December, 1896, George Smith got into a flirtation with Mamie Fitzgerald, a handsome young woman, with a pretty figure and stylish clothes.

Smith was smitten with the fair Mamie, as she stood under the electric light, and after a little conversation he asked permission to call on her. While discussing the matter he accompanied her into a wine-room in the saloon on the corner, where a bottle of wine was bought and drunk.

Mamie became very affectionate, and, throwing her arms around Smith's neck, she placed her head down on his bosom, which brought her mouth almost directly over the handsome \$75 diamond stud which he wore, and she bit the stone from the screw which held it to the shirt bosom. Then, granting him permission to call on her whenever he liked, she started to leave him

Smith, upon rising to his feet, felt the screw, which a few moments before had held the diamond secure in his shirt, slide down his pants leg, and, throwing his hands up, he discovered his diamond was gone. He rushed to the door just in time to see the fair Mamie vanish into the Columbia Hotel on the opposite corner.

He made complaint to the officer who was patrolling the post and who was standing on the corner when they went into the saloon, and also when the woman came out. Together they went to the hotel, but the fair Mamie could not be found.

Several weeks after Smith saw and recognized Mamie Fitzgerald going into one of the saloons on State street. He made complaint to the Harrison Street Station and procured a warrant, and Detective Wooldridge was detailed to locate the fair Mamie. She was found at the Boston saloon, near Var Buren and State streets, with a number of thieving and panel house steerers; and was arrested.

She was held in bonds of \$500 to the criminal court, indicted and arraigned for trial before Judge Gibbons and found guilty of larceny. A motion for a new trial was made and granted.

A few weeks later she went with her attorney and bondsman to the criminal court to attend the new trial. When she left she laughed and winked at her companions. The cause of her merriment was the ease and grace with which she had played the role of a penitent before Judge Gibbons and the desired results it had brought about.

She had shed many tears and begged the court to be merciful. This melted the heart of Judge Gibbons

and he let her go, with the understanding that if she returned in two weeks and brought evidence of the fact that she was honorably employed she might have a longer stay of proceedings, but that she would be required to report to him once a month for one year.

The woman is well known to the south side police, and has been charged with many robberies.

RIFLED THE LETTERS.

An ex-employee of a hotel took advantage of his former duties to commit a robbery in November, 1893, and it cost him eighteen months in the penitentiary at hard work.

At that time H. V. Bemis was proprietor of the old Richelieu Hotel on Michigan avenue. He had in his service for a long time a man named Graham Kepner, a part of whose duties was to go to the postoffice daily for the hotel mail. After his discharge from the hotel he went to the postoffice one day as usual and called for the mail. He was well known there and was given several letters, one of which was addressed to Mr. Bemis.

Other letters were for guests. The one intended for the proprietor of the hotel contained a check for \$30.50 which Kepner appropriated and had cashed. Some of the other letters also contained money which Kepner pocketed.

Detective Wooldridge was asked to investigate the case and was given a photograph of Kepner, by which he was recognized while in a sporting house on Custom House place and arrested. He was indicted and when

placed on trial December 19, 1893, was found guilty and sentenced to the penitentiary for one and a half years.

HE PAINTED THE WINDOWS.

DETECTIVE MAKES A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION ON
CUSTOM HOUSE PLACE.

During the years 1893 and 1894 there was perhaps more public depravity in the city of Chicago than in any other city in the United States. This was carried on in Custom House place, which is in the very heart of the metropolis. Here at all hours of the day and night women could be seen at the doors and windows, frequently half-clad, making an exhibition of themselves and using vulgar and obscene language. At almost all of these places there were sliding windows, or windows that were hung on hinges and swung inside. There were also doors which were used when there were no officers in sight. These swinging or sliding windows were used by the women to invite pedestrians on the street to enter these places and also for the purpose of exhibiting themselves.

Extension fronts were built to many of these houses from which a better view could be had of the police and pedestrians. All the houses were equipped with electric bells and a sentinel, whose duty it was to watch for the police and give a signal to the inmates, was stationed at each end of the street between Polk and Harrison. The electric wires ran from one house to another, and warning could be given at either end of this thoroughfare. It was no unusual thing in those

days to see from fifty to one hundred women lounging in the doors and windows in this one block at one time. The habitués of this place embraced every nationality, both black and white, their ages ranging from eighteen to fifty years. The costumes worn by these people embraced every kind known to the human race, from that of the Hottentot to the belle of the ball. Some were in tights, some having nothing on but a loose "Mother Hubbard," made of some flashy material which resembled a mosquito bar, through which the entire form of the woman could be seen. Others were dressed as jockeys, while others had no sleeves in their dresses. The waist was cut so low that their bosoms were entirely exposed, and some were dressed almost exclusively in the garb which nature gave them when they were born.

These women would frequently stand for hours in the windows and doors of these houses; and when one grew tired some one else would take her place. They made all kinds of indecent gestures and remarks and invited every man who passed to come inside. There were two classes of houses in this block. Some of them were known as "straight" houses, where a man could be entertained in any way if he was willing to pay for it. He could have any kind of music he wanted, any kind of drink or any kind of dancing. The other houses were known as thieving dens where every method known to the artful, thieving women was practiced to secure a man's money. In these houses could be found every low and demoralizing phase of life that the human mind could think of. Many of these women were even lower than brutes.

Exorbitant rents were charged for these buildings,

some of them bringing as high as \$250 to \$275 per month. Several enterprising landladies rented and furnished from two to four houses each and sub-let them for from \$15 to \$25 per day in advance. Among the worst characters on this street was Mary Hastings, who rented and furnished four of these places and received as high as \$25 per day for each of them. She was not particular to whom she rented these houses. One day a colored woman would occupy the house, and the next a white woman would be installed. In order to pay these exorbitant prices these women were compelled to commit crimes, and nearly every man who entered one of them was robbed before he got out. Almost daily these houses were raided by the police, but when one party was broken up and driven out another was ready to go in, and in a few days things would be as bad and perhaps worse than before.

Conditions grew so alarming in that locality that business men and a committee from the Civic Federation waited on George B. Swift, then Mayor, and J. J. Badenoch, then Chief of Police, and requested them to take some action to suppress the daily routine of depravity and crime of these women, declaring that they were a menace to the public and to society, and were leading astray many young boys who were drawn there by curiosity. A large number of women and young girls were employed in several printing houses near there, and these exhibitions could be seen by them.

The Mayor and the Chief of Police made a personal investigation, and when they saw what really existed in that locality they were greatly shocked. Orders were issued at once to have the windows painted and

securely fastened. Detective Wooldridge was placed in charge of these orders and instructed to enforce them without fear or favor, and to compel these women to observe the laws of human decency. After several weeks of hard labor he succeeded in making a great change in this locality. The inmates of these houses rebelled against the orders, and every excuse that could be thought of was made to avoid obeying them. Several of them went to Wooldridge and declared they did not have money to buy the paint or pay the painter, which was, of course, untrue, but the detective gave them the benefit of the doubt and painted the windows himself free of charge. This for a time prevented further complaints against these places, and Wooldridge was warmly congratulated on the great change which followed his work in that locality.

TROUBLESOME BOX-CAR THIEVES.

DETECTIVE HAS FIERCE STRUGGLE WITH A MAN WHO
PLUNDERED THE RAILROADS.

There is a class of thieves in every large city called box-car thieves, which give the police and railroad companies a great deal of trouble. They break into loaded cars and frequently carry away thousands of dollars' worth of goods. Detective Wooldridge had a fierce struggle with one of these thieves in April, 1895. The officer saw William Smith, a powerfully built colored man, coming out of one of these box-cars in the Western Indiana railroad yards at Taylor street. He had a bag full of coal on his back and was arrested and taken to the patrol box.

Wooldridge had a firm hold of Smith by the sleeve of his coat, but as he opened the patrol box to call the wagon Smith struck him with the hand that was free, and at the same time wrenched Wooldridge's arm backward against the door, nearly breaking it. He broke the detective's hold, and before he could get out of the patrol box and recover from the blow, Smith had gotten twenty-five feet ahead of him, starting north through the alley from Taylor street.

Wooldridge had on a heavy overcoat and was no match for Smith, who ran like a greyhound. He was determined, however, not to give up the chase and let Smith get away if he could held it.

He thought he could possibly attract the attention of the officer who was traveling post north of him by firing his revolver. The alley was muddy, and when Smith heard the crack of the revolver he only ran the faster. This attracted the attention of every one in the neighborhood, and they were able to keep the officer posted as to which direction Smith took.

When he got to Polk street several of the people said the fugitive went east, and was throwing mud as high as the buildings with his feet. Wooldridge followed Smith by the aid of those who saw him to the alley south of Polk street, between State street and Plymouth place, where he lost track of him. He searched as long as ten minutes, and was rewarded by locating him in a garbage box.

Smith sprang out of the box and made a vicious smash at Wooldridge with his right hand, but missed the detective, who dealt Smith a heavy blow with his club across the shins, one of the tenderest and weakest points to be found on a colored man. He followed

this with another blow across Smith's forearm. Both clinched and went down together. Smith was much the stronger of the two and was about to get the best of Wooldridge when he managed to deal him another tremendous blow over the shins, which caused him to loosen his hold and cry with pain.

Before he recovered Wooldridge had the "come-alongs" around his wrists, and he submitted without further trouble.

While passing the Polk street depot Smith was recognized by August Frank, an expressman, who lived at 256 Forty-first street, and who claimed that Smith and another man held him up several days before and took a watch and \$13 from him.

Smith was fined \$50 and sent to the House of Correction.

TWO POLICEMEN SENTENCED.

PATROLMEN CONVICTED OF LARCENY AND GO TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR INDEFINITE TERMS.

If it becomes the duty of a police officer to pursue an investigation of charges made against fellow officers, there is no halting, no hesitancy. If there are criminals on the police force, those officers who want to uphold the integrity and good name of the department owe it to themselves to use their best efforts to run down these criminals.

A robbery occurred at a picnic in Sharpshooters' Park on July 1, 1900, and the charge was made that two policemen were among the robbers. Patrick Sheehan and John W. Mosher were among the officers who were assigned to duty at the park that day.

At about eleven o'clock that night Hugh McDougall, an old man, entered the park. He was accosted by Sheehan and Mosher, who accused him of climbing over the fence. He insisted that he had entered through the gate. Then the officers declared there was no gate on that side of the park. At this the old man said he would show them the gate if they would follow him. They agreed and started toward the entrance. On the way Sheehan placed his hand on McDougall's hip and told him he had a revolver. He then took from McDougall's pocket a spyglass about six inches in length.

Mosher then went into McDougall's pockets and took from his vest a roll of bills amounting to about \$160. McDougall asked, "Why do you take my money from me?" Mosher replied, "You will get it back when you get to the station," and told him to march ahead.

They had by this time gotten into a part of the park where there was less light and which was practically vacated at that time of night. As McDougall approached within a few feet of the gateway, he, feeling some force behind him, immediately reached out his right hand and clutched Sheehan's watch chain and at the same time received a blow in the back of the head which dropped him to his knees. As he fell the chain gave way. He rose to his feet and saw the policemen running along a fence leading to the west, where they disappeared.

McDougall then ran back to the park, where he met Officer Moore, to whom he related the occurrence. He was without his hat, and, his story not being credited, Officer Moore and some others went with him to

the spot where he was assaulted and found his hat, and upon further search found two pieces of a watch chain, upon one of which was a Royal Arcanum charm.

They proceeded from that spot along the passageway to Western avenue. When they got there, they saw Sheehan and Mosher coming from the north on the sidewalk about fifty feet away from them. The two officers went near the front entrance to the park, and there Officer Moore and another witness saw a piece of chain with the guard hanging in the button-hole of Sheehan's vest. Officer Moore at once went to the patrol box and notified his superior officer, Lieutenant Jeunger, who subsequently came with the patrol wagon and ordered the officers there on duty to stand in line and be examined.

When the officers were lined up Sheehan was partially identified by McDougall, who was suffering intensely at the time from the blow he had received, and was in a dazed condition. In the meantime the piece of chain had disappeared from Sheehan's vest and he denied being a member of the Royal Arcanum society, and said he had not worn a chain at a picnic for five years.

Two days afterwards these officers were again lined up at the police station, when McDougall with some reserve declared that Sheehan and Mosher looked like the men. An investigation was had before the Trial Board, resulting in the discharge of Sheehan and Mosher from the force, and they were then indicted. Detectives Wooldridge, De Roche and McGrath then arrested the indicted men. At the first trial the jury could not agree and was discharged.

Witnesses at the second trial were produced who testified to seeing Sheehan and Mosher in the east side of the park at the time of the assault, which took place in the west side, and also that Sheehan wore no chain on that day.

There was produced a tintype of Sheehan and Mosher taken that day at Sharpshooters' Park which revealed a chain and charm on Sheehan. A magnifying glass disclosed a rim to the charm which was of an unusual style of workmanship.

The taker of the tintype swore that he took no tintype excepting at picnics and fairs, that the tintype was taken in the year 1900, and that he was at Sharpshooters' Park that day taking tintypes. The defendants admitted that they sat for a tintype that day, but claimed there were three in the tintype, and produced a tintype of three persons, one other officer besides themselves.

A witness was produced who testified to the sale of the watch charm to Sheehan in March, 1899, and that he had at the time entered the transaction on his books, Sheehan having bought it on credit, and the salesman produced his books showing that fact. He remembered the transaction, and told what other officer was in his place at the time with Sheehan.

The other officer, however, denied being there with Sheehan, and Sheehan denied ever having been in his place of business or even knowing him.

But the fatal circumstances which discredited Sheehan were that he was the only policeman assigned on duty who had no chain on after the robbery; that he denied being a member of the Royal Arcanum, although he was a member of that order; that he denied having worn a watch chain at a picnic for five

years, whereas the tintype in question disclosed one on him, and the further fact that he had bought, as claimed and sworn to, the Royal Arcanum charm of the pattern found at the scene of the assault, which corresponded in detail with the one shown in the tintype, and an enlarged photograph of the same.

The trial was had before Judge Horton, and when the case was submitted to the jury on May 15, 1901, a verdict of guilty was returned in fifteen minutes. They were sentenced to indefinite terms in the penitentiary on May 25, and are now paying the penalty at Joliet.

PASSION FOR ROBBERY.

THIEVES BRAVE EVERY KNOWN DANGER TO SEPARATE MEN
FROM THEIR MONEY.

When a thief sees a man with a roll of money he is like a wild animal that has become enraged at the smell of blood. There is no peril too menacing to prevent him from attempting a robbery. The sight of money inflames his passion for crime. The chance of getting killed or possibility of a term in prison does not deter him.

In a room at 497 Clark street, in 1896, two women and a man attacked and robbed a stranger whom they knew had a 44-caliber Colt's revolver in his pocket. This did not deter them, however. They even took his revolver.

The victim in this case was D. M. Elliston, whose home was in a small town in Idaho. He had stopped in Chicago while on his way from his western home to

Indianapolis, and met and drank with several women in a saloon on the floor below the room in which he was robbed. One of the women induced him to go upstairs. Soon the landlady appeared and demanded \$100 for the use of the room. Elliston refused to pay, as he did not use the room.

Another woman then appeared and demanded the money, threatening the stranger with trouble unless he settled. Elliston then opened his pocketbook and took out a bill, when all of them seized him and attempted to rob him. He threatened to shoot, and then the barkeeper below came running up and struck the stranger with a blunt instrument of some kind, which knocked him down and closed his eye. He was robbed of \$45 and the railroad checks for his baggage.

Elliston got out of the house after the thieves had fled, and was joined by one Milton Seely, who was attached to the house as porter. He pretended to want to befriend Elliston, and said he would see him through, and, learning that the man was stopping at the Grace Hotel, said he would see him home.

He took him through various streets and cross streets trying to confuse him, and finally left him. Elliston wanted to go to the police station and report his loss, but was advised not to do so until the next day.

He went to the station the next day and reported his loss. Detective Wooldridge went with him to search for the robbers. Elliston could not tell where the robbery took place, but said he would know the house again if he saw it. Street after street was traversed without success, and some three hours spent hunting the place. At last they were compelled to go

back where Milton Seely had left him. Here they started and went over the course and soon found the house. Elliston's revolver was recovered under the bed with the cartridges drawn, which were found in the hands of the barkeeper, Charles Miller.

Maud Murray and Charles Miller were arrested for robbery, and on the way to the station Maud Murray slipped a card into Elliston's pocket telling him if he would not show up at the police court the next morning his money would be returned and all his expenses paid. Wooldridge saw the act, extracted the card from the pocket and held Elliston a witness to give them a surprise the next morning, knowing that if Elliston was seen or appeared in court a continuance of ten days would be asked for to wear the witness out. Maud Murray and Miller made a diligent search for Elliston, with the aid of their attorney, and several times asked Wooldridge if he had seen him, who replied, "No," and said to them that if Elliston should not show up he would ask them for a continuance, and asked them if they would consent to it.

They both said they would not, and when the case was called they demanded a trial or discharge.

Wooldridge had in the meantime posted the judge, who asked their attorney and each of them if they were ready to go to trial, receiving from each an affirmative reply. "And so is the prosecution," said Wooldridge, and called another officer to bring in Elliston, which was done. Thus the thieves were caught in their own trap. They were speechless in their surprise, and the worst beaten and bewildered couple that ever stood before the bars of justice. They

were held in bonds of \$1,600 and \$800 respectively to the criminal court.

When Elliston reached Indianapolis he wrote back and refused to prosecute the case, and of course it was then dropped.

RAID ON A STEAMBOAT.

THE CREW AND TWO HUNDRED PASSENGERS ARE ARRESTED
UPON RETURNING FROM AN EXCURSION.

In the summer of 1899 the old passenger steamer Chief Justice Waite was leased and used by a syndicate for the purpose of making excursions on the lake. It was finally discovered, however, that the purpose of the syndicate was not so much to conduct excursions as it was to conduct a gambling house on board the vessel.

Complaints frequently reached the city hall from parties who had been swindled at crooked games during the excursions in which they were passengers. The boat was the resort of all kinds of confidence men. Shell games, three-card monte, slot machines and various other devices were said to have been used to separate men from their money.

Two detectives from Central Station had been among the excursionists on several trips, getting evidence on which to base charges of gambling. When they had succeeded, state and city descriptive warrants were sworn out for the captain and some of the crew. When the old steamer arrived at the Clark street dock at midnight Detectives Dodd and Trafton, who held the warrants, went aboard and served them

on the captain of the vessel. They were followed by Detectives Wooldridge, Schubert, Sullivan, Tobin, Duffy, Focklan and Tierney.

As soon as the captain of the vessel found out what was in progress he ordered the boat unmoored, his intention being to steam away from the shore and get back into the lake, where the officers would have no jurisdiction. He blew the whistle vigorously for the bridge tender to turn the bridge, but the officers who remained ashore intervened. The harbor master was summoned and the bridge tender was ordered not to open the way for the steamer to pass out.

In the meantime the old steamer was drifting around in the stream. Detective Wooldridge, who had been assigned to the duty of taking care of the vessel's captain, asked the latter where he was going. The captain replied that he was going to take the officers on a long trip. To this Wooldridge, of course, objected, and said to the captain:

"You take this vessel back to the shore, or I will take you without the vessel. I will give you just five minutes to decide whether you will accompany me peacefully or compel me to jump overboard with you, and if you force me to do the latter, I will ride you ashore or drown you in the attempt. Come, sir, what course will you have me adopt? Speak up. I am a man of few words and am through talking."

Seeing that the officer was in earnest, the master of the steamer concluded he had better make a landing. He then directed the engineer and pilots to return to the shore, but instead of tying the boat up at the dock on the south side of the river he steamed across to the north side.

Nothing was gained by this, however. On the dock fifty uniformed policemen under command of Lieutenant Deely were waiting with a number of patrol wagons. The officers and wagons quickly crossed the bridge, and when the boat was made fast these officers were on hand. They took their positions and cleared the way for the passengers and crew.

Every one on board was arrested and great excitement followed. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning before the last passenger was taken from the excursion steamer and landed in the station.

This broke up the gambling on the Chief Justice Waite, and the old vessel was put to better uses. But it had done service around Chicago so long that it soon became useless. Its owners carried it around to the harbor on the lake front, where it settled down to the bottom of the lake, and lies there to-day, with only the upper deck and smokestacks above the water.

There were other excursion steamers engaged in the same kind of business, but the raid on this one put them all out of commission.

TOOK DESPERATE CHANCES.

DETECTIVE RISKS LIMB AND LIFE TO GET INFORMATION
AGAINST LAW BREAKERS.

Desperate and dangerous means are sometimes resorted to by detectives to obtain the information desired in locating law breakers. Detective Wooldridge took a desperate chance in 1891 in his effort to break up a gambling resort.

Several complaints had been made to F. H. Marsh,

who was then Chief of Police, that gambling was carried on over John Gillan's saloon, 3848 State street. Officers had been on the case for two weeks trying to get evidence against this place and break it up, but without success. It was in the second story and run as a club, with passwords and sentries, rear and front.

Wooldridge was called to the office at 2 p. m. and told to put on citizens' clothes, go to the above number, find out if there was any gambling going on, who ran it, how drinks were served and how to get into the place in case of a raid, and moreover not to return until he had obtained the information.

This was an unusually strong order, and he was left alone to solve the mystery and make the report, but there is no such a word as "fail" in Wooldridge's vocabulary. He disguised himself, went to the saloon, bought a cigar, pretended to read and put in a half-hour looking for a starter to solve the mystery.

He then went into the alley and took a survey there with some success. Across the street there was an empty building, which was one story higher than the saloon, and into this he went to make further observation. He saw that five or six of the buildings opposite, including the saloon, were constructed alike, and over each was a skylight. His plan was to reach this roof after dark and make an investigation.

He recrossed the street and went into the first building south of the one where the gambling was supposed to be going on, and found the upper front occupied by Alcott, a real estate agent, and the rear occupied by a family.

Wooldridge waited until the real estate agent had left his office and the family had retired. He then took

a small ladder and entered the building. There he found a stepladder ten feet high, but the trapdoor in the roof was seventeen feet from the floor. Directly under the trapdoor was an iron sink three feet high. He placed the stepladder on this. When he got to the top of it he was still four feet from the opening. Then he tied the ladder he had brought along to the other, reached the trapdoor and was soon on the roof.

Going over to the roof of the next building, he found a skylight directly over where the gambling was going on. He remained there until one o'clock in the morning, saw and heard all that was necessary to establish a case against the house, then went away.

While descending, the small ladder from the trapdoor broke, and Wooldridge got a fall which came near breaking his neck, ruined a pair of trousers, sprained his ankle and badly bruised his leg.

He did not stop to pick up his ladder, but got out the best way he could and returned to the station, where he made a detailed report in writing to the lieutenant in charge. The next morning he was called to the station again and made a verbal explanation of the means he adopted to secure the information he gave. It is needless to say that the gambling was speedily broken up.

TICKER IN THE ICE BOX.

BUTCHER GETS RACE REPORTS IN REFRIGERATOR AND PUTS
BETS IN A HAM.

Men who tried to make hand-books on the races in Chicago just after Francis O'Neill became Chief of

Police resorted to all kinds of devices to deceive the police. But the detectives who were working from the chief's office were not to be fooled by the schemes invented to run gambling houses.

The most ingenious device used by hand-bookmakers during the summer of 1901 was that started by William Broadwell, who conducted a meat market at Fifth avenue and Madison street. Inside the market there was a large ice box, or refrigerator, and within the walls of the refrigerator, surrounded by big chunks of ice and fresh beef, there was a ticker which brought reports of races from the various tracks.

Broadwell had been arrested twice before on gambling charges, and had gotten off with a small fine in each case. It was reported to the Chief of Police that he was still conducting a hand-book on the races, and the head of the police department sent Detective Wooldridge out to get evidence against him.

The detective found evidence that the reports which came to the Chief of Police were true and that Broadwell was making a hand-book, notwithstanding the fact that he had been warned not to repeat his offense and had promised not to do so.

Upon securing this evidence, Wooldridge, accompanied by Detectives Schubert, Dubach, Gleason and Walley, secured warrants for Broadwell and his assistants, and started out for the purpose of doing a little marketing.

The meat market was there, and there were a number of customers in the place. Broadwell was not only selling beefsteaks and slices of ham, but also selling pools on the races. When the detectives entered the place it was filled with customers. Seeing that a raid

was on hand, many of them made a run for the doors, but all exits were guarded and no one escaped until they convinced the officers that they were not gambling.

Broadwell was so confident that he had his apparatus concealed and that the detectives would be unable to discover his plan, that he smiled and remarked to Wooldridge, "You've made a mistake this time, old man; there is nothing doing here."

"I will see about that," Wooldridge remarked, and then he told his men to search the premises. When they went to the ice box and opened the door Broadwell said, "It's all up with me now. There is a ticker in there, but any man has a right to have a ticker." Inside the ice box the detectives found the ticker on a shelf returning reports from local and out-of-town races.

This, however, was not sufficient, and they made a further search. They found a bogus ham which contained the bets and money wagers. It was discovered hanging along with other genuine hams behind the meat counter.

Taking it down, they found there was an opening on top, which was cleverly concealed by a cover. It was easily discovered, however, and on the inside they found all the evidence they needed. There were a number of small envelopes within this ham which contained bets on the races, with the bettor's initials and tickets, also betting sheets.

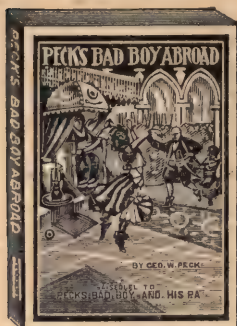
Broadwell and his brother, Edward Broadwell, and F. Wilson, a clerk, together with the wooden ham and the ticker, were taken to the Harrison street Police Station in a patrol wagon.

There was a young woman in the place who was acting as cashier, but she shed so many tears when she saw the detectives that she washed away all evidence against her and was not arrested.

The first raid made on this place was on May 31, when Broadwell was fined \$50. The second raid was made on the day the Derby was run at Washington Park, and this time Broadwell and R. L. Phine were arrested as keepers of the place. Broadwell was again fined \$50 and Phine \$25.

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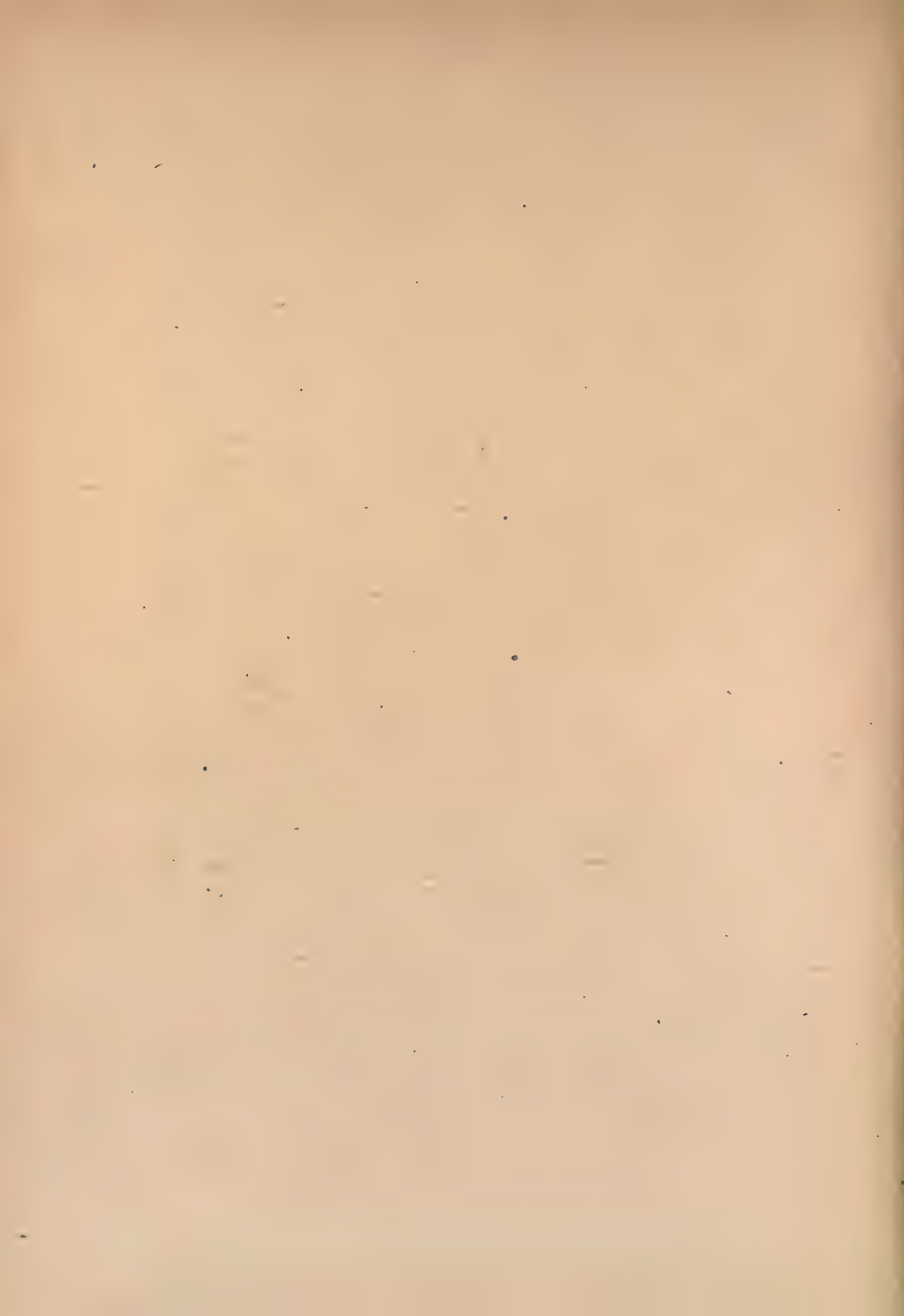
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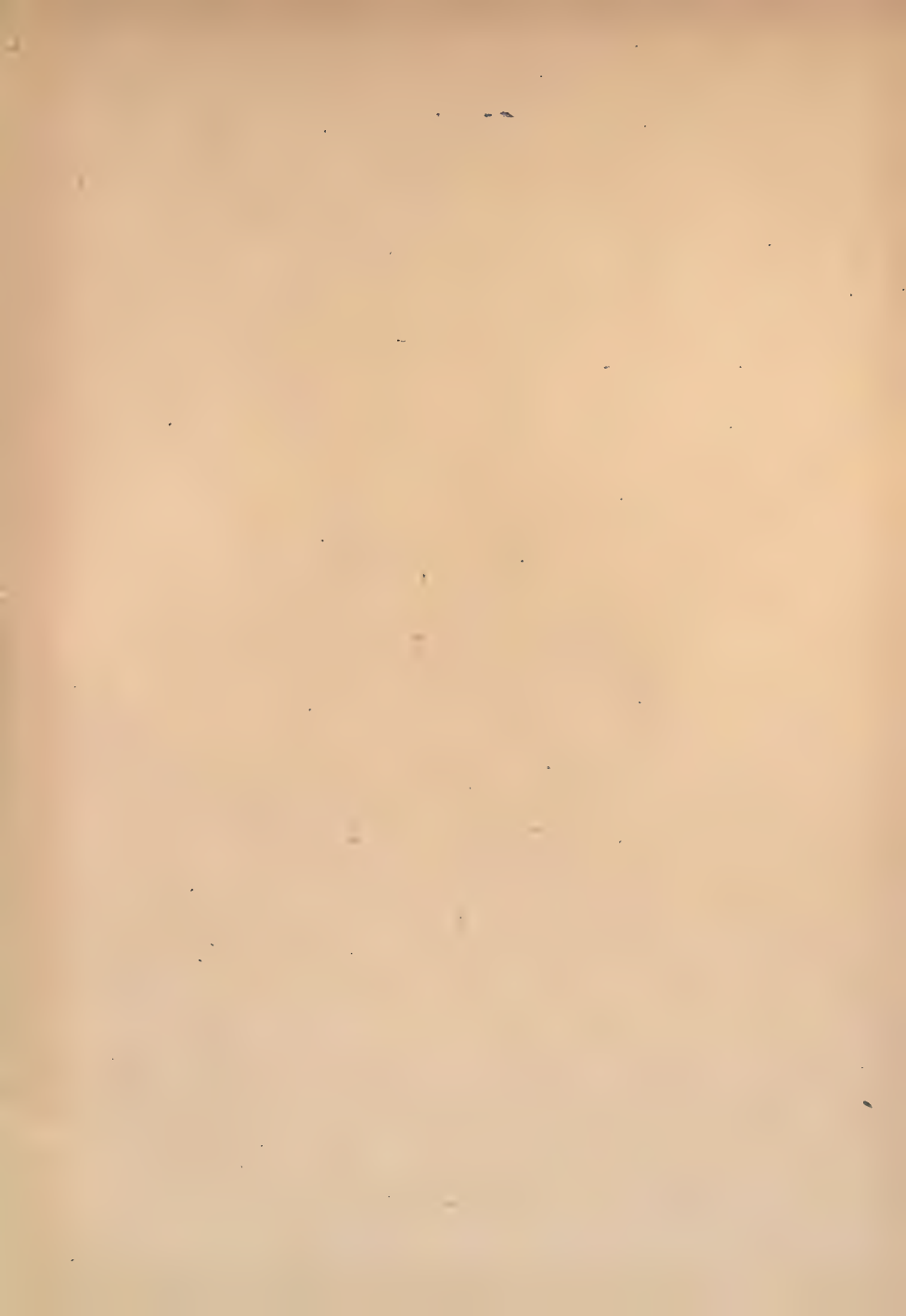
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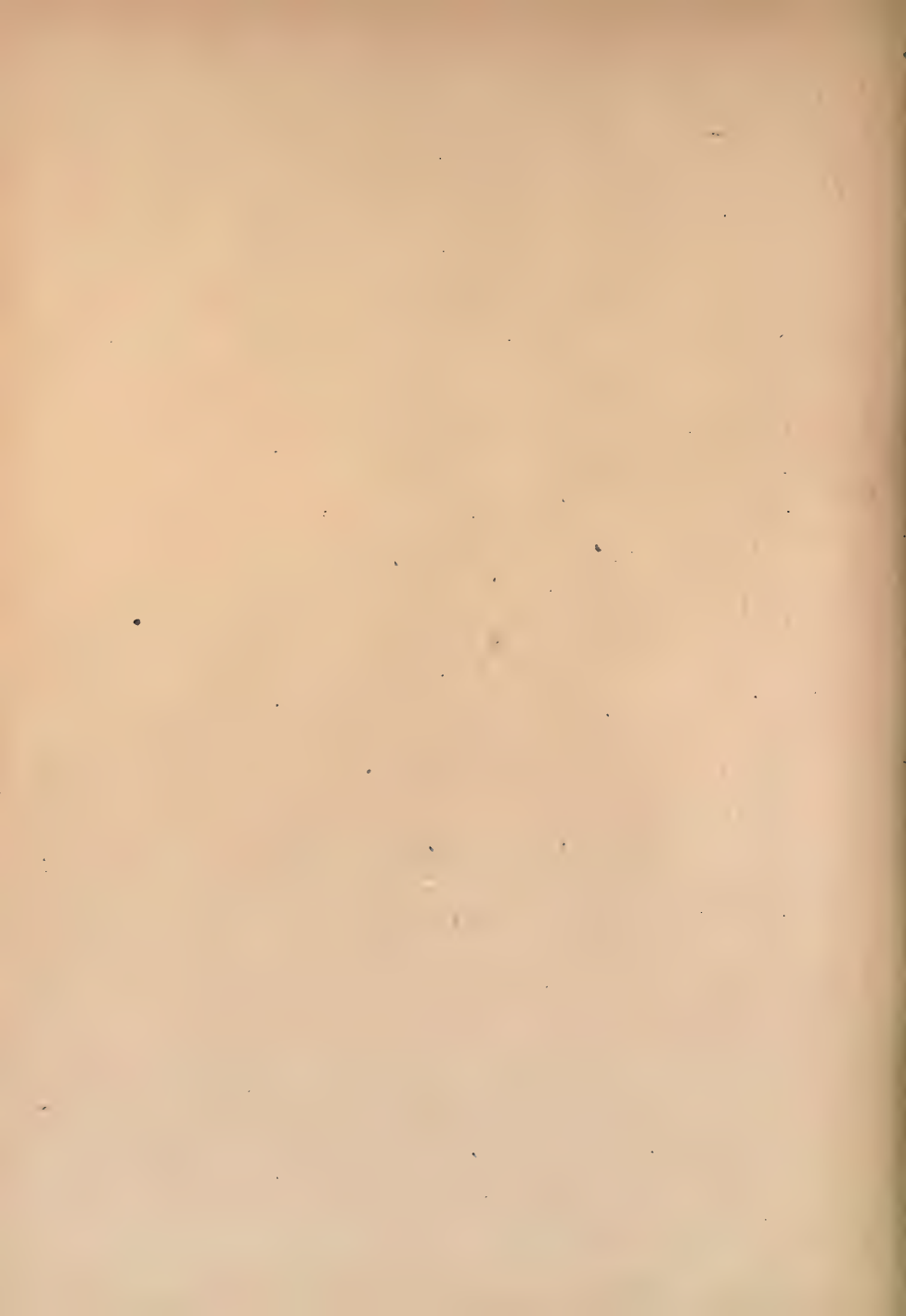
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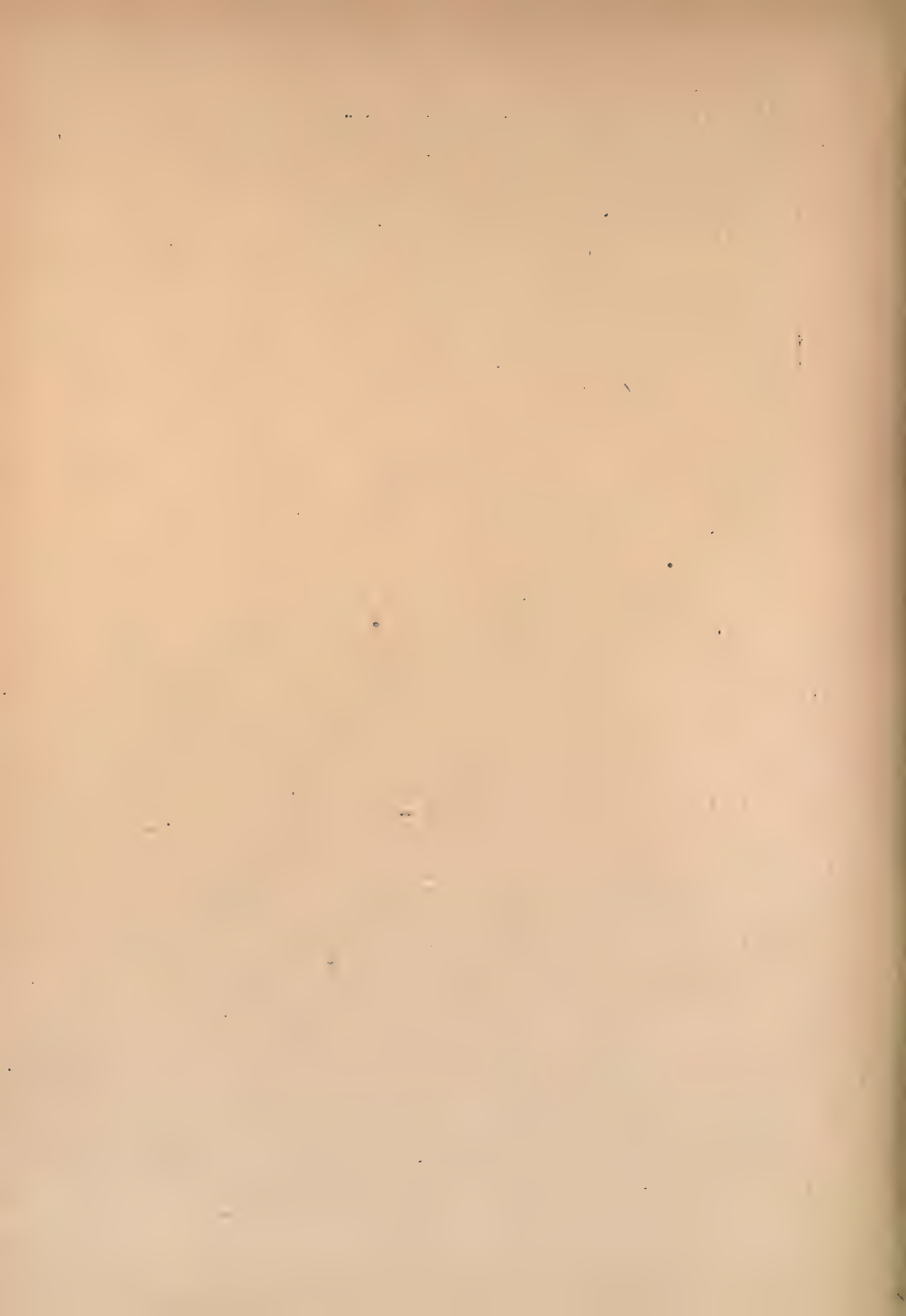
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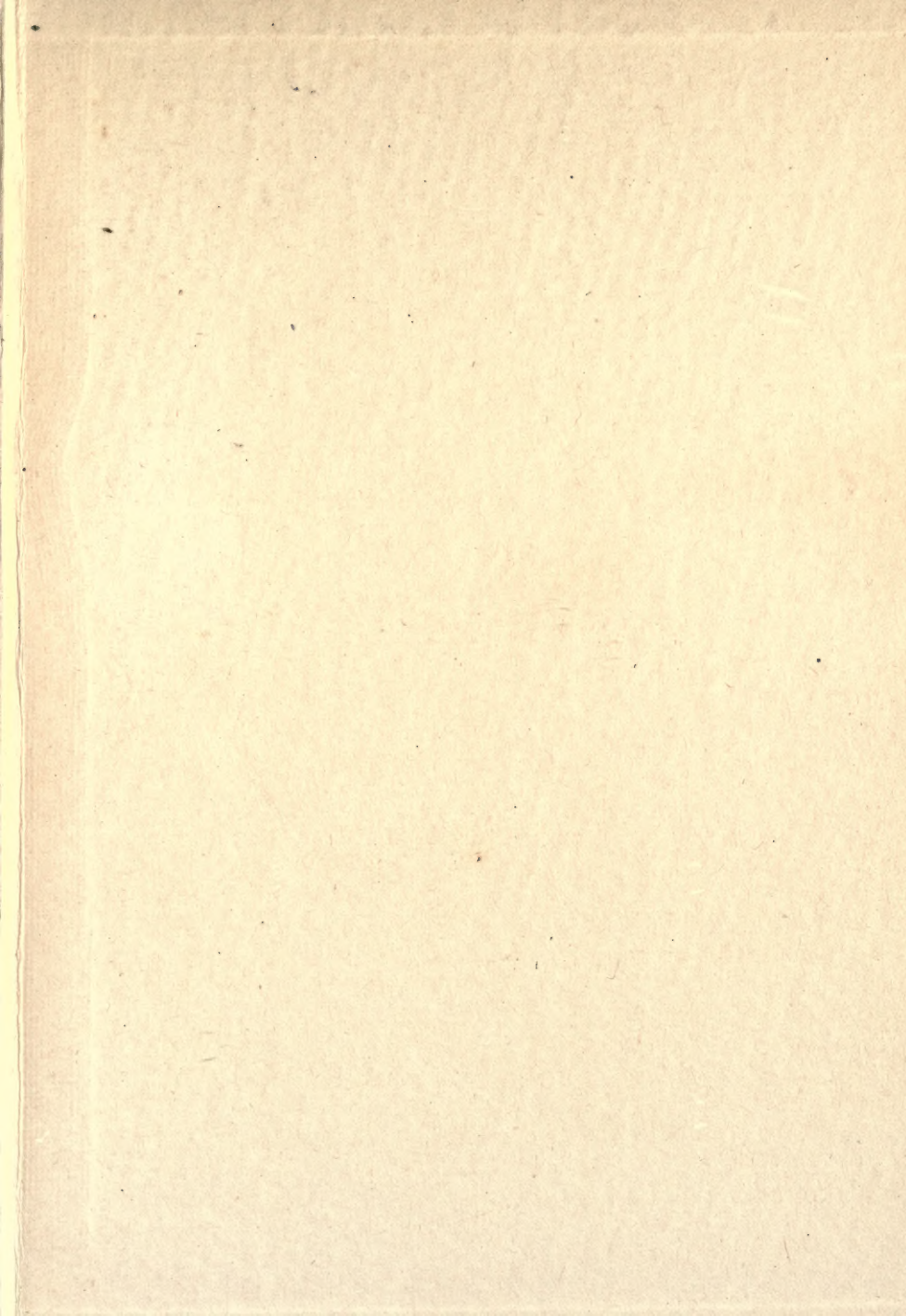












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